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May 14, 1938

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

jorj harris

MARGERY SHARP **FRANK CO**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS **JOHN T. I**

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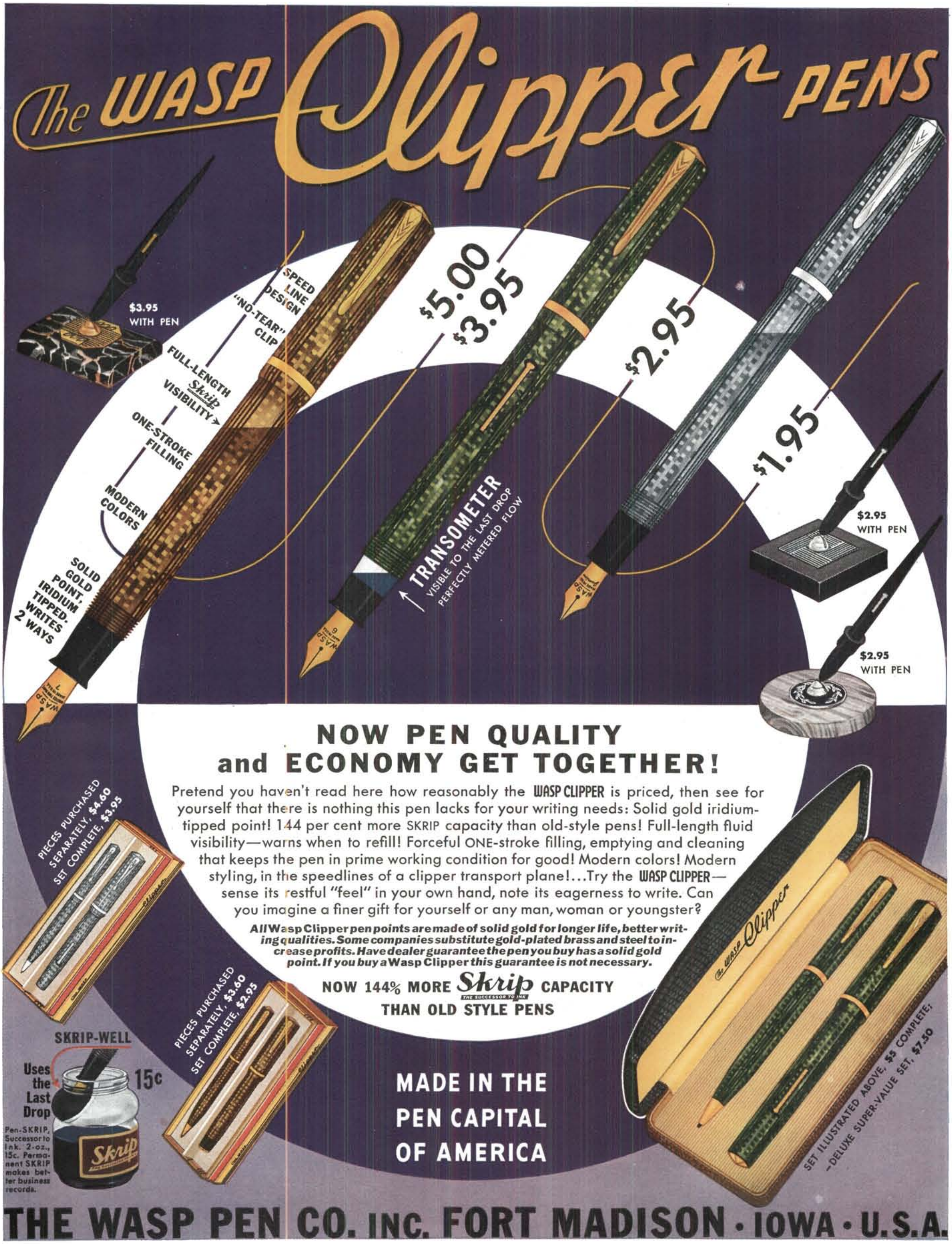
J O MAJOR

May 14, 1938


The WASP Clipper PENS
$3.95 WITH PEN
SPEED LINE DESIGN
"NO-TEAR" CLIP
FULL-LENGTH Skrip VISIBILITY
ONE-STROKE FILLING
MODERN COLORS
SOLID GOLD POINT. IRIDIUM TIPPED. WRITES 2 WAYS
$5.00
$3.95
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$1.95
TRANSOMETER VISIBLE TO THE LAST DROP PERFECTLY METERED FLOW
$2.95 WITH PEN
$2.95 WITH PEN
PIECES PURCHASED SEPARATELY, $4.60 SET COMPLETE, $3.95
PIECES PURCHASED SEPARATELY, $3.60 SET COMPLETE, $2.95
SKRIP-WELL
Uses the Last Drop
15c
SET ILLUSTRATED ABOVE, $5 COMPLETE; —DELUXE SUPER-VALUE SET, $7.50

NOW PEN QUALITY and ECONOMY GET TOGETHER!

Pretend you haven't read here how reasonably the **WASP CLIPPER** is priced, then see for yourself that there is nothing this pen lacks for your writing needs: Solid gold iridium-tipped point! 144 per cent more SKRIP capacity than old-style pens! Full-length fluid visibility—warns when to refill! Forceful ONE-stroke filling, emptying and cleaning that keeps the pen in prime working condition for good! Modern colors! Modern styling, in the speedlines of a clipper transport plane!...Try the **WASP CLIPPER**—sense its restful "feel" in your own hand, note its eagerness to write. Can you imagine a finer gift for yourself or any man, woman or youngster?

All Wasp Clipper pen points are made of solid gold for longer life, better writing qualities. Some companies substitute gold-plated brass and steel to increase profits. Have dealer guarantee the pen you buy has a solid gold point. If you buy a Wasp Clipper this guarantee is not necessary.

NOW 144% MORE Skrip CAPACITY THAN OLD STYLE PENS

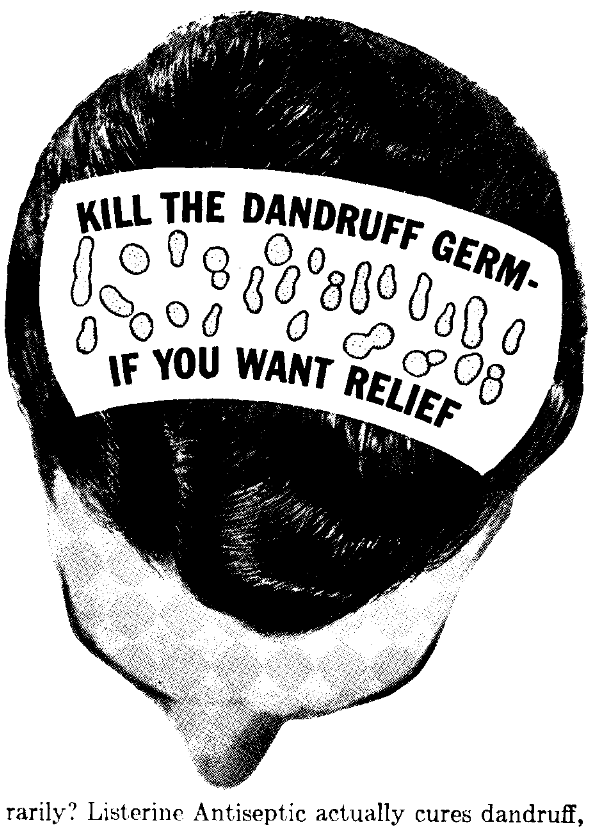
Pen-SKRIP, Successor to Ink. 2-oz., 15c. Permanent SKRIP makes better business records.

MADE IN THE PEN CAPITAL OF AMERICA

THE WASP PEN CO. INC. FORT MADISON · IOWA · U.S.A.

Sensational Scientific tests prove LISTERINE CURES DANDRUFF

First Science discovered the dandruff germ . . . then, that Listerine kills it. 76% got quick relief in New Jersey clinic.


KILL THE DANDRUFF GERM-
IF YOU WANT RELIEF

If dandruff has you in its grip, if you have tried remedy after remedy in vain, here is the most welcome news you could possibly read:

Listerine has been scientifically proved a positive cure for dandruff.

Once or twice a day, just douse full-strength Listerine on your scalp; massage vigorously and persistently until every hair is bathed in soothing, health-promoting antiseptic. Listerine attacks and kills that queer, bottle-shaped germ—*Pityrosporum ovale,* which causes dandruff.

Here is proof

When Science discovered the dandruff germ, an astounding series of experiments immediately followed. Rabbits were infected with dandruff. When treated daily with Listerine Antiseptic, they were cured within two weeks on the average.

In a great midwestern skin clinic, a group of dandruff sufferers applied the daily Listerine treatment. A substantial number of these Listerine users obtained marked relief within the first two weeks on the average. In many other cases scalps were found to be free and clear of dandruff in from three to eight weeks.

In another recent test, 76% of the dandruff patients of a New Jersey clinic who used the Listerine treatment twice a day, showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within 30 days.

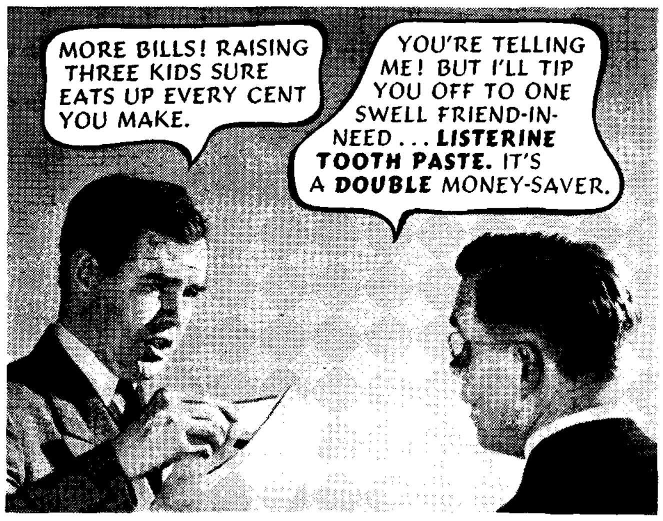
Listerine treats dandruff for what it really is

Why use old-fashioned remedies which merely wash away the surface symptoms of dandruff temporarily? Listerine Antiseptic actually cures dandruff, by killing the germ itself.

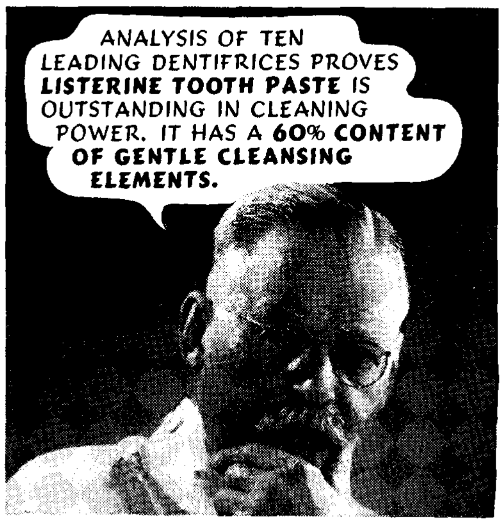
Start ridding your scalp of dandruff today. Stop the gnawing, burning dandruff itch. Get back the natural health and vigor of your hair. Remember—only Listerine Antiseptic, so far as we know, has a clinical record of such positive dandruff cure.

To help us check how many people read this ad, we will send a regular 25¢ can of Listerine Tooth Powder upon receipt of 10¢ in coin to cover cost of handling and mailing. This offer good in U.S.A. only. Write today to the Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. 632, St. Louis, Missouri.

A HOT TIP ON A MONEY-SAVER... from one family man to another


MORE BILLS! RAISING THREE KIDS SURE EATS UP EVERY CENT YOU MAKE.
YOU'RE TELLING ME! BUT I'LL TIP YOU OFF TO ONE SWELL FRIEND-IN-NEED... **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE.** IT'S A **DOUBLE** MONEY-SAVER.

WHAT'S THE GAG, JIM? HOW CAN A TOOTH PASTE SAVE YOU MONEY?
WELL, A BIG DOUBLE SIZE TUBE OF **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE** COSTS ONLY 40¢. AND YOU ONLY NEED A LITTLE DAB OF IT FOR A COMPLETE BRUSHING. MY DENTIST EXPLAINED WHY...


ANALYSIS OF TEN LEADING DENTIFRICES PROVES **LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE** IS OUTSTANDING IN CLEANING POWER. IT HAS A **60% CONTENT OF GENTLE CLEANSING ELEMENTS.**

I GET IT! TAKES LESS LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE TO CLEAN YOUR TEETH. SO YOU SAVE MONEY IN **TWO** WAYS: IT COSTS LESS TO BEGIN WITH, AND IT LASTS A LOT LONGER. I MUST TELL SUE ABOUT IT TONIGHT.

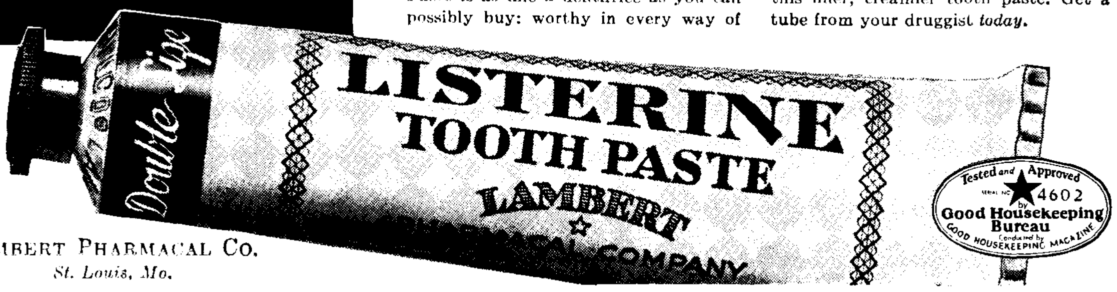
More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢

Regular size tube, 25¢

BUDGET THINNER THIS YEAR?

Listerine Tooth Paste is a 2-way Economy

If you are one of the millions who are figuring budgets closer than ever this year, listen to this: Listerine Tooth Paste saves you money in *two* ways. (1) It costs less. (2) It lasts longer. Listerine Tooth Paste is as fine a dentifrice as you can possibly buy: worthy in every way of the great quality name it bears. It is deliciously flavored, quick, safe, efficient. Yet the big, double-size economy tube—*containing three to four months supply*—costs only 40¢. Be wise. Economize with this finer, creamier tooth paste. Get a tube from your druggist *today.*


Double Tube
LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO 4602
by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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Collier's

May 14, 1938

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art
DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editors

Next Week

"BE SMART," the warden said. "Go straight." Little John Sarto grinned. "I *am* goin' straight. Straight to Chi." But the town had changed in the ten years he had spent on the Rock, and Little John woke up at the wrong end of a roscoe. Only a miracle saved him, and that same miracle landed him in a monastery.

It was a monastery of the Floratines, and the brothers in it were known by the names of flowers. We are betraying no confidences when we tell you that in "Brother Orchid" you will meet Little John Sarto and see how he got into the world again. Richard Connell writes the story.

YOU find them in every Black Bottom and Skeeter Hollow in the South. "Shotgun Houses" is the official name for them. They have been there for decades, the sordid and indestructible slums of the Southern cities. Anyone who cared to inquire could discover that they were immensely profitable to their owners. Social workers had pointed out that they are not ideal homes. But only recently has public opinion discovered their shocking cost to the community. Cameron Shipp is the one who conducts you on a brisk tour of inspection.

ON ANY other island and in any other circumstances Atu, the brown man, could never conceivably have won the consent of Captain Moore, the white man, to marry his beautiful half-caste daughter Tanaua. Tufuila, however, is unique among islands if only in its sardonic and gorgeous ruler, Mike the parrot. The story is by Will F. Jenkins.

WHILE Mr. Kyle Crichton was charging determinedly from studio to studio in Hollywood he was buttonholed and sharply interviewed by a self-possessed young person named Deanna Durbin. "Nice and Young," says Mr. Crichton, commenting on the incident, and he tells you all about her.

WE TAKE especial pleasure in presenting Mr. Pete Klein, a man to whom life is an open book—opened to the page marked Women. Never have we seen a fellow so adroit at disentangling himself. He had developed a perfect technique—and it served him too well. "Love Made Simple" is by Meyer Levin.

WILLIAM MACHARG, Jack Miley, Paul O'Neil, Luciel McGorkey, Duane Decker, Robert McCormick, Mignon G. Eberhart, Freling Foster, Ernest Haycox and others make up the book. Watch for them.

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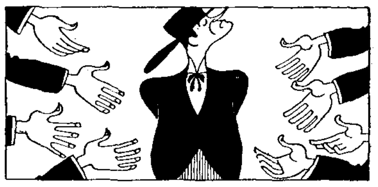
COVER BEN JORJ HARRIS

Any Week

FROM Colonel Bob Berry of Mena, Arkansas, we learn that democracy is not dead after all. In fact, it's so vigorous in this completely American sector that even the politicians are beginning to notice it. One of the colonel's fellow citizens, desirous of being a member of that proud body, the state legislature, decided to wage a "handshakeless campaign." "He tried," reports Colonel Berry, "to get into public office without the time-honored practice of touching palms. We haven't found out whether he was proud or just sanitary. Anyway, he should have known better than to try this where every member of the honest electorate has his hand out. He got what he deserved. There were four hundred votes cast. He got seven. We aren't quite certain down here what Anschluss is, but the hell with it."



WE WERE visited by a lady who had hastened from Madison, Wisconsin, to tell us what she had heard in a meeting at the University of Wisconsin. At the meeting an understandably proud citizen of Charleston, South Carolina, arose to dilate a bit upon the splendors of his home town. As he was warming up to his subject he was interrupted by a Yankee who thought to put him in his place with the question: "Where is Charleston?" Turning slowly toward the enemy, the orator replied in a quiet and dignified tone: "Charleston, sir, is that untarnishable jewel shining regally at that sacred spot where the Ashley and the Cooper rivers join their majestic waters to form the Atlantic Ocean."

WE ARE leaning more and more toward the conviction that there is but one thing that would defeat Mr. Roosevelt if he were again to aspire to the presidency in 1940. And that, lest anyone accuse us of holding out on our friends, is the no-third-term tradition. And there's nothing we can do about it either. We don't know who the next President of this country will be, but we give him due warning that, unless he's "a true man of the people," he will have to get along somehow without the warm-hearted support of Mr. Joseph Trunka of Wheeling, West Virginia. "If elected," writes Mr. Trunka in a confidential letter, giving us no hint of the office he seeks, "I pledge to amend our Constitution so that no man can be elected President unless he is a worker picked out of a mill or factory or off a farm who will see to it that good wages are paid."

WITH Mr. Trunka will be Miss Lassie McCormick of Roanoke, Virginia, who says that the trouble with this country is that "rich men are trying to make the laws for the poor." And by this Miss McCormick does not mean Wall Street nor the heads of big business. "I am thinking of men and women who are elected to Congress and paid ten thousand dollars a year. After a man passes a hundred dollars a week he is no longer a person to be trusted," she advises us. "After that all he thinks about is money. A member of Congress should not receive more than he made in private life with a top of five thousand a year. That would keep a lot of nonsense out of his head."

SOME officious friend of Mr. O. Lange of St. Louis, Missouri, has "drawn his attention to the fact that you and other capitalistic magazines are giving valuable space to comic drawings and articles and stories. This must stop. The people of the world have serious things on their minds, and comics are out of place in our life. I will not read any such magazines, so do not look for my money."

AND Mrs. George Raven of Los Angeles, California, overheard an office-seeking patriot telling a frantic multitude of thirty-eight people what he'd do if elected. "I'd see to it first," cried he while his audience adored, "that all the wealth of this great country was shared equally among all. Second, I would see that all the work be shared so that each man and woman who wants to work shall have a good job." At this point a tired-looking individual who had just come in asked a question: "Would you share the worry, too?" Whereat the orator threw his audience into a frenzy with the somewhat optimistic statement: "Yes, sir, I would. I would take the worries that now bow the back of the poor man and distribute them among the rich and give them something to think about."

BET he wins! W. D.

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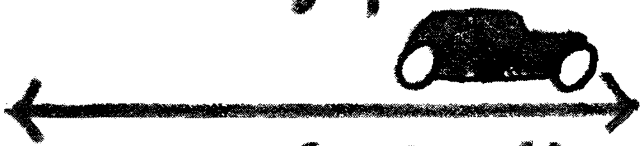
A mile is only this far to your engine
if you're driving in high gear

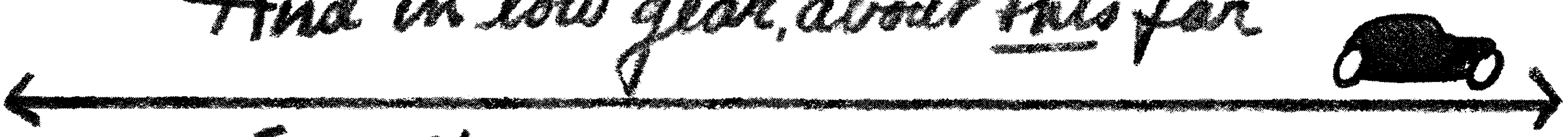


5,280 ft.

But in second gear, it's about this far

10,000 ft.

And in low gear, about this far



15,000 ft.

In STOP and GO, a mile S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

In low and second, your engine makes up to 3 times as many revolutions as in high—***uses 3 times as much gasoline***

STOP-AND-GO driving fools your speedometer—while your car is going a mile, your engine may go the equivalent of *two*.

The number of extra revolutions your engine makes depends on how many times you stop and start—how much of your driving is in low and second gears.

You can't avoid stop-and-go driving, but you can do something about its high cost.

Shell engineers found that getting away from a traffic stop can waste enough "undigested" gasoline to carry you ⅓ of a mile.

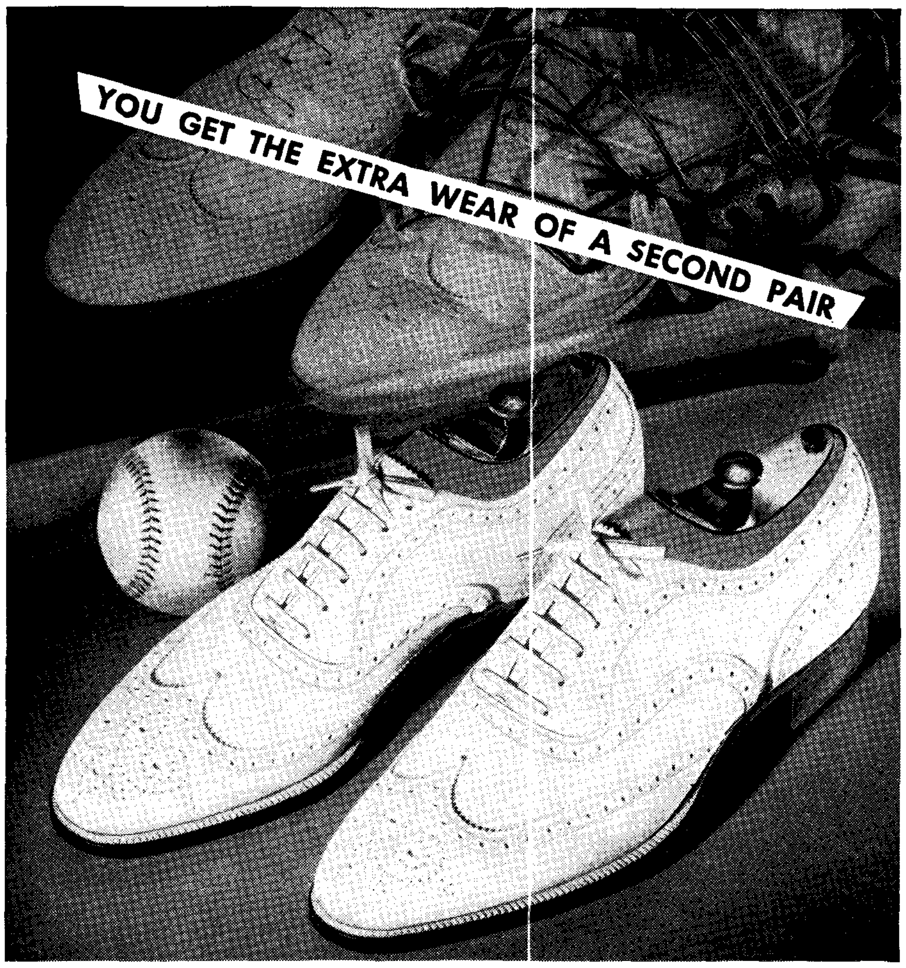
To cut this costly waste, they rearranged the chemical structure of gasoline. They make every drop of Super-Shell "motor digestible"—every drop usable in stop-and-go driving.

There is a Shell dealer near you. Use Super-Shell regularly and your savings count up.

SUPER-SHELL

SAVES ON STOP AND GO

SHELL



Step into Florsheims

AND STEP INTO *Savings*

Good looks in Florsheim Shoes are not just surface deep . . . nor good fit a passing promise. The qualities that win you to Florsheims from the start stay right with them to a far-distant end . . . because Florsheims are built to give "the extra wear of a second pair." They'll go on delivering superb service long after most shoes would have quit. Good buymanship says, "Buy Florsheims." It's the sensible way to save. *Style illustrated above,* The Dearborn, S-766; *a wing tip model in genuine white buckskin. Retails at $10.50.*

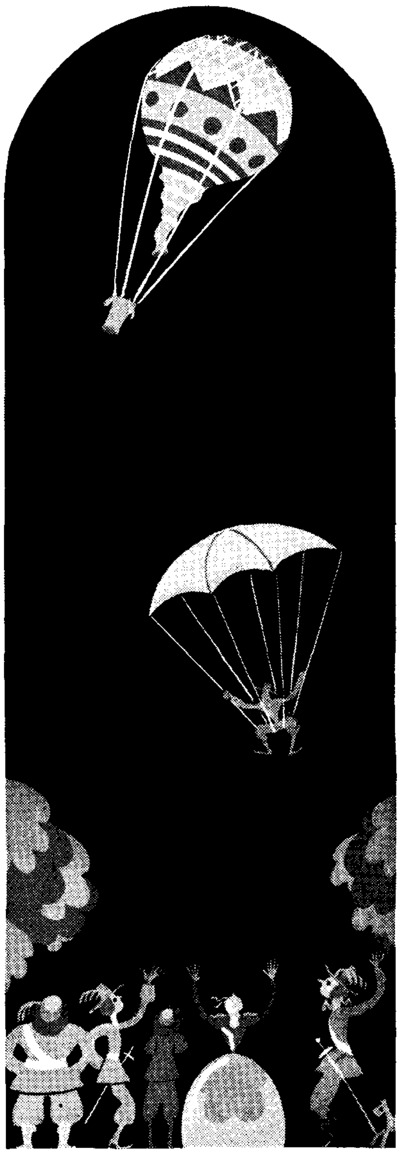
Most genuine buckskin styles $10
Most regular styles $9.50

The
FLORSHEIM
Shoe

The Florsheim Shoe Company Manufacturers · Chicago

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster



The first parachute descent from aircraft was made by André Garnerin when he opened his "big umbrella" and jumped from a balloon over Monceau Park in Paris on October 22, 1797. The first descent with a modern "rip-cord" device was made by Leslie Irvin, over McCook's Field in Dayton, Ohio, on April 28, 1919.

Pidgin English, the corrupted English language of China in which "business" is pronounced "pidgin," "talk" is "talkee" and "American" is "Melican," is used for more than conversation between foreigners and Chinese. The Chinese have translated whole books into this jargon, including Longfellow's poem "Excelsior," which, in pidgin, is "Topside-galow."

Each March the War Department sends an official notice to all its bureaus, stations, posts and camps, stating that it is the desire of the Secretary of War that every man in the service write to his mother on Mother's Day.—*By Helen M. Lang, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Probably the largest number of begging letters ever sent to one person on one occasion deluged Mrs. Edward H. Harriman after the death of her wealthy husband in 1909. These thousands of letters, an analysis of which was later compiled in a book, requested more than $267,000,000.

Nicaragua, the largest Central American republic, is believed to hold the record for quick and kaleidoscopic changes in government. Between 1839 and 1855, 396 different persons ruled the country, their average reign lasting less than fifteen days.—*By Florence Perdew, Wilmington, North Carolina.*

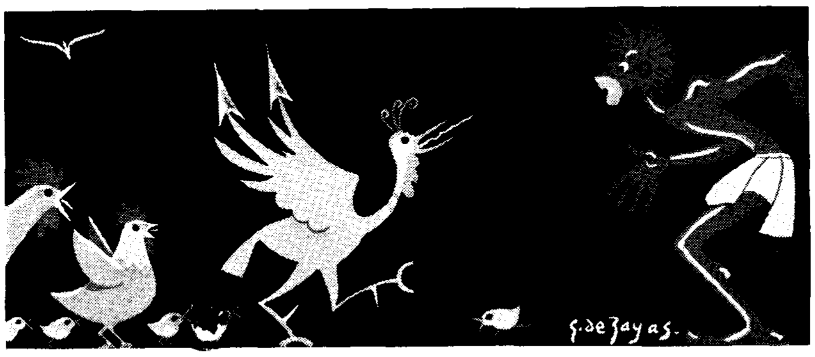
The only birds used as watchdogs are the Crested Screamer and the Trumpeter, turkey-sized fowls, of South America. At an early age they are trained to protect poultry, a duty that is faithfully and successfully discharged, especially by the Screamer, with the two sharp spurs that grow on each wing.

In 1642 Rembrandt painted the "Sortie of the Banning Cock Company," in which 29 life-sized civic guards are shown leaving their armory at high noon, with the sun brightly shining upon them. Early in the 18th century the picture had become so dirty and dark that someone facetiously called it "The Night Watch," a nickname that has virtually supplanted its real title since then.

About 95 per cent of all hallucinations, or imaginary perceptions, reach the individual through either the eyes or ears, while one is seldom misled in a similar manner by the senses of taste, touch or smell.

One of the most famous single acts presented in the music halls of England and the continent during the past generation and which is still popular has been that of Grock, the clown, whose real name is Charles Adrian Wettach. In this act, for which he was paid $4,000 a week for many years, Grock plays on seventeen musical instruments.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



IT'S CALLED THE "Roadking"

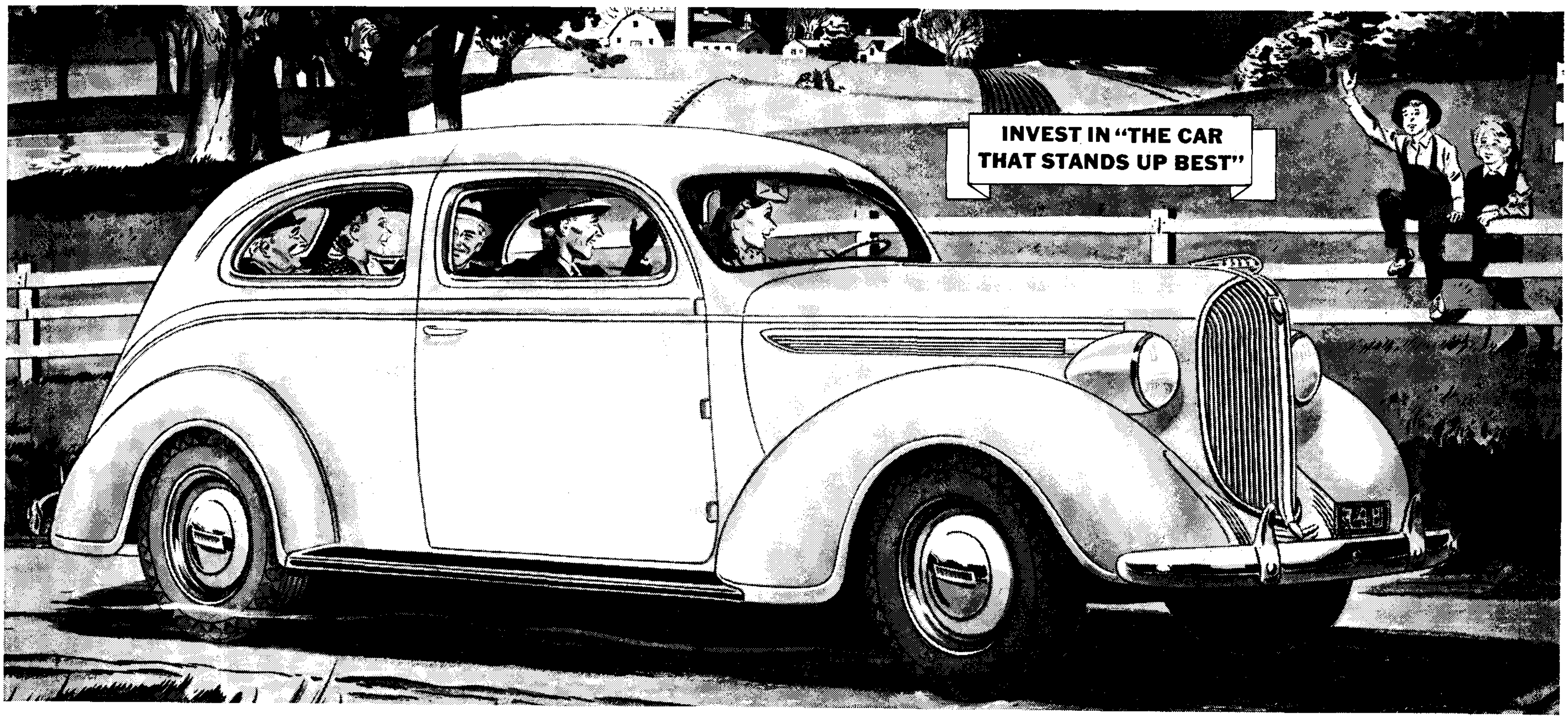
AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT IT IS!

☛ **IN "RIDE"—This big, beautiful Plymouth has the most sensational ride in the lowest-price field.**

☛ **IN SIZE—Of the three leading lowest-priced cars, Plymouth is nearly 7 inches longer than one; more than 10 inches longer than the other.**

☛ **IN POWER—*Every* Plymouth model has the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine... giving brilliant performance.**

☛ **IN ECONOMY—The "Roadking" saves money on gas, oil, tires, all upkeep. Get the facts.**


INVEST IN "THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST"

BEFORE you decide on any low-priced car, look at the advantages that Plymouth *alone* offers.

No other low-priced car offers this comfort: "radio studio" sound-proofing..."live" rubber body mountings...patented Floating Power engine mountings...big, airplane-type shock-absorbers.

No other low-priced car offers this safety: double-action hydraulic brakes...an all-steel body with a Safety Styled interior.

Take a ride in the big, new 1938 Plymouth today! Telephone your Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH "Roadking" 5-PASSENGER SEDAN $685

Detroit delivered price. Plymouth "Roadking" models as low as $645... "De Luxe" models slightly higher. And Plymouth prices INCLUDE ALL FEDERAL TAXES. State, local taxes *not included.*

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

14,000 miles more cable last year for your use

You have seen telephone cable rolling off a reel into service beneath the streets—or stretching on poles across the country.

For more than 50 years Bell System cable has come from Western Electric—pioneer in the art and the world's greatest producer.

Manufacturing cable is just one phase of Western Electric's responsibility in the Bell System—to supply everything for the Bell System—to supply everything for the constantly expanding plant necessary to provide you with rapid, dependable telephone service at low cost.

Western Electric cable contains as many as 3636 wires.

Shipping cable from Kearny, N. J., Works of Western Electric.

Western Electric

BELL SYSTEM SERVICE IS BASED ON WESTERN ELECTRIC QUALITY

Collier's The National Weekly for May 14, 1938

Seaside Spell

By Margery Sharp

It was hard to get Leonard started. But once on his way he couldn't be stopped

IN THE summer of 1937 Leonard Purdey took a reckless and unprecedented step. He was twenty-seven, and youth is the time for recklessness.

His last three holidays had been spent at Margate, at Eastbourne, and at Clacton-on-Sea; but in none of these agreeable resorts had he found romance, adventure, or even entertainment. Since he was a bachelor, and not ill-looking, this may seem strange; but for one thing he suffered from extreme shyness, and for another his mother always accompanied him.

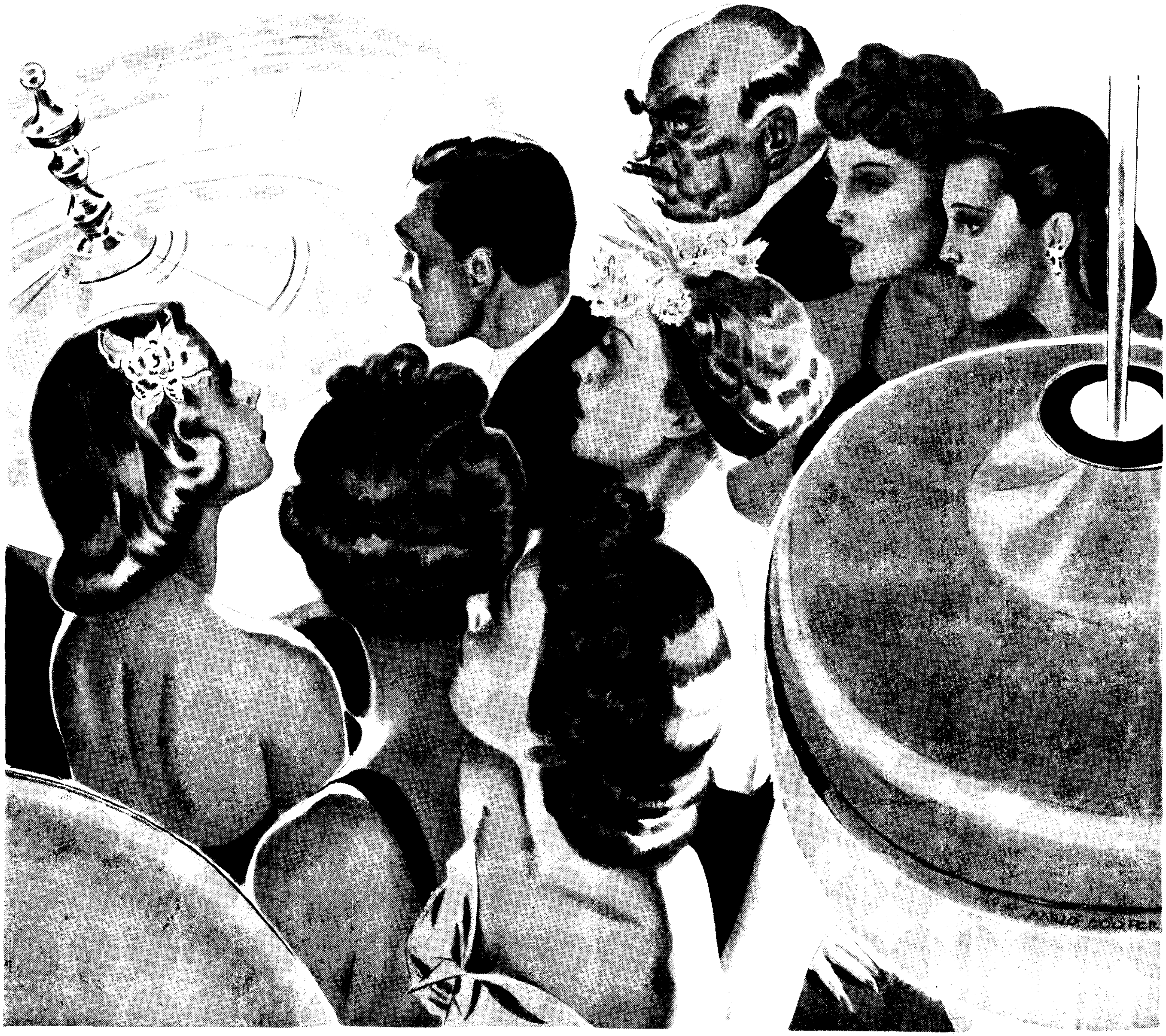
The widowed Mrs. Purdey was a woman who liked to have all her plans cut and dried; as soon as they arrived (at Margate, or Eastbourne, or it might be Clacton-on-Sea) she went out and procured fortnightly chair tickets, passes for the pier, places for charabanc trips, and seats for all concert parties and other entertainments, and so had every day of the holiday nicely filled up before Leonard had time to look around. He never got a moment to himself; he could never join any other party because he was always going somewhere with his mother; and in any case—

"In any case, he's hopeless!" proclaimed a young lady at Margate, as early as 1935.

It was the general opinion. At Margate, at Eastbourne, at Clacton-on-Sea, Leonard Purdey was written off by his contemporaries as a dead loss; and Leonard Purdey knew it. That was why, in the summer of 1937, he took his reckless and unprecedented step.

He went, and alone, to Dieppe.

It took some doing. Mrs. Purdey protested, argued, and finally offered to accompany him; but Leonard was obstinate. He was more than obstinate, he was ingenious: he added to his firm (of cocoa manufacturers) a new and imaginary department in which, he said, a colloquial knowledge of French would



Leonard's first throw at once drew the admiring attention of the whole table. "Good heavens!" murmured a voice behind him. "You have got nerve!"

be highly useful to him; and if his mother came too he would be sure to spend at least some part of the day speaking English. He got his way; he also got a passport, ten pounds' worth of francs, and two new shirts of continental brightness. A tourist agency did the rest, and Leonard Purdey embarked upon the narrow strip of water that, beginning as the English Channel, finishes so disconcertingly as La Manche.

"La Manche!" murmured Leonard aloud, staring over the rail as the boat steamed into Dieppe. The gray waters looked much the same as they had done on the other side, but it was not water he was now looking at, it was *eau*. Leonard grasped his suitcase (or *valise*), gave up his landing ticket, and upon the quay discovered a large mustachioed official upon whose cap was emblazoned the name of the agency-selected hotel.

"J'ai pris," said Leonard carefully, *"une chambre chez vous, à l'hôtel de la Plage. Voulez-vous trouver un taxi pour moi."*

"Taxi, sir? Certainly," replied the porter. "But it's only a step, and if you care to walk, the boots will bring your suitcase."

THE Hotel de la Plage was comfortable, not expensive, and in an excellent position. Leonard loathed it. Of its forty patrons, thirty-six were English, of exactly the type he had been accustomed to meet at Margate, Eastbourne and Clacton-on-Sea. The only difference was that, being abroad, they were all a little more suspicious of one another, a little more self-contained. The youth and gaiety of the place belonged to a large sketching party, twenty strong, entirely female, which monopolized the lounge within and the terrace without, and went walking, to the admiration of the natives, in a ragged file.

Several of these artistic damsels were very attractive, and Leonard would have been only too glad to make their acquaintance; but the boldest of men (which he certainly was not) would have thought twice before attacking so strong and united a front. Leonard did not think even once; he avoided the sketching party whenever possible, even if it meant intruding upon the tiny salon where a colonel and his wife held their tyrannical court . . .

There was a tinier salon still, but this was sacred to the four ladies—a Madame Duclos and daughter, and two spinsters—who made up the French contingent. Leonard would have liked to talk to them, but unfortunately one of his first acts was to trip over Madame Duclos' dog; the little beast yapped and cringed, Madame Duclos snatched it up, and thenceforward, whenever Leonard came in view, put out a sort of smoke screen of icy disapproval.

Since she and her daughter occupied the next rooms this smoke screen was in fairly constant use, and Leonard, in attempting to dispel it, only made matters worse. He accosted the daughter, an extremely pretty girl, with halting apologies, and Mademoiselle seemed quite ready to listen; but Madame swept down like a fury, or like a French chaperon; and when she had passed, the daughter was gone too; and thus ended all Leonard's hopes of an *entente cordiale*.

"How on earth," wondered Leonard desperately, "am I going to get through a fortnight?"

The porter suggested excursions, but Leonard turned a deaf ear. He did not like the porter; that fluent speaker of English had been responsible for the first of his many disappointments. Dieppe itself seemed a pleasant but not particularly interesting town, and the weather was too cold for bathing in either sea or sun. By the Casino, Leonard was at once attracted and repelled: he longed to enter, to take out an *abonnement*, but was too nervous to set about it alone. By the third afternoon he had reached such a pitch of boredom that he returned to the hotel at five o'clock with the intention of taking two aspirins and sleeping till dinnertime.

ON THE way up, he decided that he might as well have another bath. His private bathroom was so far giving him more pleasure than anything else in Dieppe, and he now examined it in detail. It had evidently been partitioned off, not from his own room, which was at the corner of the building, but from the larger one to the right, for the tail end of a balcony finished outside its window. Leonard put his head out to see whether there would be room for a deck chair; and in so doing observed a most extraordinary phenomenon.

Between his portion of the balcony and the longer stretch beyond there was a barricade composed of two iron chairs and a roll of wire netting.

For a moment Leonard surveyed these outworks with impersonal curiosity. They were the more incomprehensible because a single iron rail already marked the limits of his territory; and though he could easily have overstepped it, such an idea (especially with the next room being occupied by Mademoiselle Duclos) would never have entered his head. Yet the erection was obviously defensive. . . .

"What on earth are they afraid of?" wondered Leonard, staring.

Then all at once the answer came—an answer so astonishing, so staggering in its implications, that he was actually forced to sit down on the edge of the bath while he collected his wits.

They were afraid of *him*. . . .

Madame Duclos—for surely it was her hand that appeared in the wire netting—was afraid of him. Mademoiselle Duclos was afraid of him. Two Frenchwomen—*Frenchwomen!*—were afraid of him. Leonard Purdey, the failure of Margate, the nonentity of Eastbourne, the outcast of Clacton-on-Sea!

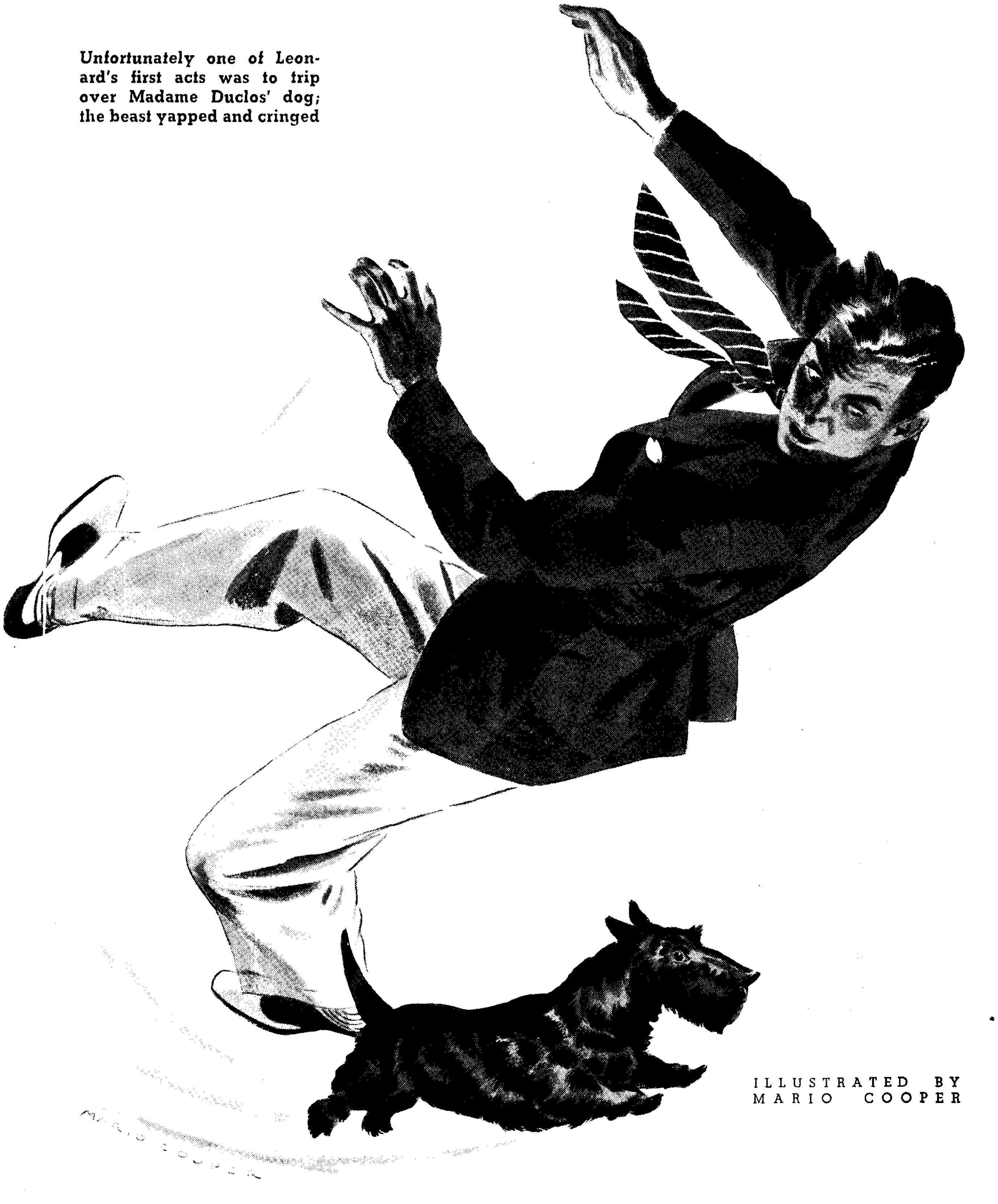
"By gum!" said Leonard aloud.

No one, in all his life, had ever been afraid of him before. Never before had he inspired so much as a moment's nervousness. But now, gazing out at that barricade, he suddenly saw himself, through the eyes of those two shrinking creatures next door, as a terror, as a menace, and as a peril to female virtue.

THE sensation was highly exhilarating. Leonard stood up and drew a deep breath. He wanted to beat his chest and roar like a gorilla. He felt several inches taller and as though he had put on at least a stone in weight. The sun was all at once brighter, the sea bluer, the promenade more animated. At that very moment the brass band of a local fire brigade passed triumphantly beneath the window. To its animating strains Leonard leaped into the bath, and behold, the water was hot. The whole universe, including the plumbing of the Hotel de la Plage, was in a friendly conspiracy to flatter him. In his bath he sang, then he smoked a cigarette—a thing his mother never allowed him to do.

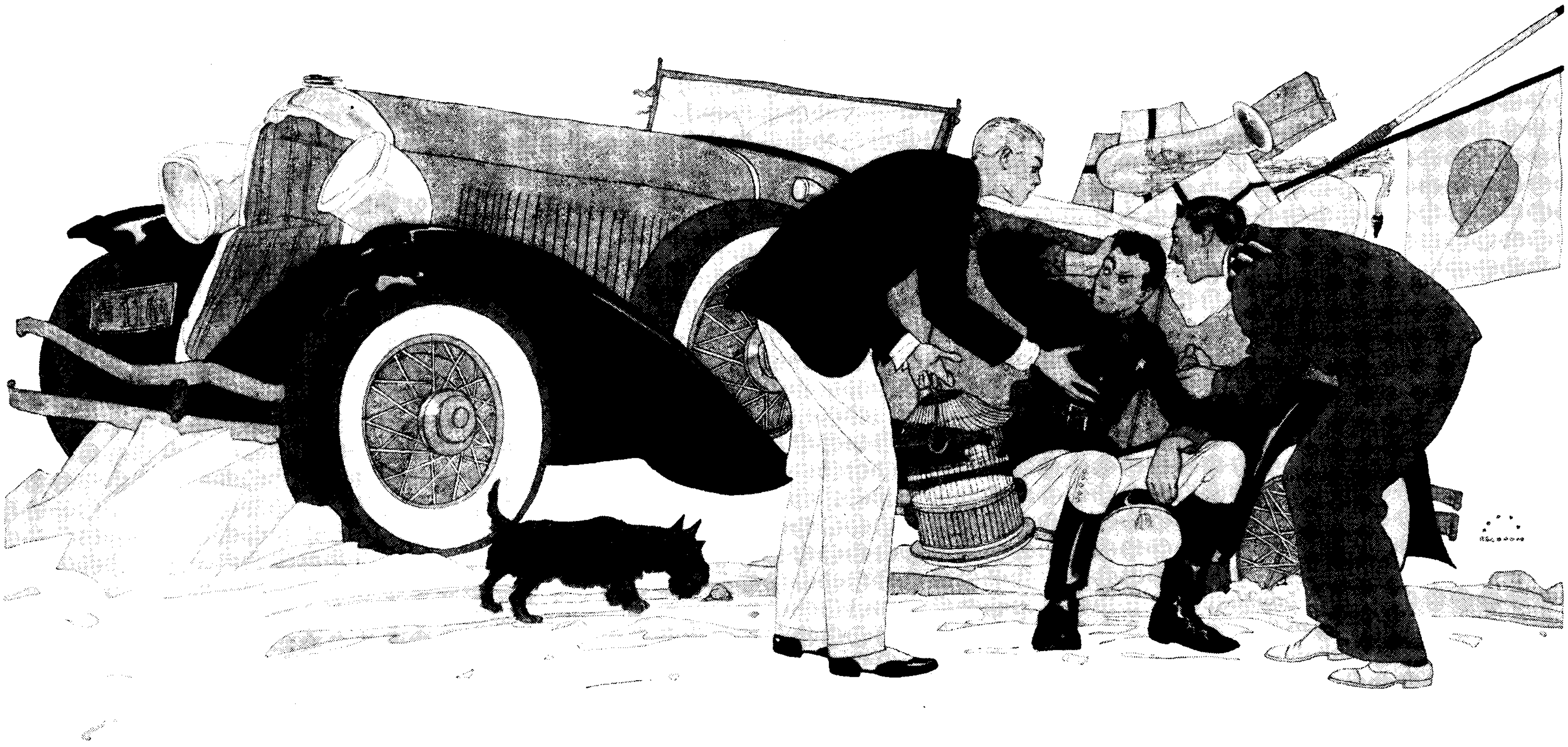
When the cigarette was finished he leaped out again, eager to embark on his new and menacing career. To begin with, he put on formal evening dress.

(Continued on page 74)



Unfortunately one of Leonard's first acts was to trip over Madame Duclos' dog; the beast yapped and cringed

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



We went into the detailed blamelessness of our normal lives and urged him to have a heart for the sake of Brian Boru

She Didn't Say No

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Two brave hearts to the rescue —but love triumphs anyway

WE WERE sitting there in the gold-and-blue room of the Municipal Country Club, Ollie Rand and myself, consoling ourselves with a couple of gin slings for that miserable round—90, 92—when in walks the golf pro, Jerry Bean, wearing his silly grin. Something was giving him amusement, and he came over, waving a newspaper.

"You two," he says, the silly grin widening, "you two seem to be out of bounds and also disqualified. Ain't this the same angel child that you have been teaching golf to for some months and also buying her free meals, drinks, golf balls and roses?"

He spreads the paper flat on the table and staring at us is a photograph of Meridee Case with her favorite dog—she has no dog—and likewise a picture of Sir Johnston Bullock-Leeds, of Leeds, Hants, Bucks, Carlton-on-Thames, this latter being a British aviator unknown to either Ollie or me. We shove aside our gin slings and read the item in open-mouthed amazement. It says that Sir Bullock is flying a British-made plane from Brazil to Montreal to prove something or other about British planes, and is stopping over in New Orleans en route, and will there marry Miss Meridee Case, of San Anza, California, a motion-picture actress.

It further reveals in cold type that Sir Bullock met her last summer at the studio and is nuts about her in a refined and I-say English fashion. It adds that the marriage will take place on Tuesday in New Orleans, or whenever he wobbles in from Brazil. It still further declares the marriage will in no way interfere with Miss Case's movie career, and that must be a solemn fact, as Ollie and I know, for Meridee up to this time has no more motion-picture career than a field mouse has flywheels. Meridee is admittedly an eye-filling and vivacious blonde, but strictly a beginner in films. They hardly know her at the studio, and if the gatetender happens to have a bad day, it takes two vice-presidents to get her inside.

The news left us damp, depressed and nonplussed.

"Something wrong somewhere," Ollie muttered. "Our little pal wouldn't do a thing like that to us. She knows how we feel about her. She'd tell us."

"Might be reasons for not," I said. "Maybe she doesn't like us any more."

That sounded pretty silly, right on the face of it, for Meridee does like us both—immensely. When she is in town, which is most of the time, we are all comrades together—the three musketeers—Ollie and me and Meridee. We let her play golf with us and when two men let a girl like Meridee play golf with them like she plays golf, then they love her. They don't like her; they adore her.

"An aviator," Ollie grunted, "and a British title. That means dough. Maybe he has a castle in Hants; and, if so, she will catch cold and die of the flu, as British castles have no stoves. Funny for her to ignore us. . . . Bring us a couple more gin slings."

"DID you ever ask her to marry you?" I suddenly asked, looking him in the eye.

"I thought of it, but I never did. Did you?"

"Always got cold feet," I told Ollie mournfully.

"Then how do you know she wouldn't like to marry one of us?"

"I *don't* know. Which one?"

"Either. She likes both of us and we know that much, for she has so informed us. Why would she want to marry an aviator and live in a castle?"

"That's right," I agreed warmly. "She'd never be happy. Those joints don't have hot water or gas furnaces, so you sit by a peewee fire and freeze."

"Then why don't we do something about it?" he demanded. "I know I love Meridee. Do you?"

"Certainly I do. I loved her before you did."

He began to take on an excited look and when Ollie Rand is excited, his face shines like an Edam cheese, his eyes glitter and little beads of perspiration gather on his head and run down beside his ears. He banged his fist on the table and rose to his feet.

"Come on. Let's get going. We'll ask her to marry us before it's too late!"

"Propose to her?" I asked, a trifle worried.

"Sure thing—what else?"

"Who asks her first?"

"We can fix that up on the way. Come on—will you?"

In ten minutes, or maybe nine, we had changed from golf to street raiment and were on our way in Ollie's heap. I cannot recall how many gin slings we'd hoisted, as we had a couple in the locker room. Mine were gaily sloshing around inside me, making me feel like Mussolini, Sir Walter Raleigh and this gabby heavyweight champion. I am not a person given to freehanded imbibing, as I work for the Electric people, who are pretty strict. I have to drive a car all day long and require a clear bean.

We proceeded rapidly in the general direction of San Anza, a rural community some miles north. The romantic enterprise at hand seemed startling at first—two males heading out to win a lone female—but grew more and more reasonable as the gin slings worked into the seams.

On my side, I felt not the slightest anger or annoyance with Sir Bullock. How I stood myself with Meridee, I never knew, being the non-asking or timid type. I abstained from personal topics for fear of cracking up this nice friendship, and it seemed to me that she favored Ollie a trifle. Well she might, for he is a good-looking weight thrower and alluring to femmes. I am smaller and have few social gifts. I don't dance or play bridge, and people say my regular conversation sounds like something wrong with the plumbing. I am neither handsome nor spiritual, and no girl would ever sigh over me or put velvet around my picture.

"We ought to take her a gift," I suggested. "Suitors coming to propose always bring presents."

"Two gifts," he corrected and almost instantly he hauled up in front of a kennel store, where we barged inside and bought a dog. There being no sense in buying a dame two dogs, I purchased a sentimental canary in a red cage, after which we noticed a place across the street and there we flagged down a couple of more gin slings.

Filled with a fond desire to make a young woman happy, we purchased other presents as we moved along, stowing them in the back of the machine. Thus it was that we had some pretty nice gifts on the back seat of the car—a fever

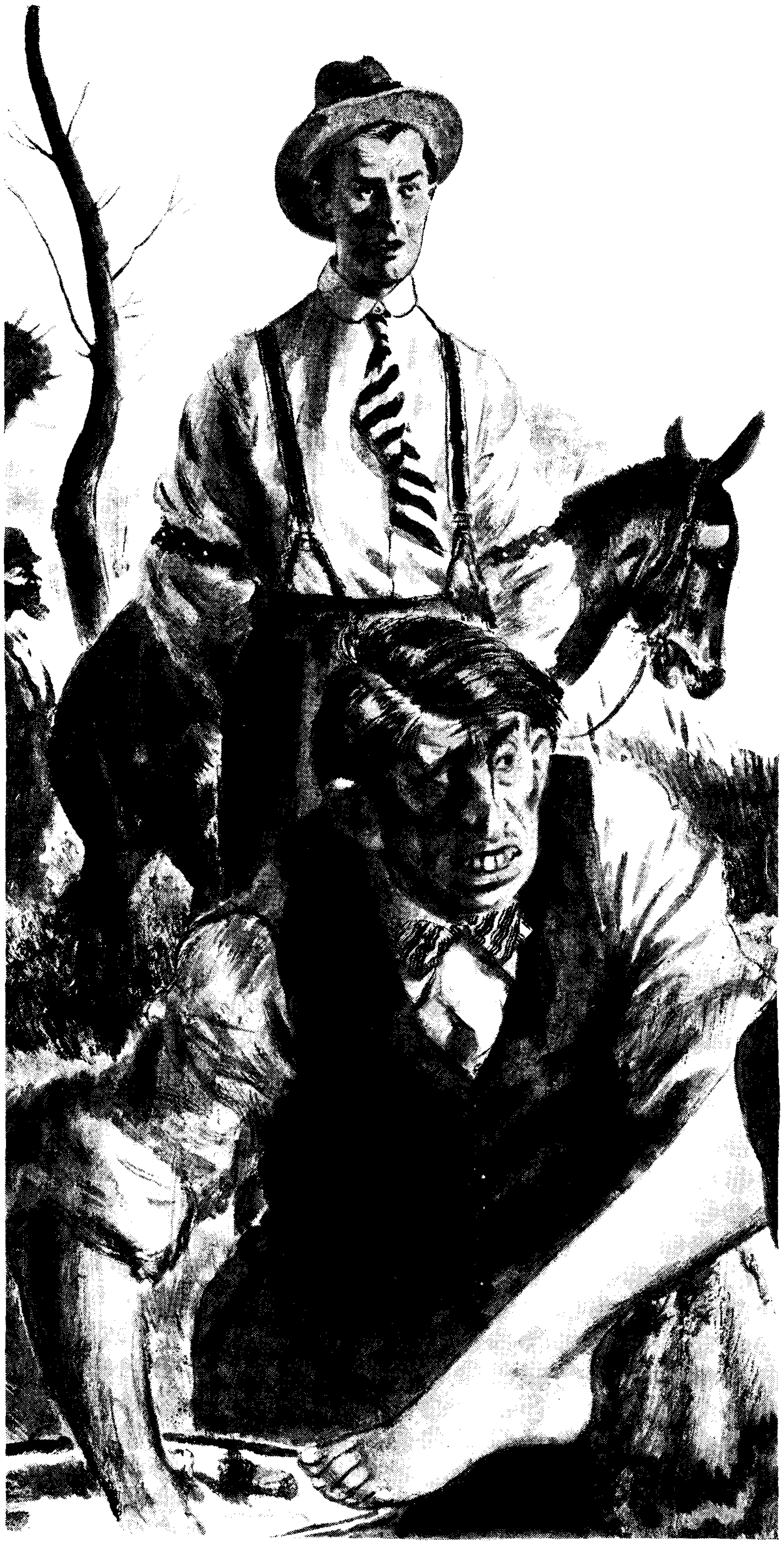
(Continued on page 44)

Love in the Spring

By Jesse Stuart

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD DAVIS

It's spring, said Uncle Tid, and love in the spring is so uncertain. But El kept seeing the little frogs and black snakes all around. And it was a long wait to autumn . . .



IT WAS last April when I met Effie. It was over at the Put-Off Ford at the Baptis foot-washing. Effie is a Slab Baptis. She was there having her feet washed. And I can't forget that day in April. It is always work in the spring. Fence to fix. Plowing to do. Cattle to tend to. Seems like everything is to do in the spring on the place. Planting crops is the big job. We don't have no place to go only to church and we don't feel like going there only on Sunday. That is the day we have off and we don't have that day off until we've milked seven cows and slopped the hogs and got in wood and got up water for the day. I can't forget that Sunday in last spring when I met Effie. I just packed in the last load of wood and Mom says to me: "Elster, you are going to fall for a woman sometime so hard that it's going to hurt you. Run around and talk about Mort Anderson being in love and how silly he is. Wait till you fall in love once. The love bug is going to bite you right over the heart."

I went to the baptizing with a clean white starched shirt on and a blue necktie and blue serge pants and black slippers. I looked about as good in them as I can look. I felt good just to get off to the foot-washing. I remember that row of elms along Little Sandy River had just started to leaf out. The rest of the hills just had a few sycamores and poplars down along the creeks that had leafed a little. It was a pretty morning. And down by the ford I never saw as many people in my life gathered at that one place. And I've seen a lot of baptizings there. Horses hitched to the trees with ropes and bridle reins. Wagons here and there with washing-tubs of grub in them and chears where whole families rid miles in them to the foot-washing. And horses eating yaller corn out'n the wagon beds of a lot of the wagons. I just walked down where they's singing "Where the Healing Waters Flow." It was soft music and I wished I was a child of the Lord's then. Good people—the Baptis is—we live neighbors to them. Ain't no better people to help you out in a time of sickness or weedy crops in the spring. Come right in and help you out. Now on this bank and washing feet. I walked down along the edge of the river where the horseweeds had been tromped down. I just wanted to look the crowd over. A whole row up and a whole row down. The row standing up was a-washing the feet of them on the ground. Just setting there on the ground as unconcerned and washing feet. Then they would sing another verse of "Where the Healing Waters Flow."

I looked up in front of me. I couldn't believe my eyes. I saw the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life. She was prettier than a speckled pup. Honest I never saw anything like her. Eyes that just looked at you and melted like yellow butter on hot corn bread—blue kind of eyes—and a face that was smooth as silk and cheeks the color of the peeling on a roman beauty apple in September. Her hair was the color of golden corn silks in August hanging from the shooting corn. Hair pretty and curly waving in the wind. I never saw a woman so pretty in my life. Her hands didn't look to me like no hands that had held to the hoe handle like my mother's hands and my sisters'. Her hands were pretty and soft. Her teeth were white as a bubble of foam in the Sandy River. She was an angel among the sinners trying to come clean. My heart beat faster when I saw her. Some man had his back to me. He was washing her foot. He had an old chipped washpan and a big towel and a bar of home-made soap made from oak-tree ashes. He'd put it on her foot like he was putting axle grease on a wagon hub. Then he would smear it with his hands and rub. Then he would take the towel and dry her foot till it would look pink as a wild crab-apple blossom. I just stood there and looked at her. She looked at me. He saw her looking and he looked around. Of all the big ugly devils I ever saw in my life it was this fellow, Jonas Pratt's boy, Tawa Pratt. Lived down on Little Sandy on that big farm in the bend by the grove of cedars. When he turned around and saw me looking he said: "Ain't you a Baptis?"

And I said: "No I ain't no Slab Baptis. I'm a Methodist and I go to Plum Grove to church."

"Go on about your business then," he said, "and leave us Baptis alone. This ain't no side show. We are here worshiping the Lord."

I COULD see he just didn't want me to see the girl. He didn't like me. I didn't like him. I don't care if he was worshiping the Lord. And I says to him: "If that's the way you feel about it, all right. But I want to know the name of the girl here with you and where she lives."

That burnt him up. His lips just spread out and he showed them big yaller horse-teeth in front. I just thinks to myself: "What woman could kiss that awful mouth behind them big horse-teeth?" He looked at me with them black polecat eyes and his hair was right down over his eyes. He was a sorry-looking devil.

The girl says to me: "I'm Effie Long. I live up on Duck Puddle." I never said a word. I'd go to Duck Puddle. That's just down on Little Sandy four miles and up a hollow that comes into Little Sandy not far from the riffles. I knowed right then and there I'd see that woman again. I said to myself as I walked back from the riverbank over through horseweeds: "That's my wife if I can get her. Pretty as a angel right out of Heaven."

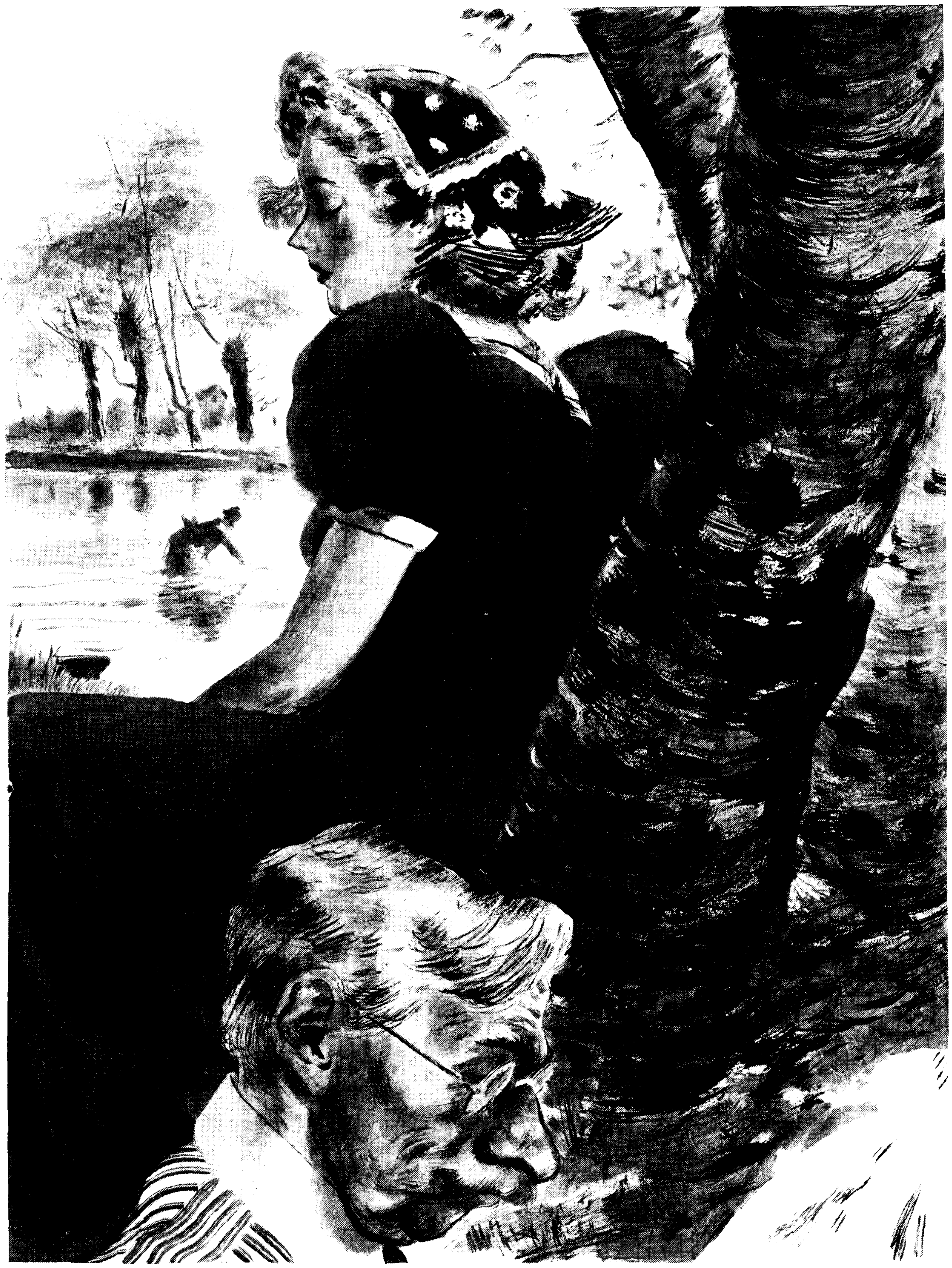
I thought of what Mom told me. I would fall for a skirt. I did like the looks of that woman. I went home. I remember it like it was just one hour ago. The daisies looked good to me. First time flowers ever did look good to me. I pulled off the top of a sweet William and smelt it. It smelt sweet as sugar.

"The love bug's got me right over the heart," I said to Mom soon as I got in at the door. "I saw my wife at the foot washing—over there among the Baptis today at the Put-Off Ford."

And Mom she says: "Elster, you ain't fell for no Slab Baptis, have you? No Slab Baptis woman can ever come under this Methodist roof until she's been converted into the Methodist faith. That bunch all running around and drinking licker. Won't see no licker in heaven nor no spittoons for that old terbacker."

That's how women are. Right half of the time. When a man is in love, what does he care for spittoons in heaven and bad licker or good licker? What does he care who a Methodist is or a Slab Baptis is? He wants his woman. That's the way I felt. Mom married Pop fifty years ago and she don't know what it is to be young and be in love. I just never said a word.

A week hadn't passed till I heard about church down on Duck Puddle. Slab Baptis holding a pertracted meet-



He was washing her foot. He had an old chipped washpan and a big towel and a bar of soap. *He'd put it on her foot* like he was putting axle grease on a wagon hub. I just stood there and looked at her

ing down there. I put on a white starched shirt, a blue necktie and blue serge pants and my black slippers and I went down there. It was a awful walk through the brush and over them ridges. But I followed the fox hunters' paths for more than two miles across through the brush. I walked across the rocks at the riffle and hit the big wagon road up to the church. Meeting was a-going on when I got there. I had to stop and ask four or five times before I found the place. A pretty place after a body gets there but a devil of a time getting to it. I never went inside the house till I peeped in at the winders and looked over the house to see if I could see Effie. I looked and looked. And one time when I looked with my eyes up agin the winderpanes the Slab Baptis preacher said: "A lot of pilferers on the outside of the house tonight. The devil in sheep's clothing is out there. Methodists are snooping around." When I heard this I slipped back in the dark. I'm a Methodist and couldn't be nothing else. Methodist church is good enough for Pa and Mom and Grandpa and Grandma and it's good enough for me. Even if they don't want me, for I bet on chicken fights and play cards once in a while.

I slipped back to the winder. I had looked every place but the amen corner. I looked up there and saw the angel I had seen over at the ford. She was in a mighty good place to be. Me a Methodist and out in the dark. I picked up courage and just walked up and bolted in at the door. I found a empty seat and I saw Effie start looking at me. I started looking at her. And I looked up there and saw old Tawa too. He was in the amen corner. He started showing them teeth soon as he saw me. And I thinks to myself: "Old boy, one of these days I'm going to get me a rock and knock them ugly teeth down your throat. Running around here with a set of horse-teeth in your mouth."

The crowd looked at me. A lot of them had seen me at the Methodist church. A lot of them had seen me at the foot-washing. They all knowed I was a Methodist. They know the Hark-readers are all Methodist—every last devil of them!

I just waited till church was out. I was going to take Effie home. And I had my mind made up. If that horse-toothed thing of a Tawa should come around me and started anything, it would just be too bad. I was going to use my fists long as they would stand it. I got bad bones in my little fingers. And after my fists I was going to knife it with him and after that if he whopped me I was going to use the balance of power. I carried it right in my pocket. The prettiest little .22 you ever saw in your life—could put five balls between your eyes before you could say "Jack Robinson." I don't go into no strange territory unless I go prepared for the worst. That's the way we got to do here. I don't care if we are Baptis and Methodist.

The preacher was saying: "Men and women, since you got to work in your crops tomorrow and I got to work in mine, we'll call the meeting till tomorrow night at seven. All of you be here and bring your songbooks. Sing "Almost Persuaded," folks, and all who wants to come up and jine us just come right on." I never saw so many people fall at the altar.

CHURCH was out and the people already saved—the young people went home and the old people stayed to pray with the people at the "mourner's bench." They was just a-going on something awful. A lot of them were sheep that had left the Methodist flock too. A bunch that wanted to stay in our church and drink licker and play cards and we just wouldn't have it in Plum Grove. Effie come right down the aisle and I said: "Honey, how about seeing you home tonight?" I know my face got red when she said: "All right." Here was old Tawa right behind her with that crazy grin showing that big set of yellow horse-teeth. I thought if he wanted anything he could get it on this night. I didn't speak to him. No use to hide it. He didn't like me and I didn't like him.

I got Effie by the arm, and I held it like a leech. We didn't speak. We just walked out of the house and past a bunch of boys at the door waiting for their girls and the other fellow's girl. People just looked at us. Boys lit up their cigarettes and pipes and the old men started spitting their ambeer. A lot of the women lit up their pipes too—old long-stemmed clay pipes. Something you don't see around our church at Plum Grove among them already saved. If they done it they went home or out behind the brush.

I hadn't got out from under the oak trees by the church house till I had Effie by the hand. And I said: "Honey, I can't eat, drink, work, nor sleep for thinking about you." And I reached down and got her by the little soft hand,

(Continued on page 54)

Ohio Jewelry

By John T. Flynn

Meet the statesmen who are currently brightening public life in the Buckeye State—a harassed governor, embattled senators, frantic followers. Look closely: you're observing a rehearsal for 1940

ON THE plaza in front of Ohio's aged state capitol building in Columbus—just to the left of the inevitable capitol steps—is an impressive monument. It is a thick, short marble shaft and ranged around it are some of Ohio's great sons—McKinley, Salmon P. Chase, U. S. Grant, Phil Sheridan, General William Sherman. Surmounting the shaft is a female figure representing Ohio, her extended hands pointing down to the distinguished galaxy in bronze. On the frieze the figure is represented as saying, like the mother of the Gracchi: "These are my jewels."

The space on the other side of the plaza is empty and someone has suggested that another similar monument be erected there, made up of the figures of the old Ohio gang and the new Ohio gang and bearing the legend: "More jewelry." There is indeed an odd collection of jewels in the present new Ohio gang worthy to rank with the members of that famous old Ohio gang that flourished in the days of President Harding. And the great old Buckeye State is now getting up steam for the summer primaries and the fall elections when the Buckeyes will march to the ballot boxes to fabricate another string of jewels to hang around the neck of their beloved state.

And the Buckeyes are taking it pretty seriously. In fact, in a small way hell is popping, the good old political words "liar" and "scoundrel" have come back into common use and stouthearted patriots are gathered in little knots trembling in unison for the safety of the republic. But what is more to the point, the Grand Old Party, slowly reforming its shattered armies, seems to have picked Ohio as the scene for the first major battle in its long-delayed counteroffensive to drive the Democrats back to Moscow.

The grave significance of this battle you will see presently. It starts out, however, if you can say it of a battle, as a three-ring circus.

United States Senator Robert Bulkley, Democrat and New Dealer, must try for re-election this year. Ex-Governor George White, Democratic National Chairman in the ill-fated Cox-Harding campaign, is after Bulkley's scalp in the Democratic primary.

Robert Taft, son of the late President Taft, quiet, exclusive, dignified, and Supreme Court Justice Arthur H. Day, young, good-looking, a champion mixer and at present Ohio's crack vote-getter, will fight it out for the Republican nomination to Bulkley's Senate seat.

Charles Sawyer, wealthy Cincinnati lawyer, once lieutenant governor, is going to contest with Governor Martin L. Davey the Democratic nomination for the governorship and whoever wins will face John G. Bricker who, it seems now, will be the uncontested Republican nominee.

Bulkley and White will try to talk about the New Deal and the ark of the covenant of the faith of Jefferson and Jackson. Taft will probably try to talk about the Constitution, the founding fathers and the budget. Arthur Day will try to talk about the "fundamentals." But whoever runs for office in Ohio this year, from United States senator down to deputy third assistant goat-choker, is going to have to talk about Martin Luther Davey, the storm bird of Ohio politics Today every argument in Ohio and most conversations, whether they start with the tariff or the recession or the fourth dimension or the Russian trials, end up with the life and times of Martin Luther Davey, who wants Ohio to elect him governor for a third term. And the campaign that has now begun is going to be the bitterest, fiercest, indeed the most savage, that has been waged in the old Buckeye State since James E. Campbell ran against and defeated Fire Alarm Joe Foraker for a third term back in the old Mark Hanna days.

Something over fifty years ago erratic old John Davey in the little town of Kent, Ohio, used to fool around with trees. He got a theory that trees are living things; that, like humans, they have functions ranging from gastronomy to sex; that, if they don't get appendicitis and rheumatism, they do get their own special kinds of diseases, and that there is nothing the ordinary domesticated housebroken sycamore and elm tree needs so much as a good family doctor. He wrote a book called Tree Surgery and he set up as the first historic doctor of the tree world. He established a business on this theory and, in a small way, it flourished for some years.

The Many-Sided Mr. Davey

Besides giving the world the book Tree Surgery, the old doctor gave it the man Martin Luther Davey, his beloved son. In good time young Martin went as far as halfway through Oberlin and then, hearkening to the call of commerce, he left Oberlin flat and flung himself into the world of trade. He took to selling typewriters. And presently he became just about the best thing in high-pressure typewriter salesmanship Ohio had ever known. An old acquaintance told me that in those days "if a man had only the most rudimentary acquaintance with only a part of our alphabet Martin could sell him a typewriter."

When he got to what seemed farthest north in typewriter selling he quit and transferred his energy and his sales talents to his father's tree business. That, apparently, was what tree surgery needed. And from that moment the business began to grow and prosper in an amazing way. When his father died, Martin became the owner of the Davey Tree Surgery Company and when the peak of prosperity was hit in 1929 the enterprise had taken on the proportions of a big business.

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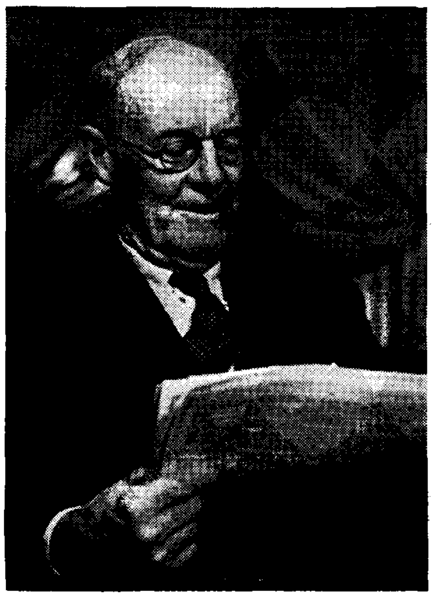
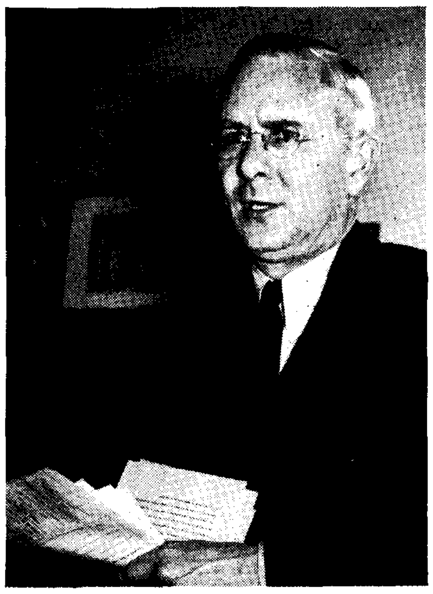
The cast of lead characters in Ohio's political circus. Left: Arthur H. Day (top), who is fighting it out for the Republican nomination to the U. S. Senate with Robert Taft (center). At bottom is John W. Bricker, probable Republican nominee for the governorship. Above: Robert Bulkley, New Deal senator who seeks renomination and is opposed by George White (below)



ACME



Above, Governor Martin L. Davey, storm center of Ohio politics, who seeks renomination as the Democratic candidate. Left, Francis W. Poulson, chief engineer of the Davey Democratic machine. Below, Charles Sawyer, Martin Davey's opponent for the Democratic nomination to the governorship

But Davey is a many-sided character. He is a combination John D. Rockefeller, Mark Hanna and Billy Sunday. Having become a success in business, he hungered for public acclaim. He started out as mayor of Kent, served three terms and then went to Congress as a Democrat, where he remained for nine years. Then he ran for governor in 1928 and found himself deep under the great Smith blizzard, though the old Al Smith supporters have never forgiven the fact that he ran half a million votes ahead of Al. But in 1934, riding on the coattails of "Honest Vic" Donahey's campaign for the Senate and the then ample and prosperous coattails of Franklin D. Roosevelt, he was elected governor. Since that time the Mark Hanna side of him has functioned with such vigor that today he leads the tightest, most highly organized party machine Ohio has seen since Harry Daugherty flourished in Washington Court House, of which more later.

As a politician, however, the Billy Sunday in Davey has been a powerful instrument. His campaign manager, Francis Poulson, assured me with some pride that Davey is today America's Public Radio Man Number Two—Number One, of course, being the Great White Father in Washington. Davey had had an excellent training with the microphone before he became a politician. As part of the publicity of his business he had used a national hookup weekly and there he sent out over the air waves a regular combination lecture, sermon, poem and oration on the glories of the tree and the soil whence it came and the great God who made the trees, and the Davey Tree Company, which made God's trees healthy and happy. So that now when he takes to the fourteen stations that cover Ohio's cities and farms, he is a force to be reckoned with.

His style is very different from his great contemporary radio man. He can coo and coax as soft as a dove to "my friends" but when he turns upon "my enemies" he lashes out with the tongue of a scorpion. And at the moment there seems to be plenty of lashing with scorpion tongues in Ohio. Here is a sample of the Ohio brand and also of the fierceness of the present struggle. To his opponent for governor, Charles Sawyer, he wrote recently: "You hit below the belt. You stab in the back with a poisoned dagger. The blood in your veins is as cold as ice water and the virtue which you pretend is a cloak for sordid, scheming selfishness. I must brand you as a cowardly self-seeker." To which Mr. Sawyer replied with becoming dignity: "You put the poisoned dagger in the back of Franklin D. Roosevelt. You were a traitor to Alfred E. Smith in 1928."

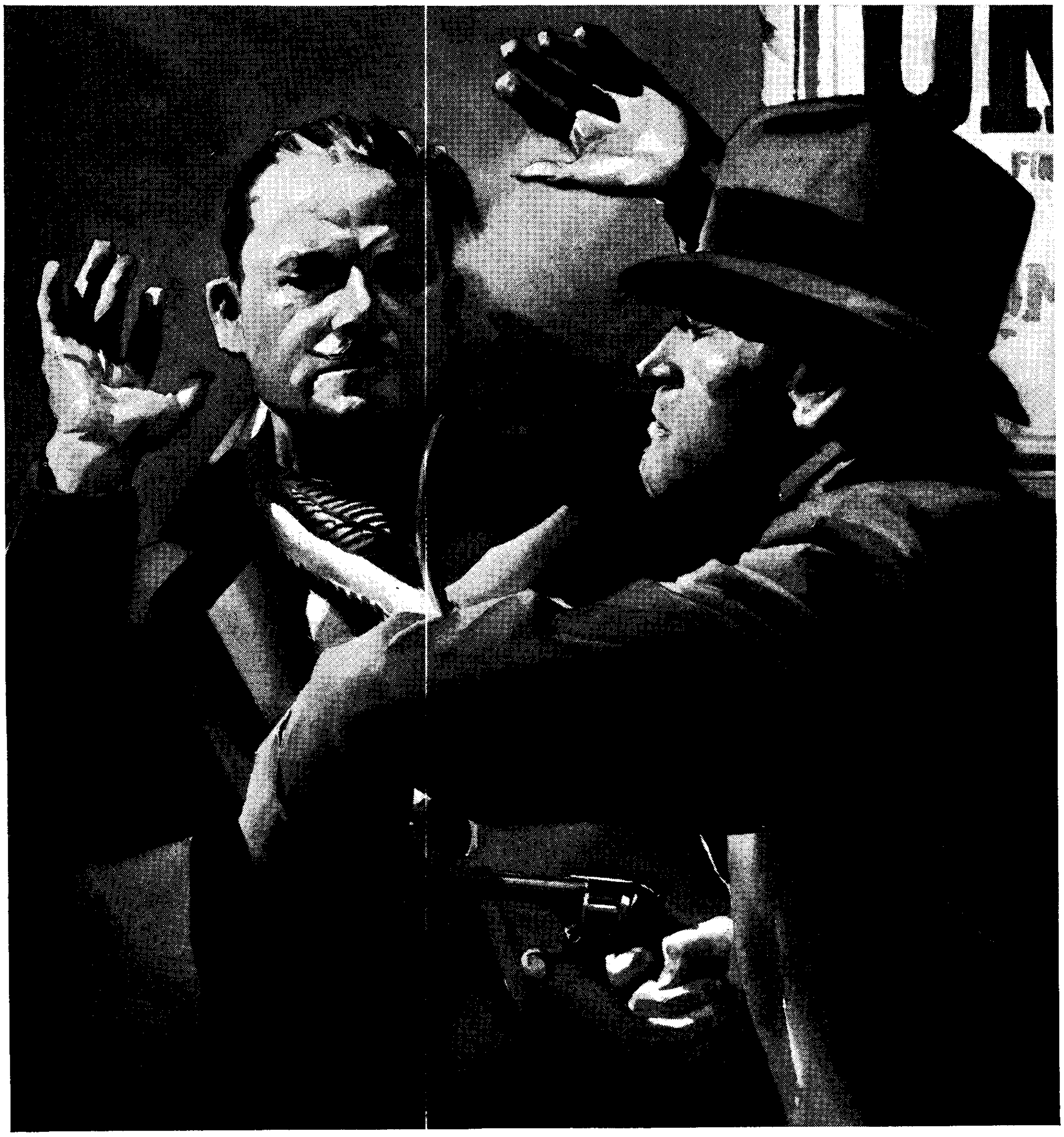
Ohio Merry-Go-Round

But it was all just good fun. For after this courtly passage, four days later Messrs. Davey and Sawyer at the Jackson Day dinner, with their arms around each other and to the accompaniment of the band, sang lustily: "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." However, the Ohio spring air has been hot with such phrases as "infamous scoundrel," "scoundrelly slanderer," "blackmailer," "scalawag" and "unscrupulous liar."

At the center of all the row kicked up in Ohio against Davey is the Davey machine. His critics inside and outside his party charge that he has organized the state employees into a palace army to carry out his will. Bricker, the Republican candidate for governor, thunders with old-fashioned eloquence against "the Louisiana system" in Ohio. But Ohio has always run rather smoothly to political machines from the days of Joe Foraker and the Bloody Shirt and Mark Hanna to those of Harry Daugherty and the Ohio gang of 1920, including such prime local machines as those of Cox and Hynicka. Davey, they say, has a more compact machine than any of them. And Davey doesn't deny he has a machine. "Sawyer wishes he had it," he will tell you. He is proud of it. One continually hears about the "20,000 state employees" faithful and true—and organized. Davey says frankly there are all kinds of machines—good ones and bad ones. His is a good one. Nothing, he insists, is accomplished in this practical world and in a democratic state save by organization. And the better the organization the more you accomplish. And his organization is formed to do good and to give to Ohio the blessings of good government.

The chief engineer of the Davey machine is a huge Ohio edition of Jim Farley named Francis W. Poulson. He is constructed on the same architectural pattern as Jim Farley with a slightly fuller development of the façade and a good roofing of curly hair instead of bland Jim's bald dome. He is pleasant, friendly, good-humored and shrewd. He holds forth in an elaborate suite of offices in the A. I. U. Building in Columbus that might be mistaken for the offices of a large and prosperous insurance company. There in these elegantly

(Continued on page 25)



Under lax parole systems, known criminals are released to resume careers of preying on society

Spring Board

By Henry F. Pringle

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

Seventy per cent of the prisoners who marched up to the parole board in New York last year, hoping to be "sprung," marched right back to their cells disappointed. That's one reason why the parole system works so well there

FIVE years ago a youth named William Sebesta of New York City regarded himself as a tough guy. Sebesta was nineteen years old. He had been arrested a good many times, mainly for juvenile delinquencies. Now he was tough. So he bought a gun, held up a small store and made off with the magnificent sum of fifty dollars. He also got jewelry worth about thirty dollars.

On March 1, 1933, under the alias of William Collins, Sebesta began a prison term of seven and one-half to fifteen years. And late last year, feeling much less tough, he made his first appearance before the parole board of New York State. The board was in session at Clinton Prison, which is in the far northern part of New York at Dannemora and is called the "Siberia of New York." Sebesta, alias Collins, was eligible for parole, due to time off for good behavior in prison, but he wasn't going to get out and he was pretty sure of it.

Collins was not a bad-looking youth as he shuffled into the small hearing chamber and took a seat before the three members of the parole board. He was dark-haired and fairly neat in his prison suit of gray.

"I was a wild kid," was the excuse he offered for his crime.

The parole commissioners seemed to pay slight attention to what he said. In front of them was a psychiatrist's report that stated that Sebesta was "egocentric, of unstable personality." Before them, too, was a police record, which started when he was eleven years old. On the other hand, both a job and a home—which are inviolable prerequisites for release on parole—had been offered him. But Sebesta was going to remain at Dannemora for the present. This was perfectly clear from the sharp, biting questions put to him by the commissioners. He got the point pretty quickly and his nerves cracked. With a half-suppressed oath he started up from his chair.

"Wait a minute!" snapped the uniformed guard who had been standing at his elbow.

"Let him go," ordered Dr. Joseph W. Moore, chairman of the board. Sebesta vanished through a stout door.

"Full minimum, for reconsideration," moved Commissioner Frank I. Hanscom. It was so ordered.

I did not, of course, accompany Sebesta back into the cell blocks, and I do not know what, if anything, he reported to his fellow inmates at Dannemora. I am very sure, however, that his heart was black with hatred for the men who had just ruled against him. For their verdict meant that he would not be reconsidered for parole until the fall of 1940. It meant that he might languish in prison until the end of 1947. Only the parole board—or the governor of New York—could grant him freedom. Sebesta could appeal to no court. He could enter no writ. And the board was not compelled, even, to give a reason for its ruling.

Whenever the parole board of New York meets, the prison seethes with bitterness. I had, when the case of Sebesta came up, been sitting with the board for days. I had heard hundreds of convicts make their pleas—and had seen the vast majority of them rejected.

Where Parole is Only a Word

Well, does parole really work? At the moment it is the whipping boy of American law enforcement. J. Edgar Hoover of the Federal Bureau of Investigation has been declaring far and wide that the system is a failure. The average citizen can scarcely pick up his newspaper without reading that serious crimes are daily committed by men on parole. Some of them are horrible crimes; sex perverts have done their mad killings while on parole.

The truth is that parole in all but six or seven states is a farce, that the administration is lax and the system itself badly conceived. "... parole is nothing more than mere terminology in many states," according to the Prison Association of New York.

But the truth is, too, that New York State has a very excellent parole law, which is enforced rigidly, scientifically and without the slightest taint of politics. It is not always successful, quite naturally. New York parolees, too, break the law and even commit murder. But not a single one of the atrocious sex murders that so greatly shocked New York last year was perpetrated by a man on parole. All in all, New York is pointing the way to greatly improved parole throughout the United States. Here are a few facts:

Between 1934 and 1936 the stringent administration of the New York law virtually cut in half the serious crimes —that is, felonies—committed by men on parole.

Roughly 7,500 felons are on parole in New York at the present time.

Less than twelve per cent of the men and women on parole in 1937 were declared delinquent and returned to prison; and only part of these, moreover, were sent back for a new crime.

Some 55,000 major crimes were perpetrated in New York last year.

Only 157 of these crimes were committed by parolees.

(Continued on page 51)

Running Dogs Bark

By Kyle Crichton

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

The remarkable story of Jake Reese, who struck out his past on three straight pitches and won the girl he loved

YOU know what happened in the seventh inning up there at the stadium today but you don't know why it happened, and that's what I'm going to tell you.

It was the deciding game of the World Series; I needn't tell you that. And you know that Jake Reese had been sailing through the Cubs for six innings, whipping that high hard one up under their chins and breaking that downer right around the edge of their pants. The score was 3-1 in favor of the Yanks.

Starting the seventh, he threw two straight hooks at Augie Galan and Augie swung and missed them both about a foot. The roar of the crowd was flowing up and down in waves and at the bottom of one of the waves a voice came out of the grandstand. It was a high-pitched, carrying voice and it went all over the stadium:

"Start running, you dirty yellow dog, start running!"

Jake had just taken the ball back from Bill Dickey and was getting ready to pitch. When he heard that voice, he stopped suddenly as if hit by a piece of shrapnel and seemed to shake all over.

He stepped off the mound and started to grope around behind him for the resin bag. He dabbed resin on his hands, pulled down his cap, walked around the mound again, finally gave his shoulders a hunch as if shaking off a heavy load and started to pitch. The ball went about ten feet over Dickey's head. He finally walked Galan on four straight pitches, not one of them within a foot of the plate.

Dickey came out to talk to him and you could see Jake shaking his head stupidly, as if he wasn't listening and didn't want to be bothered. He threw two wild ones at Billy Herman, which Dickey only kept from being wild pitches by great stabs, and then seemed abruptly to pull himself together again. The next two were strikes right down the middle. The crowd by this time was half insane but over the roars came that tremendous voice again.

"Keep running, you dirty yellow dog, keep running!"

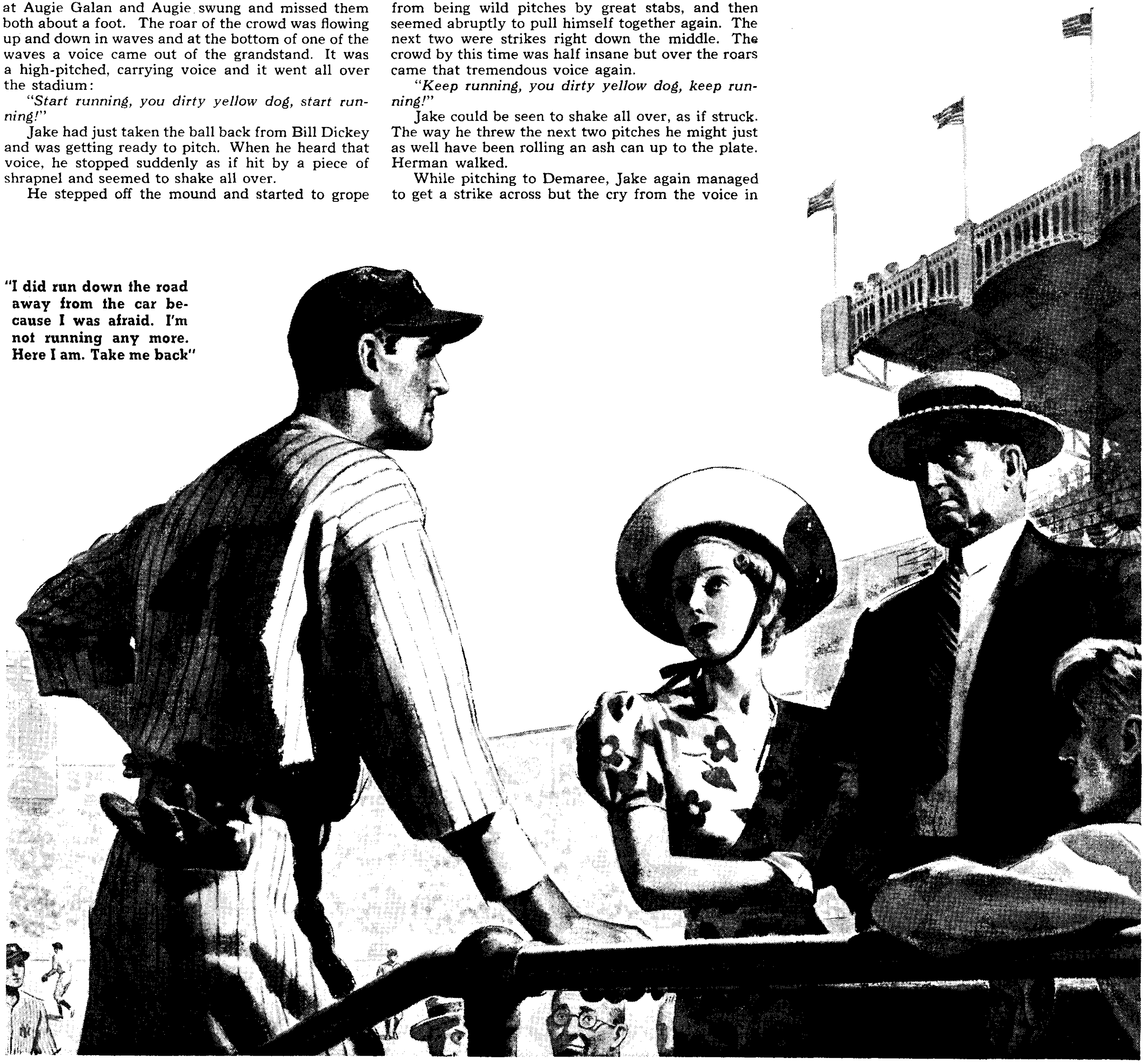
Jake could be seen to shake all over, as if struck. The way he threw the next two pitches he might just as well have been rolling an ash can up to the plate. Herman walked.

While pitching to Demaree, Jake again managed to get a strike across but the cry from the voice in the grandstand seemed to ruin him again. In the uproar all that could be heard was *"dirty yellow dog!"* but it was enough and Demaree walked.

At this juncture Joe McCarthy came out of the dugout, Dickey walked down from the box and Jake joined them on the third-base line. The problem for McCarthy was serious because it was the seventh game of the series, his staff was shot and there was nobody to use but Jake. As they were talking to him, Jake suddenly reached down with his hand (without looking at McCarthy) and pushed him away. Jake was looking into a box behind the Yankee dugout. In the box was an immensely tall man and a girl. She was a small person in a print dress, and Dickey, who was watching Jake while McCarthy did the talking, could see that she was very pretty and lively.

The man and the girl were standing in the box, looking at Jake intently. When he saw them, his jaw tightened and his eyes narrowed and he seemed to grow hard inside. He pushed McCarthy away, looked at Dickey bitterly and said in a harsh, grating voice, "Go on back in there and start catching!" He strode back to the mound.

When Dickey got set, Jake reared back his leg and threw three strikes across so blazingly that Gabby Hartnett never saw them. *(Continued on page 67)*



"I did run down the road away from the car because I was afraid. I'm not running any more. Here I am. Take me back"

Singing Star

By Katharine Roberts

WILL CONNELL

The quick-change career of Alice Faye, who started out hoofing in New York and turned up singing and acting in Hollywood pictures

ALICE FAYE socked Tyrone Power and split his lip. A little later she threw a vase that landed squarely on his forehead and would have knocked him cold if it hadn't been a breakaway piece from the prop department. Even so, it was a stunning surprise. When he finally pinned her to the floor, he had pretty well knocked the breath out of her. He had to in order to get her down. The fight scene was supposed to have been one of pulled punches and careful holds, but it would have done credit to Londos and O'Mahoney, and onlookers were aware that there was something behind its realistic abandon. Well, there was.

Two years ago, an unknown young actor had been given a small contract on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. A little later, the company, deciding that he had possibilities, asked him to take a test for an important picture. Such tests are usually made with minor players in support, but Alice Faye had known the young man in New York and she asked to take the test with him because she knew it would help. So the unknown, whose name was Tyrone Power, got the role in Lloyd's of London and skyrocketed to fame.

A year later, Producer Kenneth MacGowan started casting In Old Chicago, and called Alice Faye to take tests for a part with greater dramatic requirements than any she had played. When he told her that Tyrone Power was to have the male lead and that he had insisted upon taking the tests with her, she burst into the emotional weeps at such unheard-of reciprocity.

The result of all this sweetness and light was that, when they made the picture, each was so determined to justify the other's support that they went about it quite realistically. Such is gratitude in Hollywood.

Alice probably got her fight technique in earlier years from the kids of P. S. 84 on the far West Side of New York City, a school where pulled punches were unheard of. She was Alice Leppert then and she got out of there as fast as possible—not because she didn't exactly like the kids. "But I wanted to go farther and I thought I was wasting time just playing around with them. I had ideas."

So she went to a chorus call for the Ziegfeld Follies. She wanted to go on the stage and furthermore the family could use the money. Her papa was a policeman who, discovering that a policeman's lot was not a happy one, went presently into the hospital-supply business.

"Now look here, baby," said the man who was picking chorus girls for the Follies, "you go along home. What?—Sure, you're all right to look at. No, your dancing's no worse than the others. But, if you're only thirteen, you ought to be back learning reading and writing with the rest of the brats. The theater's a tough game, baby—stay out of it."

So, with tears in her eyes and maledictions in her mind, Alice trudged along home.

Alice Goes to a Party

A year later she heard that a Chester Hale unit was rehearsing at the Capitol Theater so she went down there. She'd learned not to tell her age. Girls with long legs were needed and, before the week was over, she'd perfected the routine and was accepted. Then she revealed her new glory at the home dinner table, battled with family objections, and stayed at the Capitol for a year.

"I don't know how I got by the Child Welfare Society," she muses. "Every time an investigator came around to make inquiries and look into the dressing rooms, one of the girls would hand me a cigarette—I didn't smoke then—and I'd sit there looking as sophisticated and nonchalant and old as possible. I suppose I got by because I kept my mouth shut. I knew if I opened it I'd get into trouble. Sometimes I still do."

She was fifteen when the Chester Hale unit embarked for Washington. "I was frightened to death," she reports. "It was my first time on a train. I was just a hick. I'd never been out of New York before."

When the unit closed its tour and returned to New York, she prospected around and went to work at the Hollywood Gardens in Pelham Parkway.

Finally she got a chance to try out for the chorus of George White's Scandals and she made it. Rudy Vallee was the star. He also had a radio program. "Why don't you try for it?" asked someone who heard her singing around the dressing room. "Because I'm not sure I'm up to it," she answered reasonably.

Then one night the cast of the Scandals went to a party. Everyone was contributing to the amusement and someone suggested that Alice, whose name by this time—purely by choice—was Faye, should sing. Well, it was just a party and it didn't matter, so she sang. And much to her amazement, she found that she could put over a song as well as just sing the tune. Rudy Vallee liked her warm contralto and asked her to sing with his band. Then he got so enthused that he wanted to put her on his radio program.

"Not with our money!" answered his sponsors promptly. "Who is this Alice Faye anyhow? No one ever heard of her."

She thought it was all off. But the showman in Vallee got the better of him and he hired her anyhow and paid her out of his own pocket. "I owe him a lot. He's a grand fellow," she states positively. She sang blues to contrast with his crooning and she got along nicely.

That was naturally the time she'd have an automobile accident. She was in the hospital long enough for the radio addicts to miss her. Then one bright day, the sponsors sent her a message asking her to come back at a very nice salary, which was to come out of their own funds. So *(Continued on page 72)*

Unreported

By Charles Hoffman

NUMBER 9 came in from Bakersfield. I sat there and looked at the title of the story, and then at the illustrations—a slim blond girl, spread on a beach some place, smiling down into a lean dark face. But the title of the story was a blur of words, and the illustration was a bleak airport, rain-swept and empty in stormy morning blackness.

When I looked over toward the fellow in the blue uniform behind the grilled ticket window my eyes echoed the question I had asked such a short time before.

He said, "Number 12 unreported," and went on filling out something. I turned the page of the magazine and stared at a tooth-paste ad. Outside, engines were roaring against the rain, and field attendants leaned into the wet wind as they went about their duties.

Pretty soon Number 4 took off for Salt Lake City. There was one passenger. His name was Mr. Brown. He was nice-looking and he was rather businesslike about the whole thing, tipping the porter, gathering his magazines, tossing his coat over his arm. Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago, Newark. Tomorrow morning Mr. Brown would be eating wheat cakes in a restaurant, maybe. And tomorrow morning I would be sitting across our little yellow breakfast-room table from Lois, and she would be telling me about the storm in San Francisco, and her sister's baby, and the hat she almost bought and how Salinas looked, off over there to the west, three thousand feet down. Maybe.

The voice over the loud-speaker, flooding the waiting room, was cool and terse and logical. "Number 12 delayed half an hour. Mail connections." Beyond the rain-sheeted windows and across the soggy field, Number 4 was rising easily into a thick gray squall.

I wasn't hungry but I went into the lunchroom to kill a little time. I ordered some coffee.

The waiter said, "Bad day. Guess they won't let very many more through."

The pages of the magazine felt sandy in my fingers. I said, "That so?"

Outside, at the newsstand, a kid was unwrapping early afternoon papers. Something about Hitler, in a black banner. Seven thousand miles away in a Bavarian retreat.

LOIS has a hat that is a little Bavarian. Sort of Tyrol—fuzzy green, with a thick brush feather in it. I didn't like it that first time, but then—one afternoon downtown some place—there in the car beside me, I looked around and the sun caught it just right, so that the green was almost that strange color of her eyes, and the feather was a bright bauble. I said, "Good hat, that," and she reached over, and covered my hand with hers.

"Yes, sir," the waiter repeated, half to himself, "bad weather."

A couple came in and sat down at a table near me, and the girl ordered coffee. Part of the girl's conversation drifted across to me in the quiet warm little room. ". . . wire from Newark," and then there was silence for a moment and finally I heard the fellow say, "The next time there'll be no more nonsense about this. We'll go straight down and get the license!" She said, "Sh," and started to laugh a little. But the roar of a plane above the building drowned out the laugh, and filled the room, pulse-beating and heady and loud.

I finished my coffee and was about to leave when the loud-speaker said: "Number 15. San Diego. Gate three."

"Thought it was Number 12, from San Francisco," I said to the waiter, half apologetically, sitting down at the table again.

"Twelve not in yet?" he said.

I said, "No. Guess it's bad over the mountains."

He whistled.

The little couple got up and went out. She was much shorter than he was, and when he opened the door for her she went under his arm. She had on an airline uniform.

BAD over the mountains . . . it had been January, and we had been sitting over scrambled eggs in a hotel bedroom high above 55th and 5th. Lois was all cool blue in her satin house coat, and she poured coffee for me, and served the bacon. I unfolded the paper that had come up with the trays, spreading it out over the buttered toast, and the headlines—COAST PLANE CRASHES—ELEVEN KILLED—stood in my throat for a minute before I handed it over to her. But that was January, 1936. And this was April, 1938. She didn't wear the blue house coat any more, because it was worn out, and a hotel breakfast was almost a forgotten luxury.

They had been an attractive young couple. Newly married. But their blanketed bodies, mule-carried out of the mountains, were attractive no longer. . . .

You've seen her on platforms, lecturing, and you've read some of her books, and you saw that picture of her that blowy winter night. You bought it on street corners in Dallas and in hotels in Pittsburgh and a freckle-faced kid tossed it up on your Tacoma doorstep.

The stewardess was named Alice, and she was engaged to a lanky kid from Ogden. But there was that businessman on the plane, too—the one with three children in Duluth, and a wife named Leora. Remember? It had been his seventh trip on the same run. Same stewardess. Ogden is some thousand miles from Duluth, and they are both a long way from the Tehachepi Pass. Even by air.

I ordered another coffee. I don't know why, because I hadn't particularly cared for the first one. I felt warm for a minute, and then cold again, and when I took off my hat and put it on the chair next to me, my forehead was damp and what hair I have was pressed to my temples.

Two fellows came in and sat up at the counter. One of them had a timetable sticking out of his coat pocket.

He ordered sandwiches, and when they were halfway through he said, casually, "Gladys will be lonely, Fred. Give her a call in a day or two. I'll be gone about a week."

Fred said, "Sure thing, Jerry," and slapped him on the back, and pretty soon—"Number 18. San Francisco, Portland, Seattle"—the one named Jerry picked up his bag and went quickly out to the plane.

It was wheeling in the sky above us when Fred tossed some money to the cashier. "Change, please," he said. And after the bill had been broken into nickels and dimes he walked over to the phone booth in the corner, pulling the narrow folding door closed against his muffled conversation.

"HAD a couple of wrecks out here," I commented to the waiter. Lois' plane was forty-five minutes late now. The coffee was too hot, and the room seemed suddenly warm and airless and sticky. I was a little bit sick.

"Oh, that's part of the game," he said.

When the loud-speaker clicked again, I shut my ears against the emotionless voice. Against—"12 grounded in the valley!" Against—"12 down in the mountains!" Against—"Sorry, but we have no report . . ." Against a drive home alone, tears choking in my throat. The house warm and brightly lit as I turn the key alone, but to me empty and bitter and cold. Now, and tomorrow morning, and the one after. With Number 12 a broken mass against a rocky ridge, and Lois a picture in a silver frame on my dusty dresser.

I got up and went into the washroom and doused my face with cold water. I came out again, not feeling any better, just as Fred came out of the phone booth whistling. Outside, an airport limousine skidded to a stop on the graveled court. The counter man turned the little dial on his square brown radio, and luncheon music reached us from a Detroit grill. I started to say, "Shut that thing . . . !" and just then someone's hand touched my shoulder.

"I thought I might find you in here," a familiar voice murmured.

SHE looked down at me, smiling. The coat was new, soft fur at her throat. And the hat was new, too, and blue; and it had a long gold feather in it.

I said, "Lois, where in the world . . . ?"

"Came in about five minutes ago, Joe."

The waiter said, "You were inside when they announced it. While that fellow was phoning."

I tossed him fifty cents and took Lois' arm. "Let's get out of here."

She patted my cheek, and I picked up her luggage and we went out to the car. The airport was far behind when I finally turned and looked at her.

"Was it a terrible trip?"

She said, "Oh, a little breezy—not bad," and then her face paled, her legs stiffening against the floorboard, her hand going to the door handle.

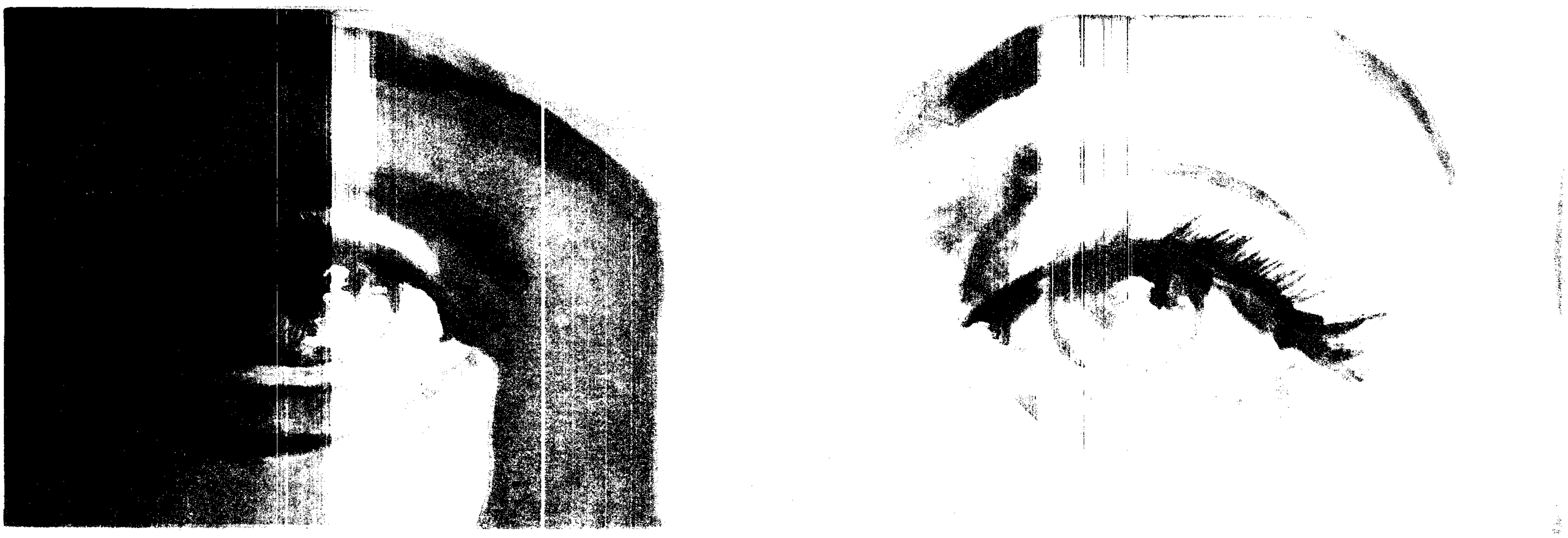
"Look out, Joe!"

Funny thing, too, because anyone could have seen I wasn't within a mile of brushing that truck.

The roar of a plane filled the room. I finished my coffee and was about to leave when the loud-speaker said: "Number 15. San Diego. Gate Three"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER



She'd given Crystal the little glass, prepared, waiting on the table. And now she remembered! Crystal had taken it, and had complained of its bitter taste

The Glass Slipper

By Mignon G. Eberhart

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

The Story Thus Far:

CRYSTAL HATTERICK, wife of Brule Hatterick, one of the most distinguished surgeons in Chicago, is ill. In the care of Dr. Andrew (Andy) Crittenden, her husband's close friend and protégé, she is well on the road to recovery when, to everyone's amazement, she suddenly dies!

Ten months later, Hatterick marries a nurse—the girl who had been with his first wife when she had passed away. The second Mrs. Hatterick—"Rue"—admires Brule Hatterick; and Brule seemingly loves her. Living with them, in their beautiful home, are young Madge Hatterick, Dr. Hatterick's daughter by Crystal, and Steven Hendrie, a brilliant composer who, a semi-invalid, is under Hatterick's care. Hendrie is engaged to Alicia Pelham, the best friend Crystal ever had. Other than Madge's occasional outbursts (the girl resents Rue's presence), there is nothing to mar Rue's happiness—until:

Returning from an opera one evening with Andrew Crittenden (Brule, detained by unexpected work, had asked Andy to act as Rue's escort) she receives a dreadful shock. It comes when Andy tells her that she must leave Chicago, run away to Canada—*with him.* He tells her that he loves her, wants to protect her. In answer to her frantic questions, he says that some anonymous letter-writer has been insisting that the matter of the death of Brule's first wife be thoroughly investigated; that the police suspect that Crystal Hatterick had been poisoned.

Then, going into some detail, he shows Rue how she—the only person with Crystal when she died (*after seemingly being well on the road to recovery*)—is certain—because of her marriage to Brule—to be accused of murder, if upon investigation it is found that death was caused by some poison. "I think the police are right," he says quietly. "I think Crystal was murdered."

They finish their talk in a drugstore, over some strong coffee. As they leave the store, Andy glances at a car, into which a woman is stepping, seems startled for a moment; then—"I thought that was Alicia Pelham. There ahead, getting into that motor." Rue follows his look. The car glides away.

"It's Brule—" she begins, and stops. Andy is silent. "It looked like Brule's car," Rue says nervously. "It couldn't be, of course. I'm going home, Andy."

II

ANDY was looking up and down the street, with its slanting subway entrance.

"Kendal ought to be here, soon. Ah—there he is now."

Andy, of course, would recognize the car before she did. They reached the broad space opposite the green room and an attendant recognized Andy and said: "The Hatterick car, sir? Here it comes now."

"Thank you—"

The attendant hadn't called Andy by name; he had only associated him with the Hatterick car. Rue said rather crisply: "The car that just now drove away — wasn't that Dr. Hatterick's?"

The attendant, cold and pinched-looking in spite of his greatcoat, glanced at her and at Andy and said: "I don't know, Madam," politely and the limousine paused quietly beside them. Andy opened the door and gave the attendant a tip.

The door closed behind them and the car moved off slowly. Andy said:

"You're cold. You're shivering," and reached ahead for the thick soft robe and put it over her, leaning down to tuck it gently around her feet. His black shoulder and the edge of the white scarf about his chin were very close to her. He said, pulling the robe around her, "You're shivering. You are trembling—" and took her suddenly in his arms.

HIS warm cheek was against her cold one. He said against her mouth, "I love you. Rue, Rue—" and kissed her. Kissed her long and hard and drew away to look into her face through the dark and then kissed her again.

When Brule kissed her, he did it swiftly, formally, when others were watching and he had to—a mere brush against her cheek.

Brule. She moved to escape Andy's arms and he held her.

"Nothing matters now, Rue, but you. Don't think of Brule. Think of yourself. I love you so, dear. You—you were married to Brule so suddenly, no one knew. I didn't know anything of it until he told me—and then it was too late; it was the day before your marriage; what could I do? You must have known I loved you, Rue."

Unwillingly, she replied.

"No—"

"Back in the days when you were at the hospital—remember? I used to watch for you when I went along the halls and sat at the chart desk. Among all the white uniforms and white caps I always knew the little square set of your shoulders; the smooth knot of gold hair under your perky little cap. I used to make excuses to talk to you; I would complain a little of this or that—and hope the other nurses would leave so I could talk to you alone. I—I didn't know for a long time that I was in love with you. Not till just before Crystal's illness."

"Crystal—" said Rue—Crystal, Crystal; Crystal's car that he knew so well; the scent of roses that still clung to it; Crystal.

He relinquished her slowly. For a moment he said nothing; his profile was a clear silhouette against the area of light under a street lamp outside the window. They passed on into shadow and he said: "Crystal. So that was it. How can I convince you? And there's so little time; you must go with me, Rue. At once. There's no other way—"

She felt all at once quite cool and collected; frightened, conscious of catastrophe but conscious also of the need to gird herself to meet it. She said:

"That would be running away. Leaving Brule when he needs me."

"Brule!" cried Andy. "Rue, you don't understand—"

"We can't leave, Andy. I understand that. It would be mad. It would be—would be like a confession of guilt."

Afterward she remembered those moments, though at the time they were disjointed, confused, full of incoherent, futile argument. They plunged through darkened streets; they glided past lighted theaters; they paused for traffic lights; she was clearly conscious of only one thing out of the turmoil, and that was the necessity to resist Andy, to go home, to wait for Brule. Brule was never at a loss for expedient; Brule always knew what to do. Brule had the sharpest, shrewdest worldly wisdom and he had, too, a certain ruthlessness that would stand them all in good stead now. Besides, Brule was her husband.

ANDY was at last beaten down, sullen, silent. They reached the Hatterick house, and Brule's coupé was not in front of the door.

"For the last time, Rue," began Andy. "Believe me, I'm only thinking of you."

"But it's the wrong way, Andy. We've got to face the thing. If it's true—if she was really murdered—"

The car had stopped and Kendal opened the door. She said to him: "Will you take Dr. Crittenden to his apartment, Kendal, please."

But Andy was already out of the car and putting up his hands to assist her. Through her gloves she was absurdly conscious of the warmth and strength of his hands and the way he held her own a second too long.

"Don't bother, Kendal," he said. "Thank you, I'll walk." He went up the steps with Rue and rang the doorbell.

She would not ask him to come in and to wait for Brule if he were not yet there. There was some obscure but important reason for not doing so.

Kendal, a stolid, silent figure, got into the car again and it moved away. Andy said:

"Perhaps I was wrong, Rue; I suppose the thing to do is stay here and face it. Flight—does seem melodramatic. Crazy. But — but you don't know—" He stopped short. "All right, Rue. I'll go. But remember what I've said tonight. Remember I love you. And I'll do anything in God's world to help you. Will you remember that?"

HIS voice was serious, weighted with awareness of the horror that lay before her. She shivered a little, not from cold.

"Yes, Andy," she said and the door opened. Light from the hall streamed out. Gross, the dourly efficient German butler, dating from Crystal's regime, stood in the doorway with an expression of painfully withheld but painfully curious disapproval. He did not wait for Andy's departure. He said as Rue entered:

"Two persons are waiting to see Madam. They insisted on waiting. I told them Madam was at the opera—"

Rue's heart gave a heavy throb in her throat. She turned slowly toward the butler.

"Who?"

She was aware that Andy had come into the hall, too. Gross closed the door, shutting off escape.

"They say they are from police headquarters, Madam."

"This is preposterous," said Andy. "Mrs. Hatterick can't possibly see them tonight, Gross. Tell them—"

They were all aware of the man who stood suddenly in the doorway opposite them, although he was actually only a symbol, impersonal, commonplace, completely and utterly ordinary. He was medium tall, medium bulky; his face was full and his cheeks puffed below small, cold eyes; he was particularly bald and the most minute description of him would equally well have described a hundred other men you'd encounter in the Loop, say, at Madison and State streets on a busy noon hour. His name was Oliver Miller; he was important then and always to Rue merely as a symbol, as a mouthpiece, as a voice through which a hidden, massive, utterly forbidding power expressed itself.

"Mrs. Hatterick," he said. "We are waiting for you. I am Oliver Miller of the police. Will you be so good as to give me a few moments—the district attorney sent me here." He had actually, in the most ordinary way in the world, a card in his hand. One that, apparently, he had not chosen to relinquish to Gross. Gross murmured and was still. Andy said: "By what authority—"

"Good evening, Dr. Crittenden. By the authority of police headquarters, as you know. It's only a short interview; if you wish anyone else to be present, Mrs. Hatterick, it's quite all right."

Rue turned swiftly to Gross: "Has Dr. Hatterick returned?"

"No, Madam."

"Rue, there's no need for you to see them now. We'll get Guy—"

Guy—that was Guy Cole, their next-door neighbor and one of the best criminal lawyers in Chicago. Something stiffened and tightened about Rue's throat.

Miller said easily: "Only a few questions, Mrs. Hatterick. It won't take long. I assure you we'll not distress you. You can be present, Dr. Crittenden, if Mrs. Hatterick wishes it. It isn't important."

Not important!

RUE nodded dismissal to Gross. She walked into her own drawing room, followed by Miller and Andy. Another man was waiting there; his name was Funk, said Oliver Miller in the most polite way, like an introduction. She found herself acknowledging the mousy, thin, gray little man; he looked like a rabbit, and scared as if he might pop under the Louis Quatorze sofa at any moment. Yet in his way he was as commonplace and as ordinary and as unthreatening as Miller.

She sat down, trying to appear self-possessed and calm. Andy, still in his black overcoat and white scarf, took up a position near her.

"Won't you sit down?" she said and Miller did so—in a fragile, French armchair that looked as if it might collapse at any moment under the man's bulk. Funk discovered himself in the shadow of the stiffly draped, pale-green satin curtains and no one knew how he'd got there.

That drawing room, too, had been Crystal's; she had decorated it. Its pastels, its French chairs, its gilded mirrors and crystal-hung lamps had been Crystal's selection. Rue had never liked the room; now it seemed garish and full of a grisly contrast. Crystal's room; Crystal's white hands touching and selecting those soft fabrics; and now the two men

(Continued on page 30)

A Man and a Horse

By Quentin Reynolds

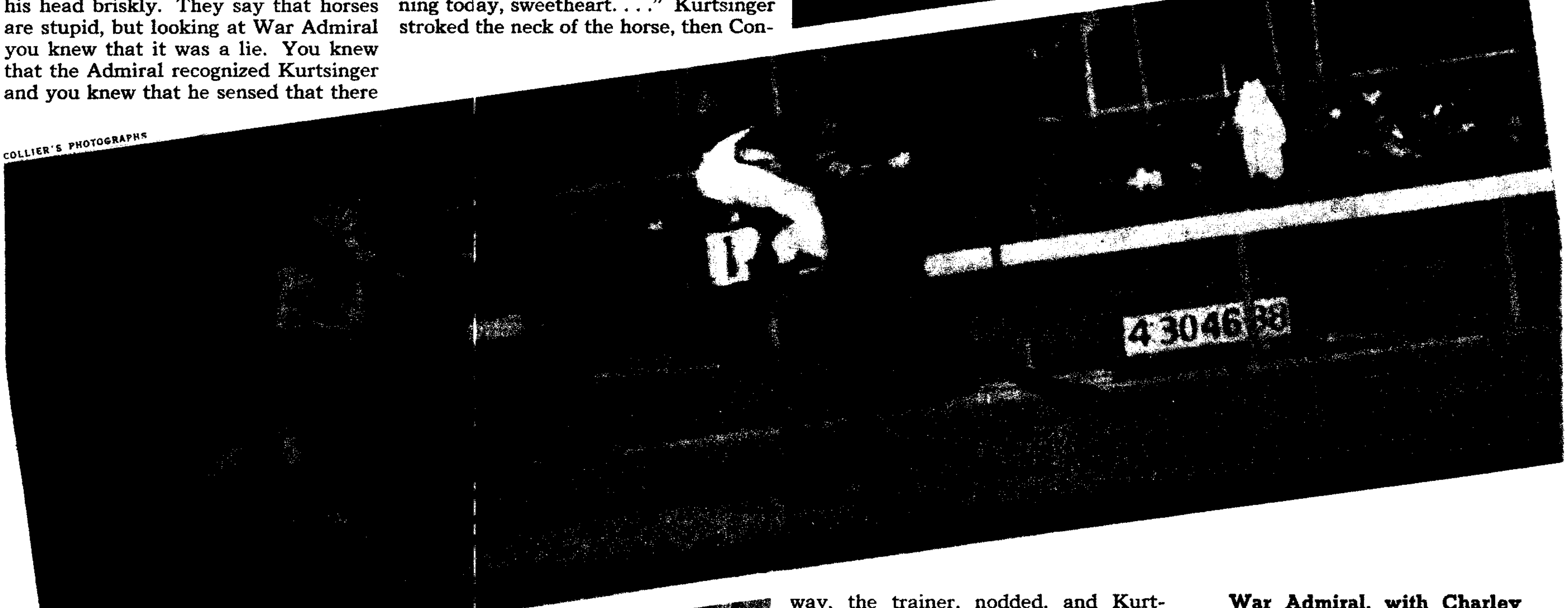
THIS is the story of two thoroughbreds, two fine gentlemen, one weighing 106 pounds, the other weighing 1,100 pounds. One of them is thirty-one. The other is four. Both were born to racing. The father of one was a jockey. The father of the other was a big red colt named Man o' War. The name of the first is Charley Kurtsinger; the name of the other is War Admiral. Meet them both. You'll like them. Meet them as I met them, early in the morning at Hialeah Park in Florida, with a warm breeze chasing away the wisps of fog that the night had left. Meet them in the barns behind the huge grandstand that later in the day will be packed with thousands of horse lovers. May I introduce . . .

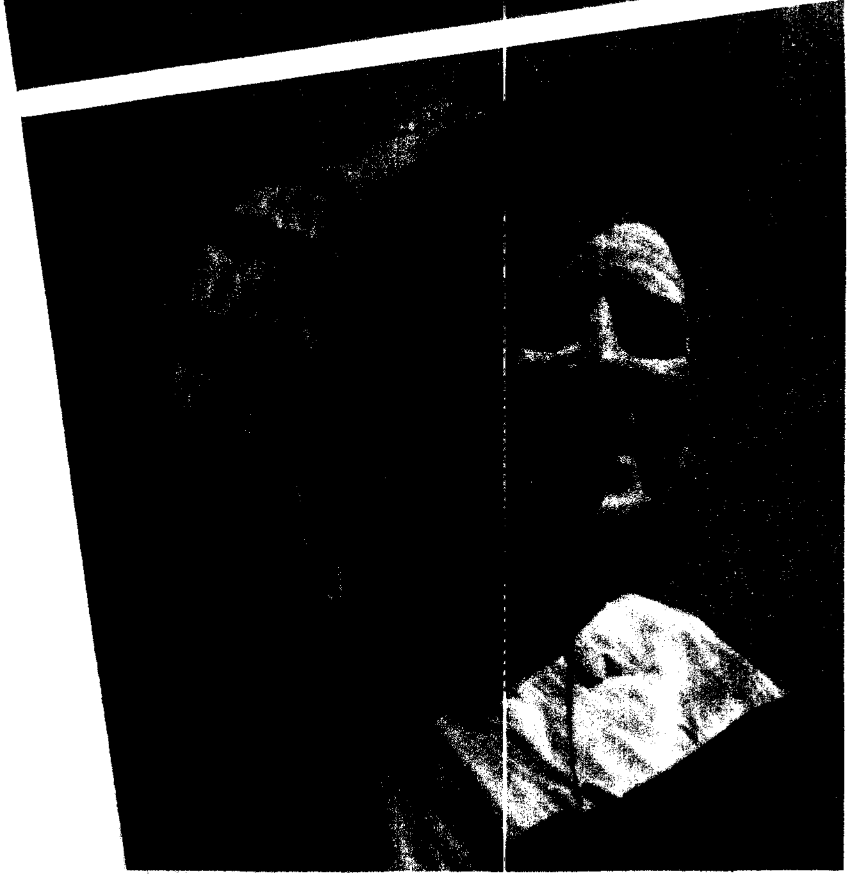
Kurtsinger stood there smiling a proud little smile, and then he reached up and stroked the glossy coat of the horse. War Admiral turned his head inquiringly, saw who it was, and then lifted his head briskly. They say that horses are stupid, but looking at War Admiral you knew that it was a lie. You knew that the Admiral recognized Kurtsinger and you knew that he sensed that there was work to be done. Usually an exercise boy galloped him around the track in the morning. If Kurtsinger was going to be up on him it meant either a race, which the Admiral loves, or a fast workout, which was almost as good.

It was early morning and the thousand and one sounds of a track waking up were in the air. Negro stableboys were singing to horses in other barns, waking them, telling them they'd have to earn their breakfast on the track before they could have it. A slow breeze was bending the slender trunks of the palm trees outside the barns, and faintly you could hear the unmusical chirping of the flamingos on the lake in the center of the Hialeah infield.

They hoisted little Kurtsinger up and he gathered the reins, bent over the neck of War Admiral and talked soothingly to him:

"A nice little gallop before breakfast, baby . . . let's show 'em some running today, sweetheart. . . ." Kurtsinger stroked the neck of the horse, then Conway, the trainer, nodded, and Kurtsinger turned the Admiral's head toward the track.





War Admiral, with Charley Kurtsinger up, leading the field in the Widener Challenge Cup Race. Above: Sam Riddle, the Admiral's owner. Left: Charley Kurtsinger

COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPHS

"About a one-forty mile, Charley," Conway said laconically, and Kurtsinger nodded.

The track was alive with horses and the big stands gaped emptily. The flamingos on the lake were preening themselves happily. The Admiral took a walk first. The sun blazed down on the black coat of the Admiral, and it glistened as though it were burnished ebony. In the record after the name, "War Admiral," you'll find the cryptic notation, "Br. C." In the records the Admiral is a brown colt. Actually, he is black, but the hair over his forehead is dark brown, and it is one of the peculiar vagaries of the track world that a horse's official color is that of the hair on his forehead.

A Bundle of Dynamite

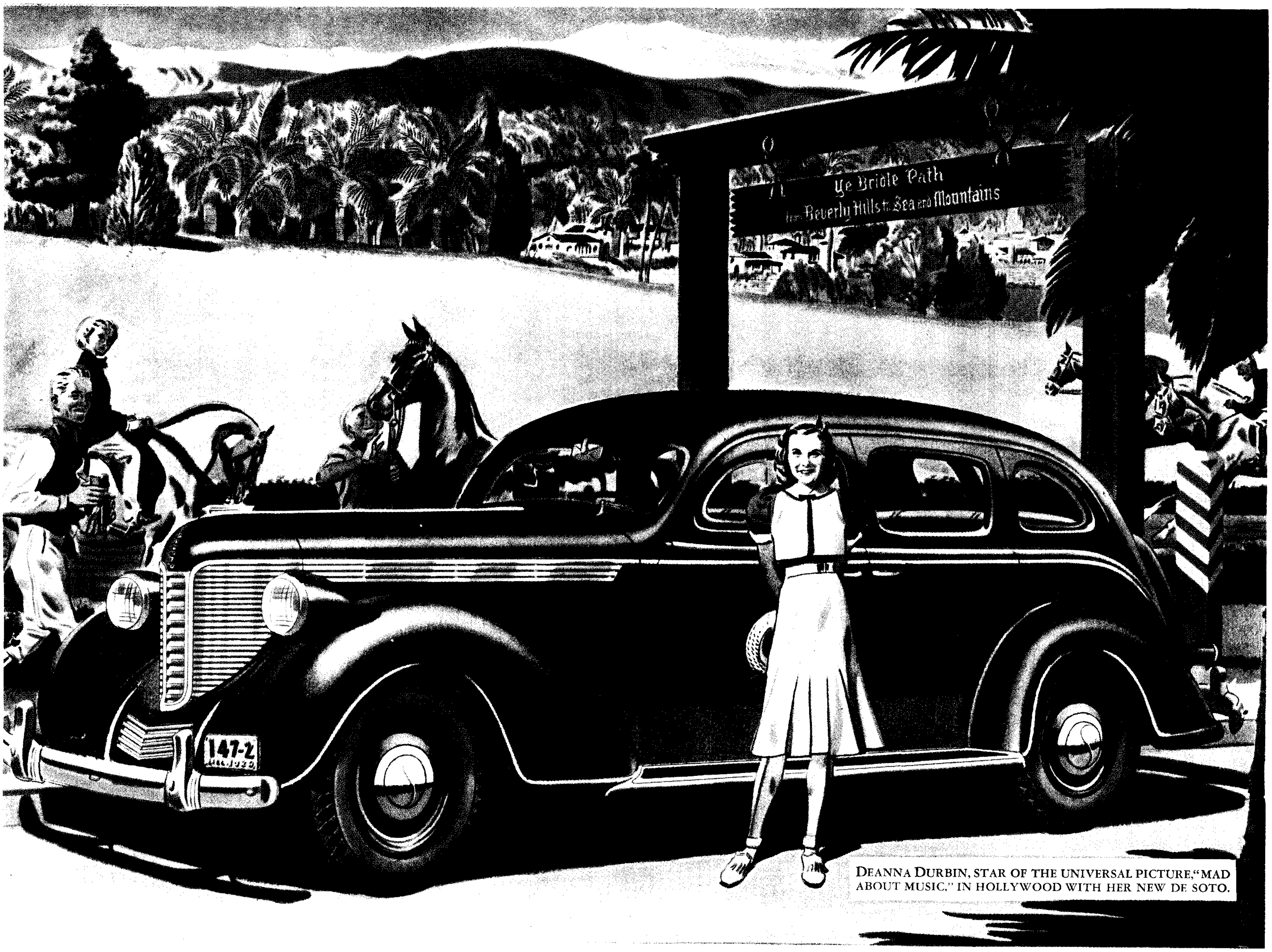
Then Conway gave the word. War Admiral settled into his frictionless stride. Exercise boys working other horses pulled them out from the rail and halted them to watch. The clockers were standing up and it seemed as if even the flamingos had stopped their incessant chattering. Royalty was appearing—all lesser mortals had to wait until royalty had left. The best three-year-old horse of 1937 was breezing around that dark bracelet of dirt and his hoofs were beating a quick tattoo. Kurtsinger was hunched over him and as the two flashed by you could hear the jockey calling to him, telling him what to do. Two thoroughbreds were working and for a moment the little world of the track was standing still.

War Admiral is small, a compact bundle of dynamite. The horse rounded the far turn and came down the stretch. Unconsciously, everyone had gotten to his feet. War Admiral breezing along alone in the early morning—that's a sight to gladden the heart of every horse lover. An honest horse that likes to run—that's War Admiral. He flashed by the finishing post and you heard a clocker say, "One-forty."

In a few minutes the word would be flashed all over. People in San Francisco, New York, Seattle, people who read the sports pages, would be reading, "War Admiral worked a mile in one-forty this morning at Hialeah. The champion three-year-old of last year

(Continued on page 70)

DEANNA DURBIN ONE SMART GIRL PICKS ONE SMART CAR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147-2

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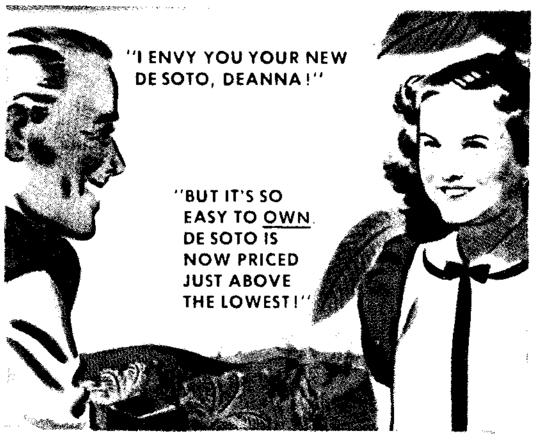
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Ohio Jewelry

Continued from page 15

appointed headquarters you find, the year round, clerks, contact men, stenographers and secretaries, filing cabinets, mimeograph machines and all the impedimenta of a highly organized modern enterprise. The good old leisurely Democratic party has gone "big business." There is a card for every voter in the state and the appropriate information about how he voted in the past. There is a membership—the shock troops, the faithful 20,000 state employees. They make regular subscriptions to the party; they are forced to join local clubs; they are marshaled and watched; they are expected to get things done.

Poulson told me that the governor was a great, if not the greatest, "circularizer" in public life. That's true beyond a doubt. Davey has always been a circular addict. They say his first modest success in politics as the burgomaster of Kent was made possible because he kept a card index on everybody he met, noted his birthday and sent him birthday greetings on the right day. In fact, the Democratic appetite for circularizing the citizens has got it into some hot water. On one occasion a Davey Tree Company truck backed up to the offices of the state tax commission and hauled away 300,000 addressograph plates of the business firms of Ohio taxpayers and these were used to send out circulars for the Democratic campaign, until discovered and exposed by the Columbus Citizen.

Davey said the state had lost nothing, as all the plates had been returned, and smilingly added that after all they were not hauled away in state trucks. But his enemies countered to this by producing an employee of the state finance department who testified to a Senate committee that she had been sent for several weeks to Davey's business office on state pay checking up on cards of state employees supplied by the state finance director and delivered to and from the Davey quarters in a state truck. When the cards were returned to the finance director's office they bore appropriate notations such as "Very good worker for Democratic party. Give her a small raise;" or "She is a civil service employee. Work her to death and get rid of her;" or "She is a friend of the Democratic county chairman."

Fate Plays at Politics

The most serious indictment of the Davey machine is that contractors and dealers in Ohio materials and services who sell to the state are compelled to pay money to administration politicians. For two years the air has been blue with charges and countercharges revolving around this good old political practice. One day, Mr. Francis W. Poulson, the Democratic chairman, motoring happily home from a sort of powwow, found fate parked in the dark road ahead of him. Fate knocked the car over, flung the burly chairman into the roadway and reduced him to unconsciousness. He was taken to a hospital and there, in accordance with the rules, his valuables were removed, checked and inventoried. And in his wallet was found $4,160 in forty-one 100-dollar bills and three twenties. The normally astute chairman, who boasts that he has every detail of Ohio's political affairs at his finger tips, could not remember, for the life of him, where he got all those hundred-dollar bills. And he later told an investigating committee that he could not remember save that it was from seven or eight people in Cleveland and that it was for the party.

Like many a harassed executive before him, Davey has had to function with a friendly House and a hostile Senate—a Senate, in fact, howling for his blood. Before the House, extending his arms to its members like the statue of Ohio outside the capitol, he said recently: "These are my jewels." But the Senate, he says, is poison. In fact, he always refers to the senators as the "hatchet men." They have set up a committee to probe for graft in his administration. And a little pint-sized lawyer, former Senator James Metzenbaum of Cleveland, able, peppery, a combination Samuel Seabury and Francis J. Heney, marches coalmen, oilmen, liquormen, highway contractors and others before him, wringing from them the most damning accusations of graft against various state departments and seeking desperately to connect the ranking officers of the administration with the evils.

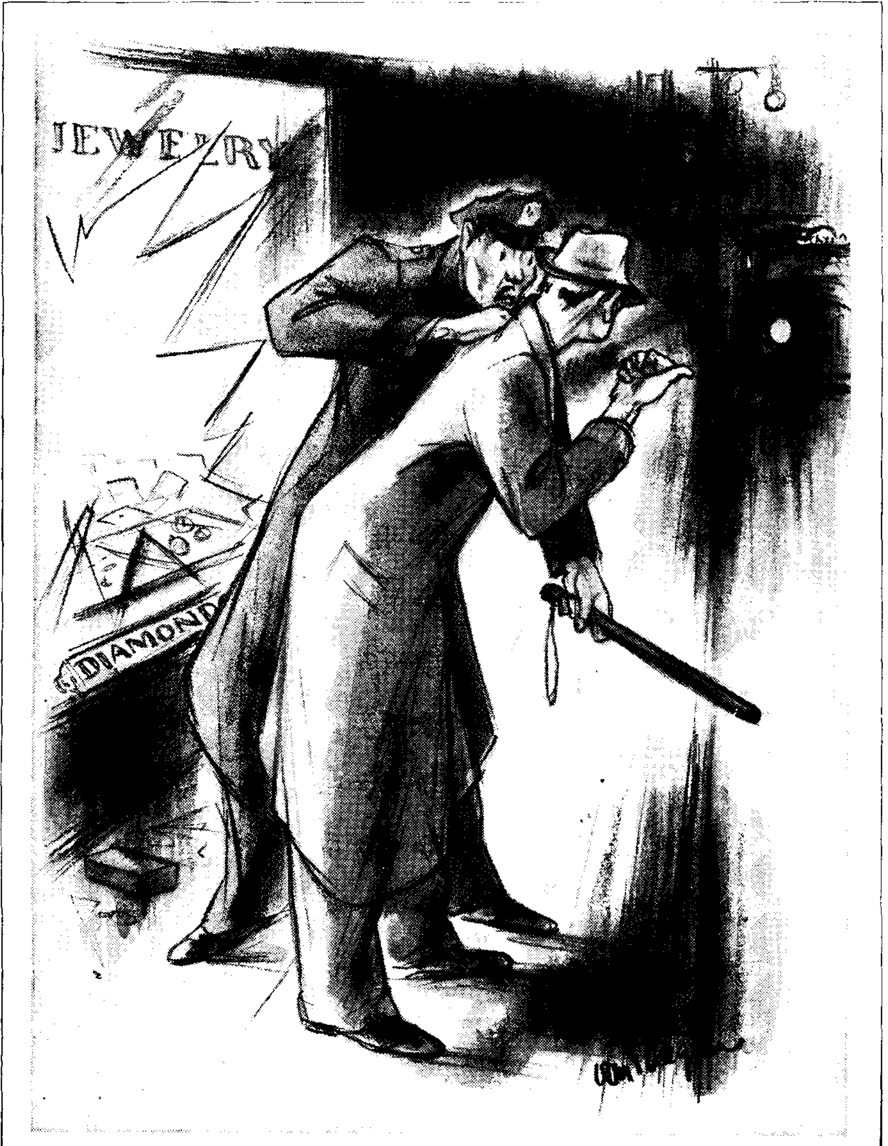
A sample of the practices dug up by the committee relates to coal. Formerly the state of Ohio bought its coal directly from Ohio mines and upon competitive bids. But in the present administration the mines have been pushed out of the negotiations and a great deal of coal, if not all, has been bought from certain coal "brokers." One such brokerage firm is made up of two Cleveland Democratic leaders. Mine owners testified that they had to sell their coal to these brokers, who in turn sold the coal to the state. For instance, one such mine owner said he sold coal to a utility company for 70 cents a ton, to the city of Cleveland for 78 cents a ton and to the political brokerage firm for 80 cents a ton—all out of the same vein of the same mine. And the brokers then sold the coal to the state of Ohio for $1.75 a ton.

Ohio operates a liquor monopoly. The state is the one big booze jobber in its domain. Trucking liquor around the state is quite a contract. The United States Trucking Company had the contract. The contract was taken away from the big trucking firm in January and given to another trucking firm in which a Democratic boss holds a one-third interest. But this political trucking firm didn't do any trucking. It merely rehired a trucking company to do the job—sublet the contract, compelling the company to pay to it 10 cents on every case of liquor hauled the first month and 12 cents per case per month thereafter.

The Committee's Bombshell

Ohio has been paving her roads with a material called Hot Mix. The Senate committee piled up testimony to show this association was selling its material at twice the price paid by other states and government units for the same grade of paving material. One paving-material company testified it had to pay 25 cents a ton of Hot-Mix road material to an associate of Democratic headquarters. A state engineer testified that the state paid twice as much as it should have paid for nine million dollars' worth of Hot-Mix business.

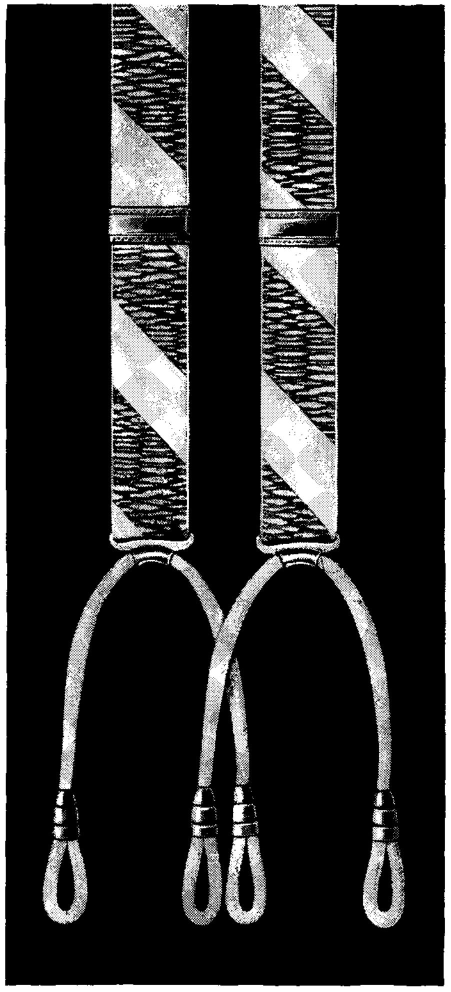
Those revelations poured out in a stream, to a rising tempo and increasing heat as the legislature neared its end. The administration leaders in the House



"Have a little patience—the wagon'll be along any minute now!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

HICKOK



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sought to kill the investigation by refusing to vote it any funds. Then they drove at it under an Ohio constitutional provision that prohibits any committee from functioning when the legislature is not in session. A desperate effort was made to adjourn the legislature and end the hearings. The governor's friends pointed out that nothing had been produced to implicate Davey himself in the charges. The excitement rose as the moment approached for the battle to adjourn the legislature. Then the committee exploded a bombshell.

A former associate of the governor went on the stand and in a series of sessions of unexampled disorder and turmoil, with the committee and the police fighting for possession of the witness, and a fistfight or two, this man gave a long account of the alleged efforts of the governor and the Democratic organizations to shake down the utility companies and the automobile companies for the Davey campaign in 1936. The committee got no farther than this when the demand for adjournment was met by a clamor for the governor's impeachment. Davey went before the legislature in a night session in the old House chamber that has seen so many battles in the past, and with a microphone going into every Ohio home he lashed out at his foes. In the end the forces for adjournment won as the advocates of impeachment realized they did not have the necessary votes, and the investigation was squelched.

It is into this hectic atmosphere that a whole batch of candidates for all sorts of offices will be tossed this summer and fall. And of course every candidate and every other battle gets drawn into the periphery of the Davey row and the bitter feelings engendered by the attacks on Davey and Poulson. What the effect will be on the fortunes of the Ohio campaign and on interests outside the state no one can say.

For one thing, United States Senator Robert J. Bulkley, New Deal stalwart, must face the voters this year. The President needs Bulkley's vote badly and he will need it worse next year. The United States Senate looks from a distance like a thoroughly packed Democratic bloc. But the President holds control here by a very thin thread. The Senate leader is Alben Barkley of Kentucky. Barkley was named majority leader, following Joe Robinson's death, by only a single vote. The President had to put on all the pressure to defeat Pat Harrison of Mississippi. But now Barkley himself, like Bulkley his neighbor, must face the voters in a Democratic primary in Kentucky. And right across the river from Ohio, the famous state of mint juleps, colonels and horseflesh is seething with the excitement created by the candidacy of young Governor Albert B. Chandler who has been announced as a candidate against Barkley.

Honest Vic—the People's Choice

Chandler is a dangerous antagonist. The news hawks around Kentucky will tell you that Chandler is going to oust the President's Senate leader from his Senate seat. Chandler is no New Dealer. If this happens, and, for that matter, even if it doesn't happen, the Senate majority will have to pick its leader as usual next January. Then the issue will arise: Is the Senate to have a leader who is merely a stooge for the President, a spokesman of the President in the Senate, or a leader who really represents the Senate and is its spokesman to the President? If Bulkley is defeated by a Republican, the President's slight margin of one vote will be gone. If Chandler wins it will be that much worse. If the Southern senators, now in secret revolt against the White House, make Harrison or some other candidate Senate leader the national administration will be in for some desperate rough sledding.

Bulkley's battle for re-election is all mixed up with Davey's battle for renomination and re-election. First, Bulkley must get re-nominated. He is a quiet, dignified and high-minded gentleman, a wealthy corporation lawyer of Cleveland, yet an ardent supporter of the New Deal program. But he is not a very astute politician and he is not suited to the hurly-burly of a furious state campaign. He was elected in 1932 as a result of his courageous stand in advance of most other Ohio politicians on the repeal of prohibition. That issue is no longer available. He must now face the prejudices against the New Deal and the sins of Davey combined. George White is out to defeat him in the primaries. White is an able politician. He managed a national campaign for the Democrats once. He got himself elected governor of Ohio twice. He is a former Princeton football player who studied government under Woodrow Wilson, but he is also a rugged person who mined for gold in the Klondike, worked in lumber camps in the Northwest and wildcatted for oil out of which he made a fortune. He may give Bulkley a stiff race.

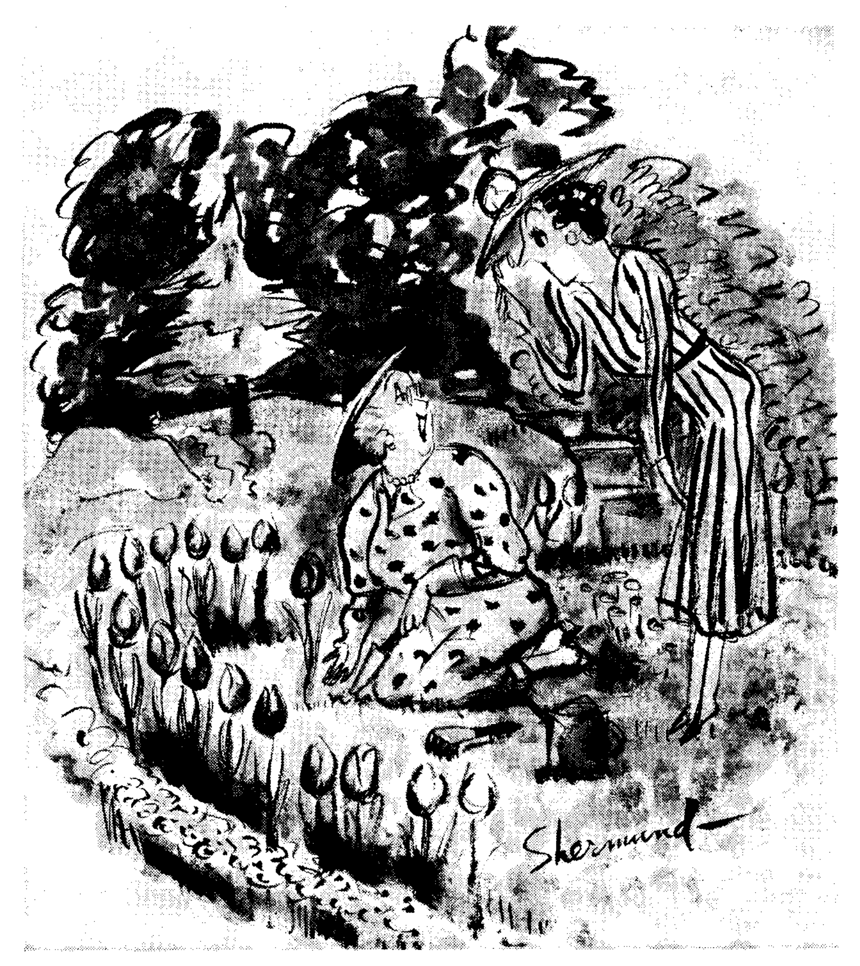
Also Davey and Poulson may knife him. He is not too popular with them. They suspect him of trying to get Vic Donahey—Honest Vic—now junior United States senator from Ohio, to run for governor. Donahey holds a unique place in Ohio public opinion. He has been called Honest Vic ever since he was state auditor and cut and slashed the extravagant costs of state government.

Donahey can be elected for any office he runs for in Ohio and against anybody. If he announced for governor tomorrow Davey and all other candidates, Democratic and Republican, would be done. Davey believes Bulkley has been trying to get Donahey to make the supreme sacrifice for the old party. Donahey is not going to do it. He talks like a man who is thoroughly sick of politics. But this doesn't excuse the Bulkley attempt and the Davey crowd may make things hot for him when they get him at the polls.

But even if Bulkley gets by the primaries there looms before him an antagonist of the most formidable proportions. And it is around this man that the Grand Old Party is slowly forming the expectation that it may stage a Grade A struggle for redemption. The Ohio White Hope is Arthur Day. Day and Robert Taft are in a contest for the Republican nomination for Bulkley's seat. Day, of course, must beat Taft, but it looks pretty much as if he would do that handily. Taft is the oldest son of President William Howard Taft and he has a great name for political purposes in Ohio. He is able, thoughtful, thoroughly conservative, affable, and he enjoys a high reputation for integrity and good citizenship in Cincinnati and Hamilton County. But he is shy, reserved, aloof and he looks very uncomfortable at a political meeting. And his shyness and conservatism are thrown into further relief by the liberalism and popularity of his young brother, Charlie Taft.

Pulling in Various Directions

Taft, of course, is a good name to do business with in Ohio politics. But so is Day. There was a Day once who was Secretary of State for McKinley during the Spanish-American War and later a justice of the Supreme Court. The name is still one of those good-medicine Buckeye names. Arthur Day is distantly related, but people in politics don't bother to count the degrees of consanguinity. He is the son of a country doctor in a town that is just a wide place in the road up in Putnam County. What's inside the plain man's skull is a little bit of a mystery to Bob Taft, but it's an open book to Arthur Day. Day seems to have just about enough touch of progressiveness to him to do for this period. He is a state Supreme Court



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B. SHERMUND

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"My Royal Sedan is my sixth Chrysler and I've only spent $11 on all of them for repairs, other than ordinary servicing and adjustment. The snappiest car I've ever had. I talk about its looks, performance and safety all day. It has room for six big people."

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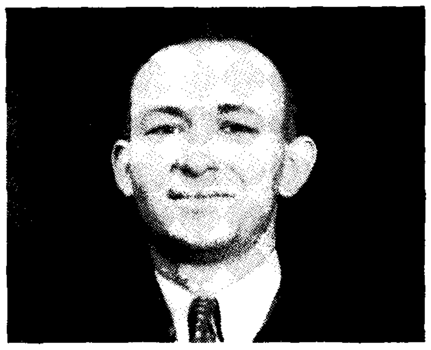

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"Talk about economy! My Chrysler Royal Brougham has extraordinary acceleration, yet I average 19 miles per gallon at high speeds. It's hard to beat for looks and its extra roominess makes driving more comfortable. I'm very glad I bought a Royal."

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BIGGEST money's worth in the low-priced field! That's what owners call the great new Chrysler Royal. Its beauty . . . economy . . . engineering and performance . . . are sources of constant delight to owners everywhere. Read what some of them say.

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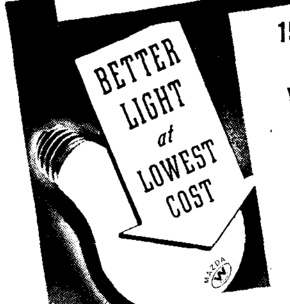
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judge who is fairly critical of lawyers. National politics is a little obscure to him. But with Ohio seething in a mental and spiritual struggle between the performances of the C.I.O. in the great industrial cities and the natural pull of American reaction, Day, with a sure political instinct, plans to talk about "fundamentals." That's a good, broad, obscure but cherished word.

Wherever you go you find politicians, Democratic and Republican, fairly sure that, so far as Taft is concerned, there will be nothing left when Day is done, and that, what with the troubles of Davey in labor and the investigations and the New Deal and the Democratic split and the depression, Bulkley will be a very lucky man if he squeezes through. There are Democratic leaders who think that. And there are many sapient persons in Ohio—newsmen who follow its politics—who think Day may be swept into the Senate by a big majority. If he is, he will not only upset the presidential applecart in the Senate but Ohio will also have a real contender for the presidency on its hands.

As to Davey himself and his famous machine, there are a host of forces pulling in various directions. First of all, Davey the Democrat is the sworn enemy of the New Deal. His troubles began there early. He got into trouble with Harry Hopkins and the Relief Administration. He removed the trained and competent relief administrator and appointed one of his fellow townies. Then he began to denounce Hopkins' administration of relief. It was plain that the political machine resented the presence of trained social workers in relief work. It had stalwart, faithful Democrats eager to carry on. Davey and Hopkins argued about the matter. Then Davey demanded that the government take over relief administration.

Hopkins ignored this, but a week later took over relief on the ground that the Ohio Democratic organization had been attempting to shake down contractors supplying materials to the relief administration. He wrote Davey calling it a "shakedown" and saying: "Its obvious purpose was to pay off the deficit of your campaign. The evidence of this corruption is incontrovertible. Investigations of this department have secured the signed and sworn confessions of the men who solicited the funds and those who paid them." Roosevelt approved the action of Hopkins and used the word "corruption." Davey immediately took to the air and denounced Hopkins in vitriolic language and rushed to Newark, where the trains enter Ohio, and swore out a warrant for Hopkins' arrest for criminal libel. Then he wired Hopkins: "So—come to Ohio, if you dare to show that you are a man. Or turn and run like a coward and confess your contemptible character." Sometime later Hopkins, instead of turning, went to Ohio. But before he arrived Davey sent to Newark and withdrew the libel charge.

Since then, though apparently Poulson has maintained cordial relations with Jim Farley, the Davey administration has maintained a position of complete hostility to the national party leader.

While Davey has his Ohio Democratic machine, there is such a thing as a federal Democratic machine in Ohio, though it is not nearly so well oiled. And in the Democratic primaries Davey may well feel the weight of this engine. Opposing him is former Lieutenant Governor Charles Sawyer, an estimable gentleman of Cincinnati, but himself no howling New Dealer. However, he will doubtless get whatever strength the New Deal can swing away from Davey.

In a State of "Hot Mix"

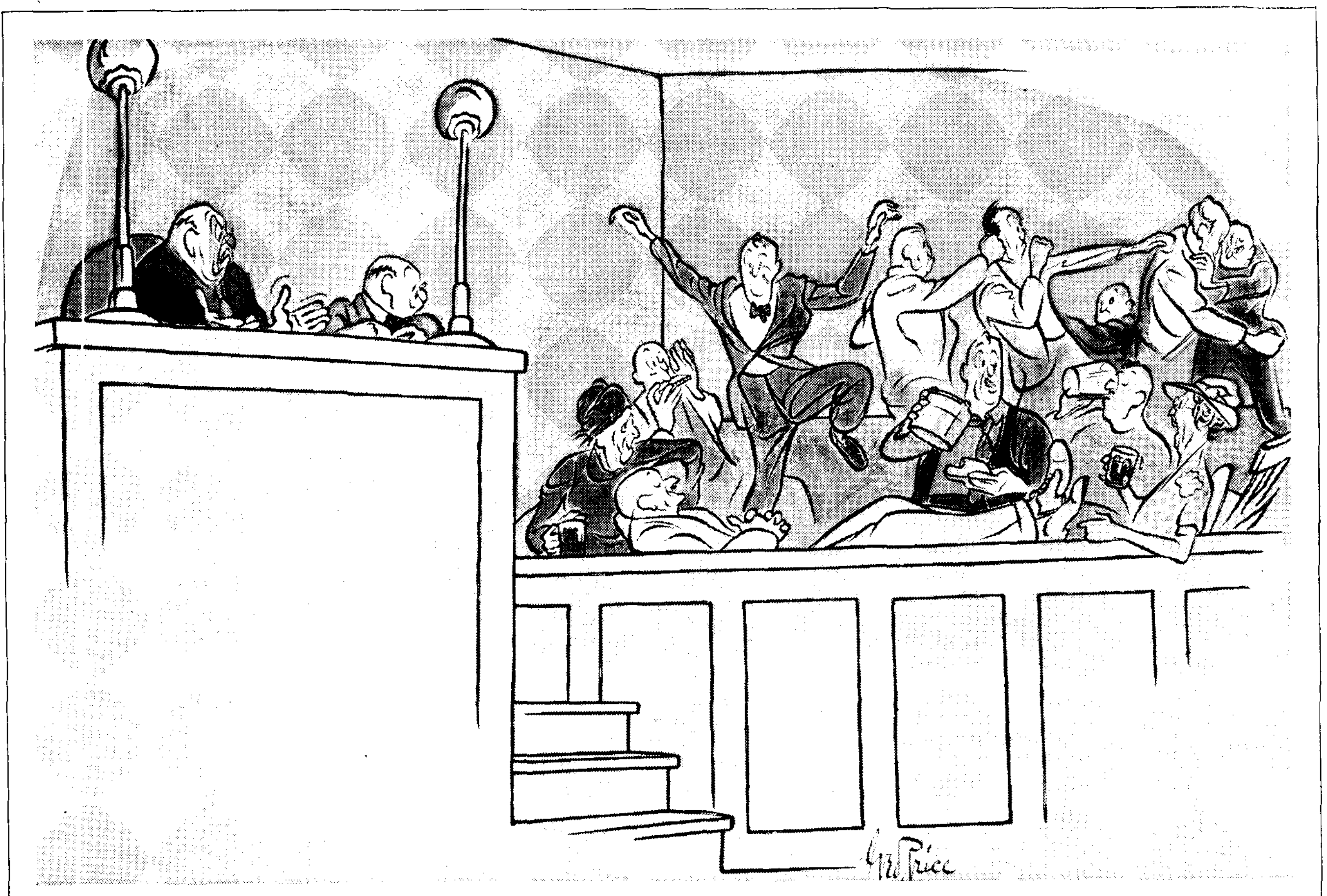
But Davey has another force to reckon with. This is the embattled legions of the C. I. O. When steel and rubber strikers were sitting down all over Ohio's great industrial plants, Davey moved in on the strike argument. When trouble was brewing in the Mahoning Valley he sent troops. The strikers liked this because they thought it was for their protection. But when the steel companies decided to fight and send loyal workers into their plants, Davey's militia became the protector of the mills and the nonstriking workers. Then he was denounced by the C. I. O. and praised by the manufacturers' association.

Had he rested on this he might well have claimed that as governor it was his duty to preserve order, to protect property and to guarantee to all workers—union and nonunion—the right either to work or strike. But he was greatly pleased with himself and promptly began making statements against the strikers. He went at once to New York and before the Ohio Society sharply criticized the labor leaders. The rubber workers at Akron declared that he was the chief obstacle to their success. The final act came when he announced one day that Madam Perkins had telephoned him and told him "he ought to have Tom Girdler and Frank Purnell subpoenaed to Columbus and kept there until they reach an agreement." He said this was the most outrageous proposal ever made to a public official in American history. Miss Perkins said he had twisted what she had said and the C. I. O. denounced him as Judas Iscariot Scab Number One. He dared John L. Lewis to come to Ohio and recently charged that John L. Lewis had brought on the depression.

There is not the slightest doubt that the C. I. O. will use all its power to defeat him in the primaries. What its power is now remains to be seen. And whether Davey can neutralize its enmity with the support of conservative groups is another point to be settled.

In the meantime the politics of Ohio remains in a state of "hot mix." And the people continue to pay the high and rising costs of whatever kind of government they have been getting. Back in the prosperous days of 1929 the state spent about a hundred million dollars a year on its various activities. Last year the bill for this was 240 million, or 140 per cent more.

All of which, plus the show the candidates are putting on, plus the sensational charges of the embattled senators, plus the daily fulminations of the papers, plus the rising tide of unemployment and plus everything else, makes Ohio a first-class political hippodrome this year. And beyond this year lies 1940. And that's what the G. O. P. is thinking of as it sets the stage for the Ohio struggle.



"First bad batch of jurors I've had in years!"

GEORGE PRICE

Suppose there were no Life Insurance Agents

IT'S little or no exaggeration to say that if there were no life insurance agents, relatively few people would own life insurance.

Many thousands more of the women who are widowed every year, thousands more of the children who are left fatherless, would be totally or pitifully unprovided for, if it were not for life insurance agents.

For it is a fact that, although life insurance is the surest way in which the average man can provide an immediate estate for his family, life insurance is not *bought*—it is sold. Only rarely does the man eligible for life insurance make the first move toward getting it.

And this is understandable. It is human nature to expect to live a full and normal lifetime. It is natural to expect catastrophe to happen to the other fellow, and not to one's self. It is only human for a man to have faith in his future, and to put off providing for that future.

Unfortunately, the best doesn't always happen. That is why it is fortunate for the average man, and for his wife and children, that there are such people as life insurance agents. Your agent does you a valuable service, often in spite of yourself.

This is Number 1 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. A copy of this advertisement will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD
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The Glass Slipper

Continued from page 21

in the room had come, businesslike, to investigate Crystal's murder.

Murder. The word caught at her again, squeezed her heart, sickened her.

"What do you want to ask me?" she said.

"I expect Dr. Crittenden has told you why we are here," said Miller. Andy said: "I told her something of it, yes. That you had got the idea from a series of mischievous letters saying that the former Mrs. Hatterick's death ought to be investigated."

"Yes. Now if you'll answer my questions yourself, Mrs. Hatterick—you are Dr. Hatterick's second wife?"

"Yes."

"You were married two months ago in the vestry of the third Presbyterian church—"

"Yes."

"Before your marriage you were a nurse?"

"Yes," said Rue again and named the hospital. Her hands were shaking.

"Exactly. In fact, you were the nurse who took care of the first Mrs. Hatterick at the time of her fatal illness?"

"Yes. That is, I was the night nurse; there was also a day nurse."

"Miss Juliet Garder. Yes. We've already talked to her."

Talked to Julie—what had they said; what had Julie said; what had Julie thought?

"She says on the night Mrs. Hatterick died, she left the house at seven. She went off duty then, she said, and you arrived at that time."

"That is right."

"She says that at that time Mrs. Hatterick seemed much better."

It wasn't a question and Rue waited. Miller went on: "But at eleven o'clock that night Mrs. Hatterick died? Is that true, Mrs. Hatterick?"

"Yes, that's true. She fell into a coma shortly after I came on duty; I thought it was a natural sleep until I went to her—about ten, I think it must have been—to take her pulse."

"Why did you do that?"

"Take her pulse, you mean? I took it several times each night and made the entry on my chart; as a rule I did it, if she was asleep, without waking her."

"Chart? Do you have those charts?"

Rue thought back.

"I don't know. In the hospital one's charts are kept on file but when on private duty I've never made it a custom to keep my charts. Someone may have kept them; I don't know."

"You mean someone in the household? A maid?"

"Perhaps. Perhaps Dr. Hatterick has them."

"Dr. Crittenden was the attending physician; do you happen to have the charts, Dr. Crittenden?"

"No. I looked at them every day when I came to see—to see my patient."

MILLER said: "Well, well—that will come later. Now don't misunderstand me, Mrs. Hatterick; I don't want to exceed my duty; none of us want to do that: but as much for your protection and Dr. Hatterick's protection as anyone's, it is our duty to prove that there's no truth in these letters. If there're any rumors going about it's our duty to prove those rumors wrong and slanderous. We feel you'll want to help us do that."

"Yes, certainly."

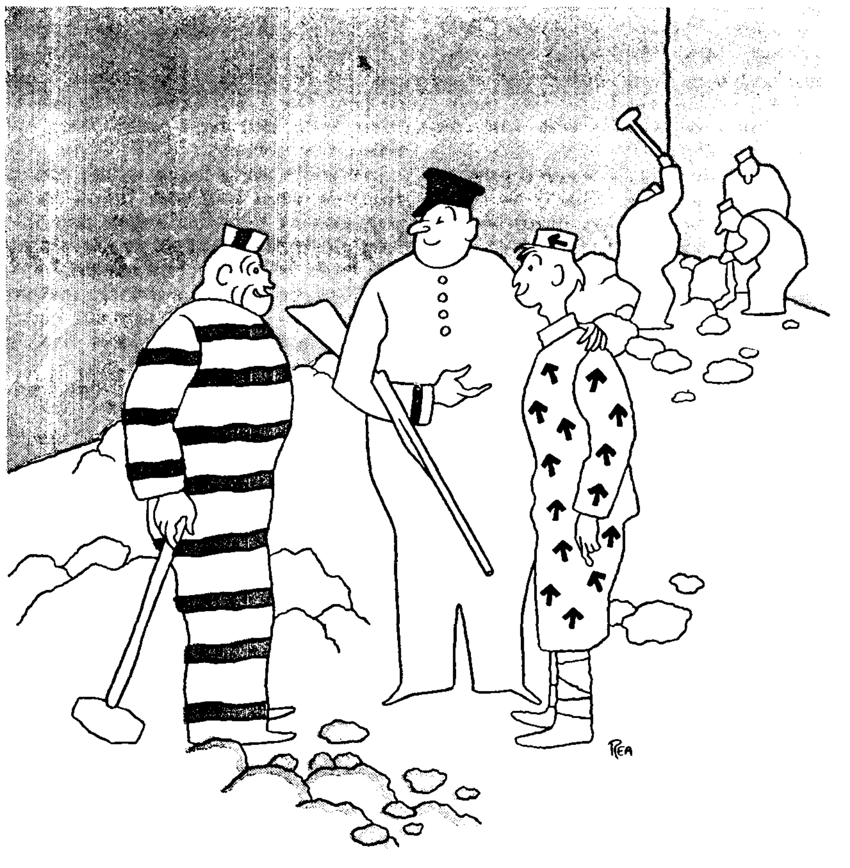
"Then you'll forgive me if my questions seem to—seem to touch on your personal and family affairs?"

"What do you want to ask?"

"Now, now don't get upset, Mrs. Hatterick. I only want to know if—well, if you were very much surprised when the first Mrs. Hatterick died?"

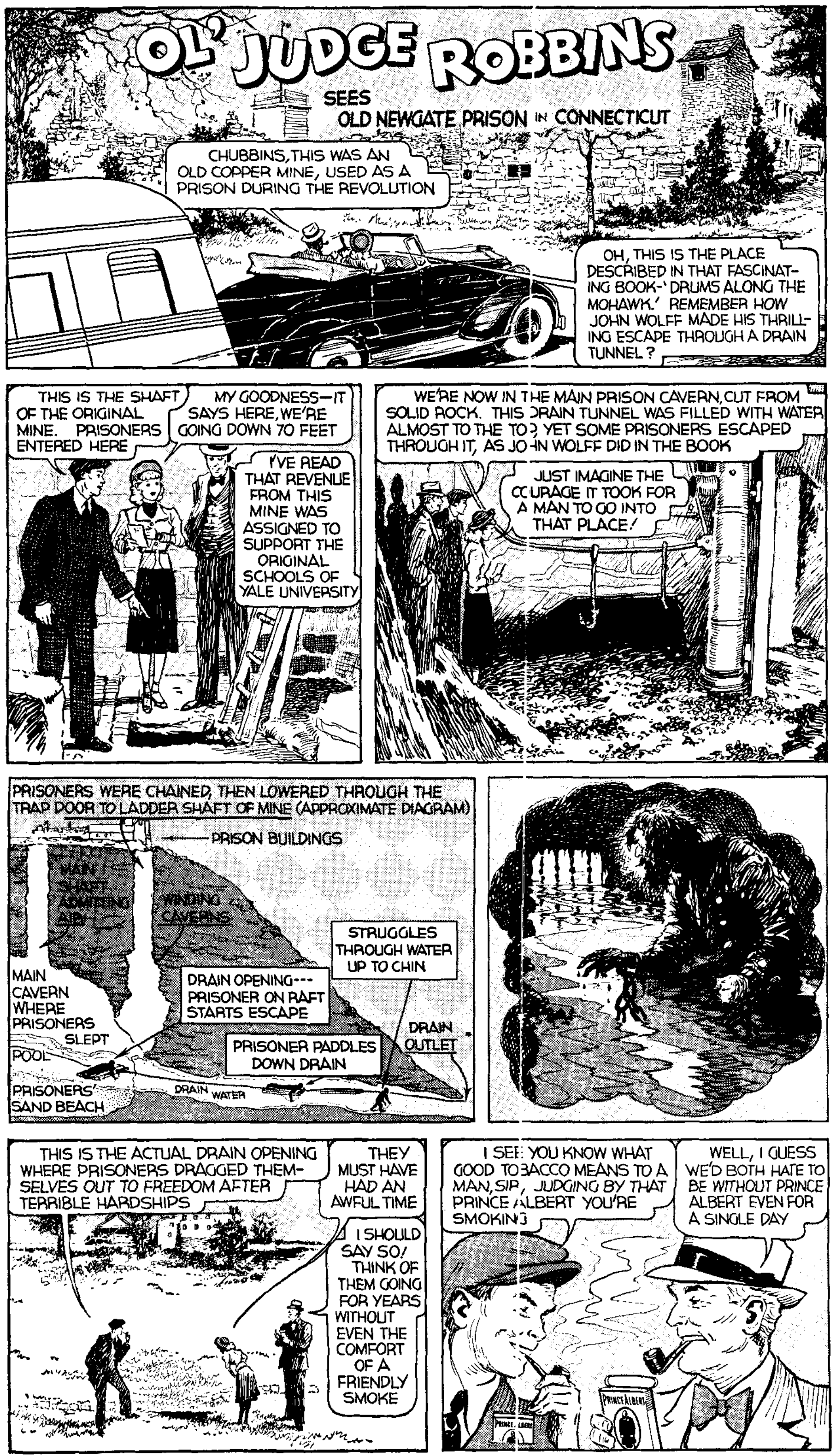
Steady, thought Rue. Andy was as still as a graven image.

"I hadn't expected it. But unpredictable things like that do happen sometimes; a nurse and doctor can do their very best with a patient and still lose the patient."



"Mr. McTinge is here on an exchange scholarship from Dartmoor"

GARDNER REA


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
SEES OLD NEWGATE PRISON IN CONNECTICUT
CHUBBINS, THIS WAS AN OLD COPPER MINE, USED AS A PRISON DURING THE REVOLUTION
OH, THIS IS THE PLACE DESCRIBED IN THAT FASCINATING BOOK-'DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK.' REMEMBER HOW JOHN WOLFF MADE HIS THRILLING ESCAPE THROUGH A DRAIN TUNNEL?
THIS IS THE SHAFT OF THE ORIGINAL MINE. PRISONERS ENTERED HERE
MY GOODNESS—IT SAYS HERE, WE'RE GOING DOWN 70 FEET
I'VE READ THAT REVENUE FROM THIS MINE WAS ASSIGNED TO SUPPORT THE ORIGINAL SCHOOLS OF YALE UNIVERSITY
WE'RE NOW IN THE MAIN PRISON CAVERN, CUT FROM SOLID ROCK. THIS DRAIN TUNNEL WAS FILLED WITH WATER ALMOST TO THE TOP, YET SOME PRISONERS ESCAPED THROUGH IT, AS JOHN WOLFF DID IN THE BOOK
JUST IMAGINE THE COURAGE IT TOOK FOR A MAN TO GO INTO THAT PLACE!
PRISONERS WERE CHAINED, THEN LOWERED THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR TO LADDER SHAFT OF MINE (APPROXIMATE DIAGRAM)
PRISON BUILDINGS
MAIN SHAFT ADMITTING AIR
WINDING CAVERNS
STRUGGLES THROUGH WATER UP TO CHIN
MAIN CAVERN WHERE PRISONERS SLEPT
DRAIN OPENING--- PRISONER ON RAFT STARTS ESCAPE
DRAIN OUTLET
POOL
PRISONER PADDLES DOWN DRAIN
PRISONERS' SAND BEACH
DRAIN WATER
THIS IS THE ACTUAL DRAIN OPENING WHERE PRISONERS DRAGGED THEMSELVES OUT TO FREEDOM AFTER TERRIBLE HARDSHIPS
THEY MUST HAVE HAD AN AWFUL TIME
I SHOULD SAY SO! THINK OF THEM GOING FOR YEARS WITHOUT EVEN THE COMFORT OF A FRIENDLY SMOKE
I SEE YOU KNOW WHAT GOOD TOBACCO MEANS TO A MAN, SIR, JUDGING BY THAT PRINCE ALBERT YOU'RE SMOKING
WELL, I GUESS WE'D BOTH HATE TO BE WITHOUT PRINCE ALBERT EVEN FOR A SINGLE DAY
PRINCE ALBERT

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YES SIR! THAT PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER. NATURALLY P.A. GIVES A REAL MELLOW SMOKE
SALESMAN
TASTE IS IMPORTANT IN TOBACCO. THERE'S PLENTY OF IT IN PRINCE ALBERT—BUT NO HARSHNESS. IT'S NO-BITE TREATED
DOCTOR
PRINCE ALBERT
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN
CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

for one thing, this MILDER TASTIER tobacco... is Crimp Cut!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

NATIONAL MONEY-BACK OFFER--

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest, pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage.
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AND SEE WHAT THE CRIMP CUT DOES FOR "MAKIN'S" SMOKES, TOO!

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

"Did your husband—that is, Dr. Hatterick himself, attend his wife when she was ill?"

"No. A doctor never attends members of his own family."

"But I expect the attending physician enjoys the complete confidence of the—say—physician in the family. In other words, did Dr. Crittenden ever consult Dr. Hatterick about Mrs. Hatterick's illness?"

"I'll answer that for you," said Andy. "Yes, certainly. He knew and approved of my treatment and diagnosis."

"Did he suggest any part of that diagnosis?"

After a second Andy said: "No. It was my case."

"I see; Mrs. Hatterick, was the first Mrs. Hatterick altogether happy in her family relations?"

"I can't possibly answer that question," said Rue. "I was her nurse, not her confidante. There was no reason to suppose she was not happy."

"Your marriage to your patient's husband took place not more than ten months after Mrs. Hatterick's death? Now, I don't want you to misunderstand me; you must realize that when so short a period elapses between the death of a man's first wife and his remarriage, people are bound to ask questions."

"There were reasons; my husband will tell you what they were. Is there anything else you wish to know?" Rue was suddenly, furiously angry; but she was frightened, too.

The little man, Funk, discovered a bronze figure on the table near him, touched it with an exploring, dirty little claw and said in a morose and scared voice: "Home. Daughter—"

"Exactly," said Miller. "Quite comprehensible, I'm sure."

"How long—" started the little Funk, and shrank behind the table.

"How long have you known Dr. Hatterick?" asked Miller.

"I trained in the hospital where he was chief of staff. That's been eight years; I was eighteen when—I was obliged to find a profession for myself so as to earn my own living."

"Eight years ago; you've known him for eight years then?"

"Certainly."

"Knew him well, I expect."

"THAT'S enough of that line, Miller," said Andy. "Have you any real evidence that Mrs. Hatterick — Crystal Hatterick, that is—was murdered?"

"We've put the cards on the table, Doctor. You know exactly what our position is."

"Mrs. Hatterick has answered everything you've asked her. She'll be right here in case you have any inquiries—"

"—Going," murmured a small voice at the door and Funk scuttled out of sight into the hall. Miller, unperturbed, said: "All right, Dr. Crittenden. The body's to be exhumed as soon as we get Dr. Hatterick's consent. Then there'll be an autopsy. But if we had some notion of what to look for it'd be a quicker and easier job for the chemists. You don't happen to know, do you, Mrs. Hatterick, whether the first Mrs. Hatterick took any kind of drugs—I mean, medicinally or otherwise? It's a help, you know, to know what to eliminate when you're searching for an unknown drug."

"Naturally she was given medicines," said Rue. "Nothing else."

"Medicines. Did you give her medicine the night she died?"

"She doesn't need to answer that," said Andy quickly. "You're exceeding your duty, Miller."

"She will answer, though," said Miller.

Medicine. Yes, she had. She remembered it so clearly; the small glass with the prescribed medicine, diluted with water, already prepared. Julie had prepared and left it on the little table by the screen. Rue, herself, gave it to Crystal at eight. Crystal had taken it and—

The marquetry floor with its soft rugs wavered and rocked under Rue's silver slippers. For they were right. Crystal had been murdered.

And she, Rue, had murdered her.

Not intentionally; but actually, physically it had been Rue's hand that finally accomplished Crystal's death.

She'd given Crystal the little glass, prepared, waiting on the table. And now suddenly she remembered! Crystal had taken it, and had complained of its taste; had said, "It's bitter—Andy has changed the medicine today—" and then she drank it. Drank it while Rue stood beside her, crisp, efficient in her white uniform.

ANDY'S voice was speaking sharply, with a warning note in it. He was saying: "Certainly she gave her medicine and I prescribed it. Why not? Anything else would be most unusual."

Somehow Andy was getting Miller into the hall. She heard them talking; she made some motion of recognition when Miller appeared, a shabby felt hat in his hand, and said good night and thanked her. His eyes said, I'll question you again, my fine lady.

Andy came back into the room.

"They've gone. You weathered that. Rue, what was it you remembered? I knew by your look there was something."

"The medicine. I gave it to her; Julie had prepared it and left it in a glass on the table where we kept her medicines and water. I gave it to Crystal and I remember that she tasted it and looked at me and said it tasted bitter; she laughed a little and said, 'Andy must have changed my medicine today,' and then she drank it, while I stood there watching her."

She could see the glass in Crystal's hand—the way Crystal had looked up at her—her face pink and her lips crimson and her blond hair carefully dressed. She had made a little face as she tasted it. And then, her eyes shut tight, had gulped it down. Because it was Andy's medicine. Because she did not dream that there was poison in that little glass.

As there must have been.

Up to the onslaught of that memory the thing had been unreal. Rue had been shocked—and she'd been frightened and she'd had a paralyzing sense of catastrophe. But there hadn't been cold, certain conviction.

And some extra sense, some natural, primitive sense that went below all surface laws of comprehension convinced her of the presence of truth. Crystal had really, actually, been murdered.

And in her heart, horribly, instantly convinced, she was sure that she herself, schooled and trained to save life, had literally taken it.

And Andy knew it. Andy had known it.

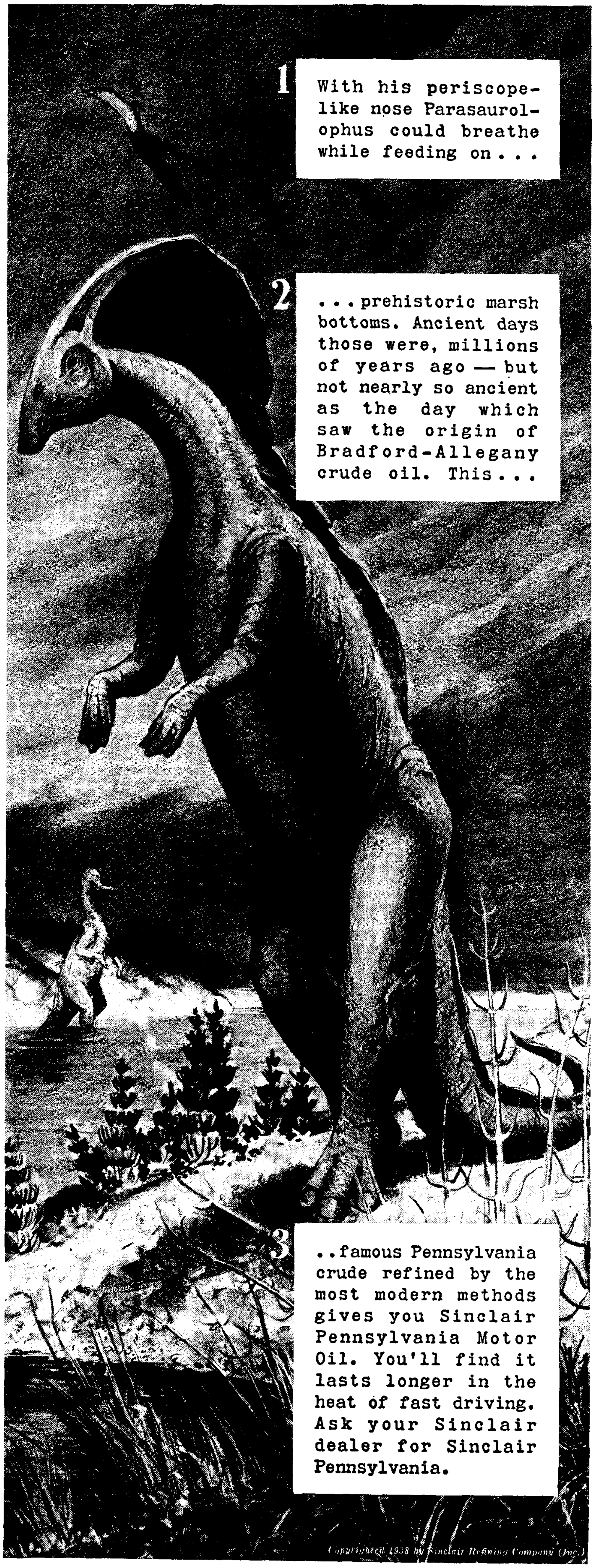
He stood now watching her, his face drawn and gray-looking, older suddenly and stern, his eyes blazing with knowledge.

"You say Julie had prepared it? Before she went off duty?"

"Yes."

He rubbed his hands through his hair. "Oh, God," he said. "If it was in the medicine—anybody could have put it there. Who was in the house—but it doesn't matter. There's no use in our asking questions—inquiring, trying to run the thing down, now. The thing is to admit nothing. Tell them nothing—and hope that nothing will show up in the autopsy. After a year—"

"It's been a year," she said slowly. "If she was poisoned, could it be traced? Oh, I know arsenic would remain—but



1 With his periscope-like nose Parasaurolophus could breathe while feeding on . . .

2 . . . prehistoric marsh bottoms. Ancient days those were, millions of years ago — but not nearly so ancient as the day which saw the origin of Bradford-Allegany crude oil. This . . .

3 . . famous Pennsylvania crude refined by the most modern methods gives you Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil. You'll find it lasts longer in the heat of fast driving. Ask your Sinclair dealer for Sinclair Pennsylvania.

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Announcing THE NEW GILLETTE ONE-PIECE RAZOR WITH 5 BLADES 69¢
JACK DEMPSEY SHAVING WITH GILLETTE'S NEW SENATOR MODEL RAZOR
A TWIST! IT'S OPEN
A TWIST! IT'S CLOSED
Gillette SENATOR One Piece RAZOR SET

JACK DEMPSEY—who has one of the toughest beards in America—calls Gillette's new one-piece Senator Razor a knockout! And you'll agree. For at only 69¢, including five Gillette Blades, it's the greatest value in Gillette's history. Here is the first one-piece Gillette Razor ever to sell at such an amazingly low price.

Change Blades in Three Seconds! The new Senator is the most convenient type of razor ever designed. Actually, you can change blades in three seconds! Twist the handle—and the shaving head opens! Another twist—and it's closed, ready for use. There are no separate parts to drop or lose. Precision-made to hold Gillette Blades in exact alinement, the new Senator gives you quick, clean, comfortable shaves that really last! See your dealer now. Ask for the handsome new heavily nickel-plated Gillette Senator with five Gillette Blades—at only 69¢!

Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, Mass.

GILLETTE'S New Brushless Shaving Cream
Prepare your beard for perfect shaves with Gillette's New Brushless Cream. Made with peanut oil, it softens wiry whiskers, stays moist, speeds shaving, won't clog your razor. Try a tube. You'll like it!
LARGE TUBE ONLY 25¢

Gillette
RAZORS AND BLADES
MORE SHAVING COMFORT FOR YOUR MONEY

it wasn't arsenic, Andy. There were no symptoms of that."

"Any organic poison can be traced—or almost any organic poison. The symptoms—coma and all that, suggest morphine—opium. If I'd thought of murder—but Brule—"

Brule had been there when she died. Brule had bent over the bed, had had his wise and expert fingers on her faint pulse; had lifted her eyelids and looked there at the last. Rue wrenched herself back to that night; she tried to recall details of that scene; Andy, too, was trying to remember. He said, low so Gross if he were in the hall could not hear:

"Do you remember her eyes, Rue? Were the pupils either enlarged or small? Was there anything—"

Rue shook her head slowly.

"There was nothing, Andy. Nothing I can remember. Brule was there and you know how it is with him. Nobody ever questions him. He is so strong, so sure of himself, so certain; he said she was dead. He—I think you came just then. And I remember Brule sent me to see to Madge. Madge was hysterical; Steven and I tried to quiet her but Steven was almost as bad as Madge. Someone sent for the undertaker—I think Brule told Gross to telephone. There was nothing. Andy, where are you going?"

He was buttoning the overcoat he had not removed.

"I'm going to find Brule. If anyone telephones—if anyone comes, don't say anything."

He had gone before it occurred to her that he must know where Brule was.

THE house was silent. The narrow, five-storied brownstone house where Crystal had lived and married and died at last.

It was cold in the French drawing room; the gilded mirrors looked indescribably vacant and cold and shallow—yet they had seen so much. She shivered under the furs she still wore, rose and went through the narrow hall, which ran along the length of the house, to the library. There was a sullen cannel-coal fire there in the small wrought-iron grate.

She took off her furs and knelt to poke the coals to a brighter blaze. She would wait for Brule.

She had never waited for him in their brief married life. Instinctively she knew he would not like her waiting; would not like her to assume any air of possession.

She pushed a deep, leather-cushioned chair closer to the fire and sat down, stretching out her silver sandals.

From a modern light wood frame above the mantel Crystal stared enigmatically down at her, a half-smile on her thin, painted lips, her eyes secretive, cool, uncannily observant, and the pearls she wore glowing. Madge was to have those pearls.

It was half past one when Brule came. The heavy jar of the front door roused her. She was chilled and too much aware of the house and its silence. The fire had gone out long before. She had curled up in the great chair and put her head upon her arms and pulled her furs over her bare, slim shoulders as the house grew colder. But she had not slept.

Brule saw the light in the library and came in, and Rue stirred and moved cramped muscles.

"Rue!" he said. He was in evening dress and carried gloves and a hat in one hand. He put them down on a table. She saw at once that he was angry. His usually ruddy face was pale and there were lines in it that showed only under extreme fatigue. His bright black eyes had points of light and his straight black eyebrows were frowning. His black, short mustache made a straight, displeased line, too. He was built like a soldier; there was about him a rigidity and compactness that actually meant a trim, hard body, always in good condition. He frowned at her questioningly, hesitated and then went to a small cellaret.

"Waiting, Rue?" he said over his smoothly tailored shoulder and bent to take out glasses and a tall brandy bottle.

Her voice stuck in her throat. Of all the things those hours of thought had stirred in her mind to say to him, nothing seemed poised and able to cut through the hard and brilliant shell that always, as long as she had known him, encased the great and clever Brule Hatterick.

As she did not reply he shot a quick, dark look at her.

"Will you join me?" he said and, taking her acquiescence for granted, poured golden liquid into two small glasses.

She was icy cold. Or was it that the questions she had to ask frightened her, stiffened her tongue, made her hands cold and unsteady?

He turned and put a small glass in her hand.

"Drink that," he said. "I see you know. Who told you—Andy? Well, you may as well know what has happened. I—" he paused, swallowed the brandy and went on: "I signed a consent for the exhumation of Crystal's body. We'll soon know the truth."

ERNIE GARZA

ERNIE GARZA

IN THE end all the questions boiled down to one. She put the small glass on the table beside her and leaned forward. He met her eyes directly but she had never been able to understand him, to penetrate past the guarded regularity of his face. He went to stand before the fireplace, his erect, soldierly figure blocking itself strongly against the marble behind him. Crystal looked down, watching them.

Rue said: "Is it true? Was she—murdered?"

Brule could be either brutally direct or neatly, coolly evasive; she had seen him in both moods. He looked at her, now, speculatively:

"What did Andy tell you?"

"Andy didn't find you, then? When he left here he said he was going to see you."

Brule looked at the glass he held, tipped it a little, and said: "I haven't seen Andy since about six. I take it he told you the main points."

"He told me about the letters, about the police coming to your office. They were here tonight."

"Tonight!" It startled him; she could see that by the way his eyes narrowed and lighted and the way his mouth straightened itself under his mustache. He added after a moment: "What did they want? Did they question you? What did they ask you?"

She told him swiftly, word for word as near as she could remember them. When she came to her memory of the

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2. Prizes will be awarded for the 50 best letters received during the period of the Contest. The decisions of the judges and their staff are final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

3. Contest starts May 1 and all entries must be postmarked not later than 12:00 Midnight, May 31, 1938.

4. All entries, statements and ideas therein become the property of Oldsmobile Division, General Motors Sales Corporation.

5. Contest open to any resident of the United States over 16 years of age except employees of Oldsmobile and its Advertising Agency and their families.

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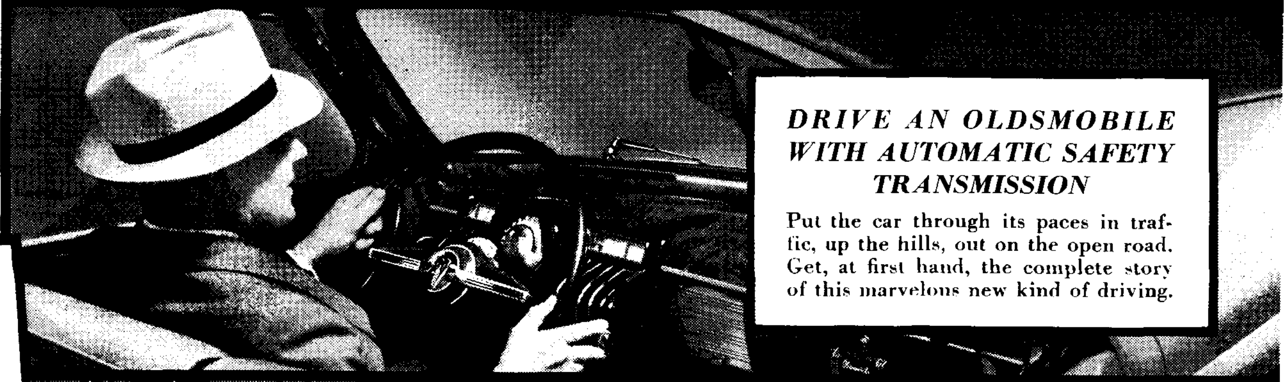

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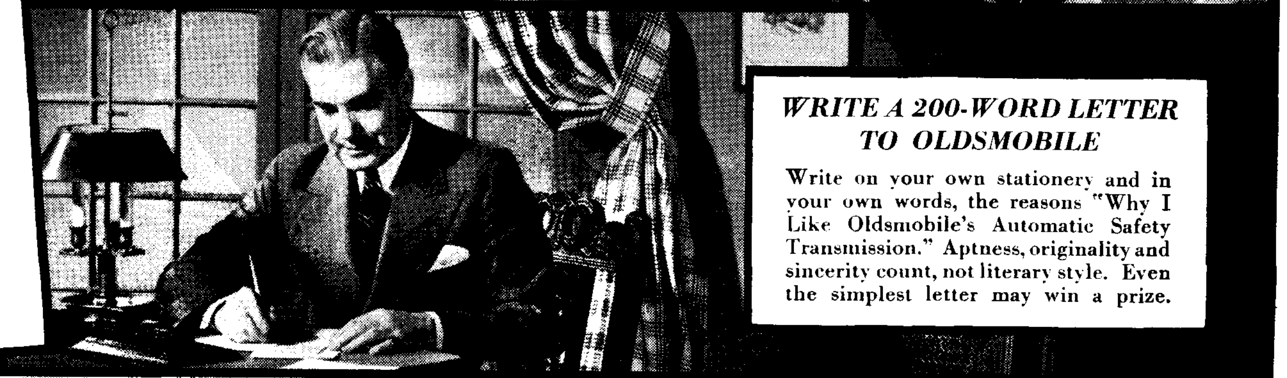

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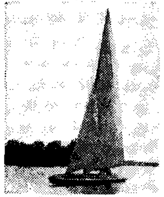
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medicine she faltered. But Brule extracted it quickly.

"Did you tell them you had given her the last dose of medicine?"

"No—that is, Andy said that naturally I had given it to her and that he had prescribed it."

"And did you give it to her?"

"Yes."

"You remember it distinctly?"

"Yes. Yes, I do."

"Why?"

"Because—because she said it was bitter. And then she drank it." She had meant to question him. She still meant to. But he was questioning her.

"Did you tell the police that?"

"No. No, I didn't."

"Why?" he asked again, watching her.

"Because I—Brule, you must tell me, was she murdered?"

FOR a moment she thought he intended to evade again but he didn't. Instead he put the small glass deliberately down on the mantel, and slowly turned back to her again.

"You want the truth, don't you, Rue? Well, then—I don't know."

"But—but what do you think? What are we going to do? What—"

"Nothing. There's nothing we can do now."

"Do you mean—"

"I mean only that. There's nothing we can do. These things take time; perhaps they'll never discover anything that—lends credence to their notion. Any kind of chemical analysis after so long a time has passed is difficult. Unless, of course, they know what to look for; but you can't just fumble in the dark; different poisons show their presence by different and varying tests. Unless the police doctors know what to look for, and I take it that so far they do not know, it will be difficult—it may even prove impossible to find and prove the presence of any particular chemical in a lethal quantity. The thing to do is sit tight. Go on with your usual routine. I won't say forget it—"

"Andy thinks she was murdered."

Brule's eyes were bright, dark, altogether enigmatic.

"Yes, I know."

"Do you think so?"

"I don't know, Rue. I've told you that. When she died I did think once of suicide. But I saw no reason for publicizing that—speculation. And I had no very good reason for it. Except—well, you were there when she died. You know how unexpected it was."

"Who could have killed her?"

"Again, I don't know. It doesn't seem very likely that she was murdered. I don't think the police will ever be able to prove anything."

"Who wrote those letters? It must be someone who knows something of her death—and the truth of it—"

Brule lifted his eyebrows.

"Or someone who wants to make trouble. I don't know who wrote them. But when the shouting has died down for lack of evidence, I intend to find out."

When that look was in Brule's face the nurses at the hospital cowered. It was only something cold and dark in his eyes and a kind of tight look around the clean line of his jaw. But Rue knew it well. She said: "There must be something we can do—"

"Believe me, my dear, there's nothing. Did Andy take you to the opera?"

"I—couldn't stay. He told me after we arrived. We went away. Alicia was there. She left just before we got in the car. We went into a drugstore and when we came out we saw her leaving."

"Did you? Well, Rue, I'm off to bed."

"But—" his assurance baffled her; yet he was right, too. What could they do that night?

"Andy said you were trying to pull wires."

"Oh. I'll do what I can. Guy's coming in tomorrow. I'll talk to him just in case. Don't let this worry you too much, Rue. I'll see to it the police don't bother you; Guy will cook up some kind of protection for you. After all, they have no proof of anything. And they'll probably never have proof."

"But if she was murdered—"

"Well?"

"Oughtn't we — do something — tell the police—"

"Why?"

"Why, because it's right. Because—"

"Crystal's dead. Madge is very much alive and young. You are, too, Rue, and you are my wife. Steven is frail and horribly sensitive, and his music is of no small value. I myself have my—small importance in the world. Andy was her attending physician and he's just entered upon what promises to be a brilliant career. Why ruin five lives? You don't know, Rue, what a murder inquiry is. Now, my child, go to bed."

He went to her and put his hand for a moment under her chin and looked down at her, smiling a little. "You'll have weathered many things by the time you reach my age. How old are you, Rue—twenty-five—"

"Twenty-six."

"I'm close to forty. I've worked hard. I've learned, I think, in a hard school to control emotions—"

"You—" She stopped abruptly, checked by the hard directness of his eyes.

"You were about to say I have no emotions. Wasn't that it? Well, that is as may be. Go to bed. It's cold here. I'll have another drink before I go up."

She went wearily up the stairs through the chill and quiet house. Into the room that had been Crystal's.

Because Rue had been a nurse she had known many nights when she must stay awake; therefore she knew familiarly the hours of the night—she knew their slowness, and their silence and the curious, terrifying isolation of the gray hours of the dawn. So that night was not unfamiliar to her except that, before, there had been only the need to perform skilled and expert duties; there had been no terrifying questions to haunt her, no tormenting pictures erecting themselves against the curtain of the night. No horror.

And Andy had said he loved her, had urged her to leave with him, had begged her to let him rescue her. He knew, then, things that Brule would not tell her. Brule with his strength, his worldly shrewdness, his self-control. What did Brule know; what did he think behind that well-schooled mask that was his face?

IT WAS the next day that Juliet Garder came.

Rue did not see Brule when he left; Madge left the house early, too, to go to the private day school she attended. Madge, who did not know the storm that was about to burst.

And when Rue went downstairs just before lunch, she heard Steven's piano. Steven knew nothing of it, then; otherwise that music would not have been tranquil glissades of sound from the distant wing.

If Brule had told neither Madge nor Steven then there was a reason for not doing so. Rue would have liked to talk to Steven; he was always kind and it would have been a help, that dark and anxious day, merely to talk to him, but she did not. She snatched the papers from the table in the hall and scanned them feverishly at first, more calmly as she found no mention of the Hatterick name. When the news broke there would be headlines. The thought actually and literally sickened her.

Steven, in a working frenzy, had lunch sent to his studio and Madge lunched

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at school so Rue ate alone in the narrow, long dining room at the back of the house. Gross stood at the buffet and watched morosely while the waitress served her. She wondered what Gross thought, what he knew, how Brule had insured the butler's silence as he must have done. Otherwise the whole house would have been alive and whispering with the thing.

The day darkened with afternoon, became all in a moment one of Chicago's dark days. Chicagoans accept such days without comment, turn on lights and go about their business quite as if daylight instead of twilight mantled the streets.

Sometimes this pall of abnormal night holds itself upon the Loop district alone; sometimes it spreads beyond the Loop; sometimes it leaves the Loop altogether and travels north or west or south, and plunges some outlying suburb in gloom that necessitates street lights for a day, an hour, before it dissipates itself as mysteriously as it arrives.

THAT day the black pall held itself close over the Loop and adjacent sections and thus completely blanketed the Hatterick house, for it was in that section of the early hundreds, not far from the lake and the river, which is called the Near North Side. There are in that section many tall new hotels and shining, modern apartment houses. But there are also several streets of houses that are narrow, long, and wedged together, built shortly before or shortly after the fire and too well built to be wrecked, except in some instances in order to give place to more modern buildings.

The house that had been Crystal Hatterick's was one of those houses. It was brownstone in front, with a wide, carved mahogany door, and plate-glass windows with beveled edges that caught light in slivers of the colors of the rainbow. There was a basement entrance down a short flight of steps. The basement floor was actually the kitchen floor and still remained so, despite more modern ideas of comfort. There were pantries there, and storerooms and a laundry and drying room, and the furnace rooms. A huge, creaking dumbwaiter carried food in course after course to the dining room, which was at the back of the long house and had windows overlooking a small back yard they shared with their neighbor, Guy Cole. It was enclosed by a high brick fence and had sparse grass and shrubs. From the dining room you also overlooked other houses' back yards, other houses' stained and dark brick walls, other windows, blank and shining.

There were, including the basement, five stories; the front and the back rooms of each story were naturally the desired rooms because of the light; in any of the other rooms (opening on each floor from a long, narrow hall jutting around the stair well) you needed artificial light even on a sunny day, for there was almost no space between the lateral walls of the house and those of the houses on either side of it.

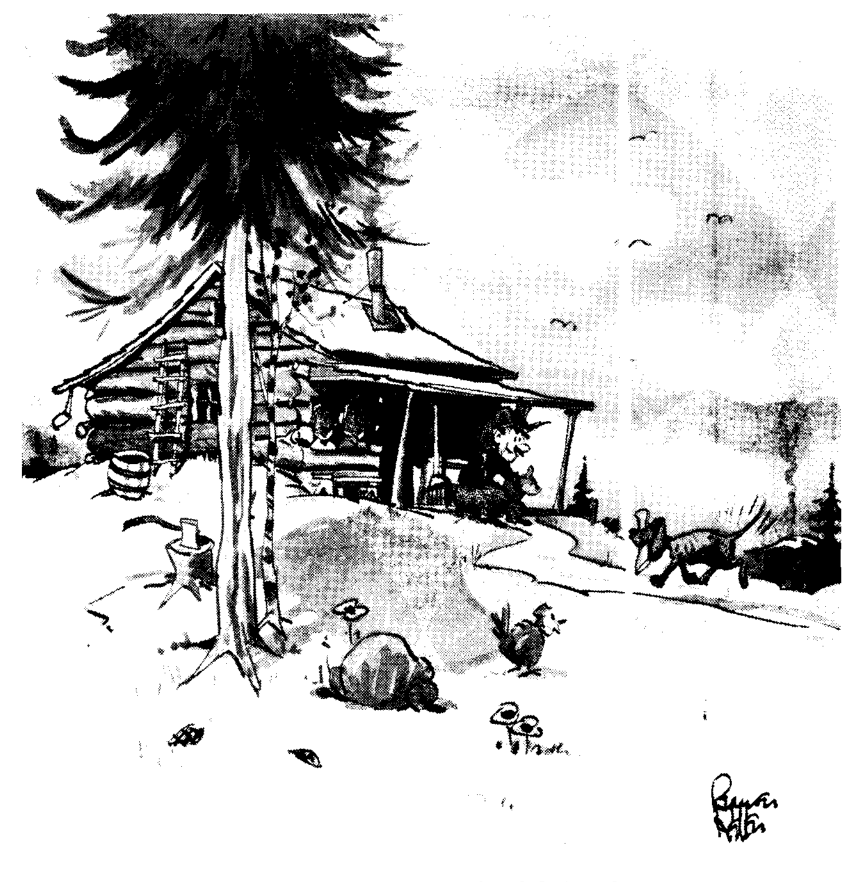
Steven's music room had been added; squeezed into the back where the hall left off and projecting outward into the narrow back yard; it was a long room, extremely narrow, lighted by deep bay windows, heavily curtained, and was entered from the hall by a door at right angles to the dining-room door. Here were Steven's huge concert piano, his long writing table, his radio, his phonograph, his cabinets of records and of sheet music.

Altogether it was not a cheerful house, but it was well and conveniently located and had been kept in extremely good condition ever since it was built. And it had been one of Crystal's main interests; the house, its decoration and redecoration; the pictures, the rugs, the authentic and carefully chosen objects of art had all been an important pattern in Crystal's life.

That day, wandering from one room to another, Rue hated the house.

And hated more than any of its many rooms her own, which had been Crystal's, where she sat at last and waited. Waited for news, waited for further catastrophe; waited for And to telephone, waited for Brule to come home; waited, though she did not know it, for Juliet Garder.

(To be continued next week)



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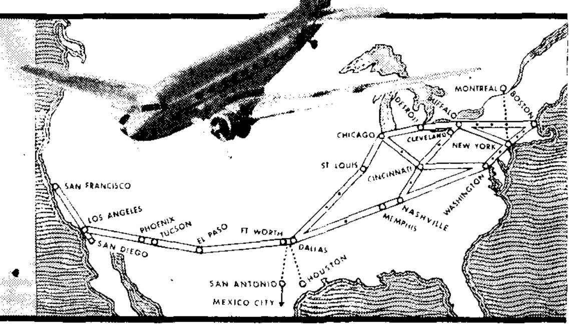

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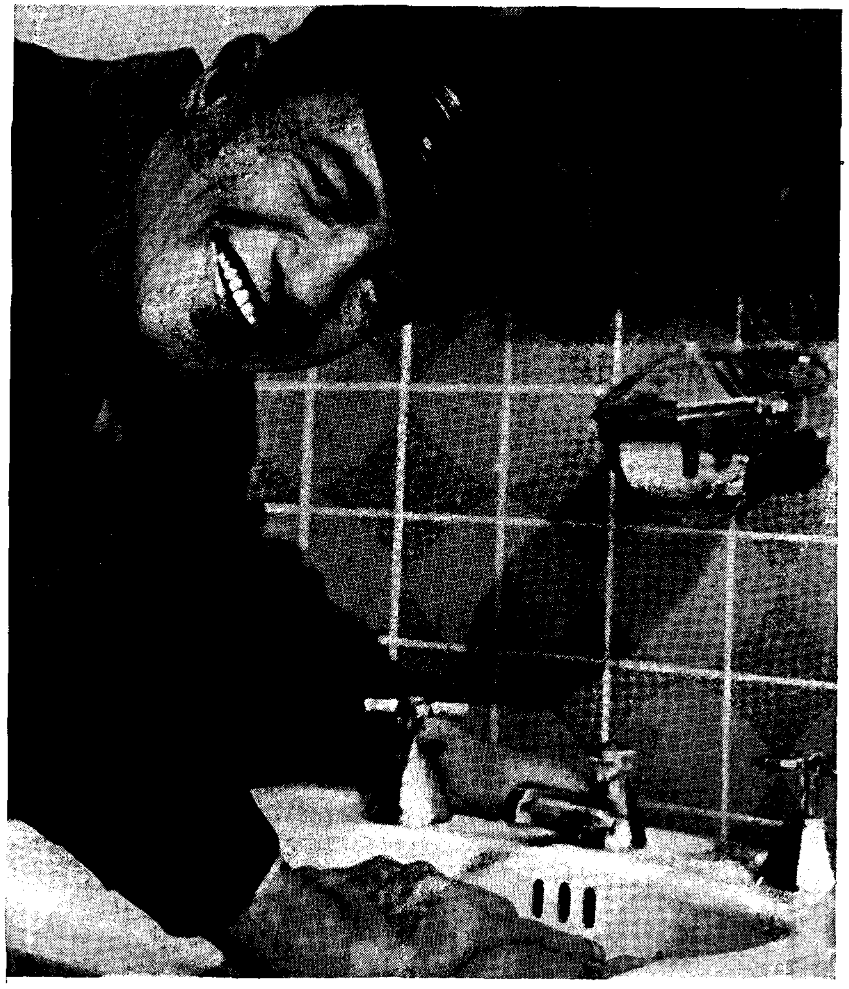

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Man in the Saddle

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

TO THE surprise of the entire Piute Desert country, Sally Bidwell, daughter of the shiftless Love Bidwell, jilts the man she very obviously loves—Owen Merritt, who has a little ranch on Christmas Creek—and marries Will Isberg, owner of the Skull outfit and the most powerful man in the region.

Knowing that Sally, marriage or no marriage, will never give him the same love that she has given Merritt, Isberg is jealous, unhappy. And the two men frequently clash. War does not actually break out, however, until after George Vird, Merritt's foreman, and Juke Slover, one of his close friends, are murdered, shot to death. After those killings, the young cattleman decides to fight.

Meanwhile, Sally Isberg has not been idle. She has begged her husband to have mercy on Merritt; Isberg has been noncommittal. She has done everything in her power to save the man whom (struggle though she may against her emotions) she still loves. She has even gone so far as to visit Merritt, at his ranch house, late at night—she has visited him, warned him of the perils confronting him, *and has been seen and recognized by Hugh Clagg, one of Isberg's allies!*

Merritt keeps a close eye on his enemies: notably, Fay Dutcher, Isberg's foreman; Theodore Bale, Skull's riding boss; Hugh Clagg; and Starr Bidwell, Sally's ne'er-do-well brother, who is employed by Clagg. At the opportune moment, he rides alone to Corral Flat, where Skull's chuck-wagon crew is sleeping, and shoots up the place. After which, retiring to a hide-out in the hills, he is joined by two of his friends: Pay Lankershim and Bourke Prine.

When night comes, he leaves Lankershim and Prine and returns to his house. Shortly after his arrival, Skull riders, armed with rifles and directed by Isberg and Fay Dutcher, attack the place. Merritt is wounded; but he succeeds in saving his life by hiding behind a small waterfall not far from the house.

Learning of what has happened, Nan Melotte—a schoolteacher who lives in a cabin not far away—rides to Merritt's ranch, finds him, and takes him to a small cave, where she feels he will be safe, for the time being at least.

The following evening, fire breaks out in some haystacks near Skull headquarters. Isberg's men see the flames, rush toward them. As they do so, a lone rider gallops off in the darkness. The rider is Pay Lankershim.

VII

IN THE tunnel at the bottom of the canyon Nan Melotte slept only by shallow intervals, constantly wakened by the restless turning of the big man beside her. She could see nothing in the thorough darkness but she heard the impact of pain on his breathing each time he tried to shift the weight of his leg. Placing her hand along his cheek, she could feel its coldness. He had lost a great deal of blood. Once in the long hour before daylight he asked for a drink of water and afterward fell into a more solid sleep. At daylight she observed that he was pale, and quite weak. Breaking up the sides of the buggy, she started a fire and made a breakfast of coffee and bacon and was troubled when he took only the coffee. Even his voice was unsteady. "Where is this?"

"The east fork of Rock Creek, Owen."

"Curl up and catch a little rest."

She said: "I'm not sleepy. How do you feel?"

"All right."

She watched him drift into slumber. He had taken her hand and now she sat cross-legged beside him, patiently waiting for his grip to relax, afraid to disturb him. Long afterward she slipped into the canyon and took her bearings.

The walls of the canyon, dark with the acute-slanted shadows of early morning, ran up a hundred feet, it scourse cutting generally through a rugged land she could not see but knew very well from memory. The creek was about twenty feet wide and covered the bottom of this gorge completely; it came around a sharp bend, passed the tunnel with a shallow dashing, and turned another bend. Down there, not far away, a steady grumbling echo indicated a falls of some size. In many ways this was a good hide-out, being deep in the Broken Buttes and a considerable distance from anybody's cabin. Water and shelter were here, but she had to find a way of getting the pony to grass.

At intervals she turned into the tunnel to watch Merritt and to replace the blankets his restless turning kept throwing aside. The rocky floor of the tunnel made a poor bed. His leg, she observed, never ceased troubling him. He drifted in and out of small periods of half-sleep; and at those times when he was awake she laid her hand on his chest and held it there, her lips and eyes trying to help him. He didn't talk much, but once he said: "That's a comfort."

AT NOON she made weak coffee and cut a piece of bread from the one loaf she had brought along. He didn't want it. She said: "Try, Owen. Try to eat." There was a weakness, a passiveness about him that worried her and made her insist. But when she saw how poor an attempt he made at the food she gave up. His face took on color, and a fever began to heat his skin. She knew then trouble was ahead.

The buggy was all the wood they had, and of no other use to them now. She broke it apart with the ax and chopped it in small pieces, throwing the metal parts into the creek. She made a small rock dam at the creek's edge and placed the bacon and a can of condensed milk there to cool. She had a little sugar and flour, the rest of the bread and some coffee; and that was all. Hunger made the pony restless. It kept backing into the water; it kept turning; and, thinking always of discovery, she pulled it deeper into the tunnel and made a shorter tie around a rock. There wasn't anything more to do; the sense of being alone and responsible for Owen was suddenly a heavy weight on her shoulders. She sat beside him, listening to the increased labor of his breathing. His skin was hot and quite dry. She bent forward, her hands doubled up but not touching him; and she tried to throw her own strength into him by silently calling his name, by reaching out to him with her own cool resistance.

There wasn't anything else to do. That afternoon ran out its long, straining hours and the shadows of a night she actually dreaded thickened in the canyon. Merritt was awake again.

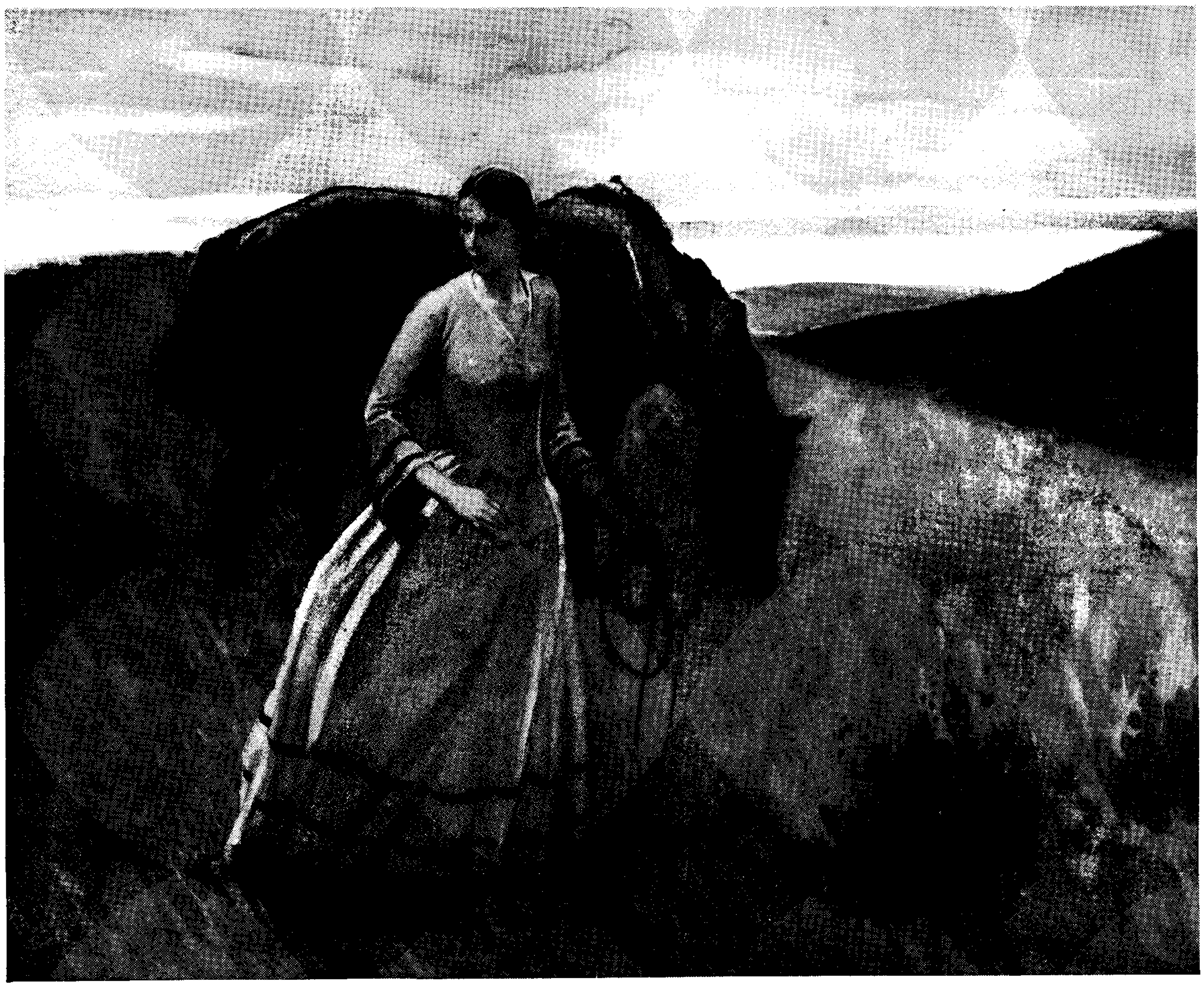
"Owen," she murmured, "I've got to take the horse up to the rim and let him feed. I won't be gone very long."

He nodded and showed her a smile. Leading the pony down the shallow side of the creek, she recognized the uncertainty of that smile and was increasingly afraid. The diagonal shelving of the road showed before her and she went up through the forming darkness to the surface of the Broken Butte country. The land lay around her in formless domes and ridges, barren and untimbered and gray in the thick twilight. All this cut a ragged silhouette out of the sky's empty background. The horse pulled at the rope, reaching for the scattered bunch grass; and she followed him this way, letting him graze while the chill of a fresher breeze got through her clothes. The hunger of the pony kept him on the travel; the light died completely and the broken half-bark, half-howl of coyotes began to ride the blackness, accenting this land's loneliness. The smell of earth was in the wind, the raw pungency of it stronger than any other smell; and the feel of winter was in it, sharply imminent.

A GRAZING deer, or perhaps an antelope, caught her scent and blasted the stillness with an expelled breath and went scudding away. The stars sent down their frosty glinting upon this broken land, on ridge and pocket and canyon and hidden defile, on her and on the campfires of other people camped in the hills. She had no doubt of that. Somewhere Skull and Hugh Clagg and all those people who hated Owen Merritt for what he was would be hunting. This was the second day and they were still distant. But they would come closer.

She led the pony into the canyon at the end of an hour or so, fearing to leave Owen longer. The small fire had died to the smallest glow on the rocky floor. Owen's breathing, when she crept beside him, was definitely heavier and the heat of his body came through his clothes. Lying there, she murmured: "Owen, how do you feel?" and got no answer. He kept turning on his shoulder blades. He threw out his arm unexpectedly and caught her across the mouth. She put

(Continued on page 59)



The horse pulled at the rope, reaching for the scattered bunch grass; and she followed him

The Open Season for Compliments is about to begin

Arrow has just created a New Line of Shirts . . . Shirts that should get you more compliments from the right sort of people than your wardrobe has won you in months.

For these special shirts offer a group of hand-picked patterns that you won't find on any other shirts in America—fabrics that look as if they cost a fortune.

These shirts lay at your neck the best-looking collar ever wedded to a shirt, the *Arrow* collar.

They bring you that smoother-fitting *Mitoga* design that puts a stop to wrinkles across the chest, to awkward bulges at the waist and arm-holes.

They offer you an iron-clad guarantee against shrinkage. They are Sanforized—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks.

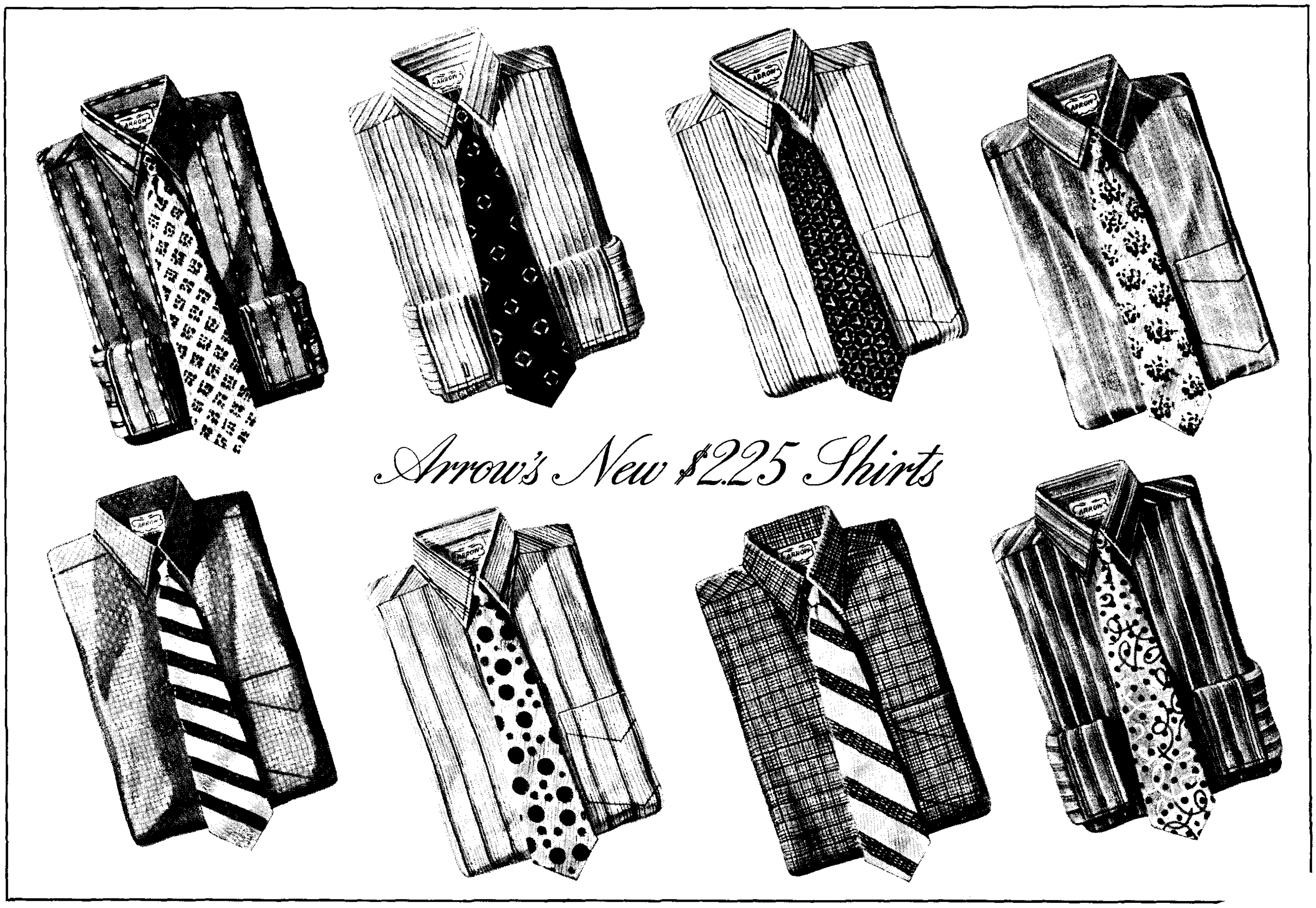
And, as if all this weren't enough, this new line includes a *truly revolutionary white shirt*, Arrow Dart. Dart has an amazing new type of non-wilt collar that will wear *far longer* than any other non-wilt collar ever made.

Why not visit your Arrow dealer, tomorrow and get acquainted with this attractive group of shirts. Price? $2.25. *And they are worth it.*

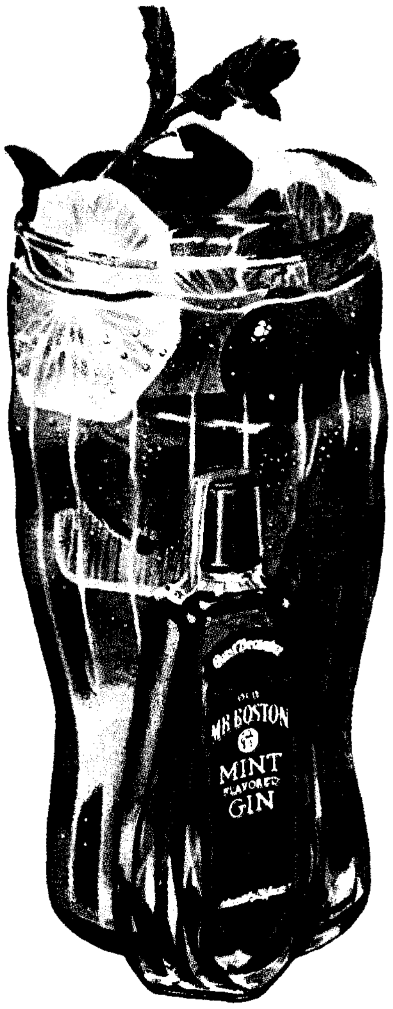
Copr. 1938, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

ARROW SHIRTS
SANFORIZED

If it hasn't an Arrow label it isn't an Arrow shirt



$2 • $2.25 • $2.50 • $2.75 • $3.50 • $5 • SANFORIZED SHRUNK—A NEW SHIRT IF ONE EVER



MINT TOM COLLINS
A superb taste favorite! *Cool* and *refreshing* as a crystal-clear brook murmuring its way toward the sea. For this most delightful of drinks, just substitute my Mint for my Dry Gin!

OLD MR. BOSTON
Distilled Dry Gin
FULL QUART

TOM COLLINS
Here's my *very best* recipe for this grand, old favorite!
2 oz. Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
Teaspoon of powdered sugar
Fill 12 oz. glass with seltzer
Decorate with lemon, orange and cherry

FOR PERFECT MARTINIS
Old Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin

MR. BOSTON
Sloe Gin

SLOE GIN FIZZ
A wine-like tang of rare Burgundy!
3 oz. Old Mr. Boston Sloe Gin
Juice of one-half lemon
1 heaping teaspoon powdered sugar
Fill 12 oz. glass with seltzer
Decorate with slice of lemon

Take Mr. Boston to

"I'M THE MOST delightful fellow on a party—as versatile as a trap drummer on a trapeze! For I'm known throughout the length and breadth of America as the one man who is welcome to every kind of a party—*and is perfectly at home at all of them.*

"Take my Distilled Dry Gin, for instance. Did you know that it actually takes seventeen rare ingredients to give it such perfect delicacy of taste and aroma? Yes sir!...and that's just where my gin makes such a glorious difference in a Martini or in your favorite cocktail. You could sip it straight, gentlemen—it's just that smooth.

"Or try it in a Collins! You'll find deligh
smoothness in this grand old favorite, fo
Mr. Boston Distilled Dry Gin has a quali
of its own. But for refreshing *taste*—serve
Collins made with my fruit-flavored gins. T
Mint Flavored Gin, as cooling as dew-dre
grass. There's the tropical tang of Orange.
the *smoothness* of rare Burgundy in Sloe
all natural coolers for those sultry aftern

"And for evenings? Ah—one of my f
Apricot or Blackberry Flavored Brandies
the answer. You'll find them all deliciousl
bodied and zestful. They make such spl

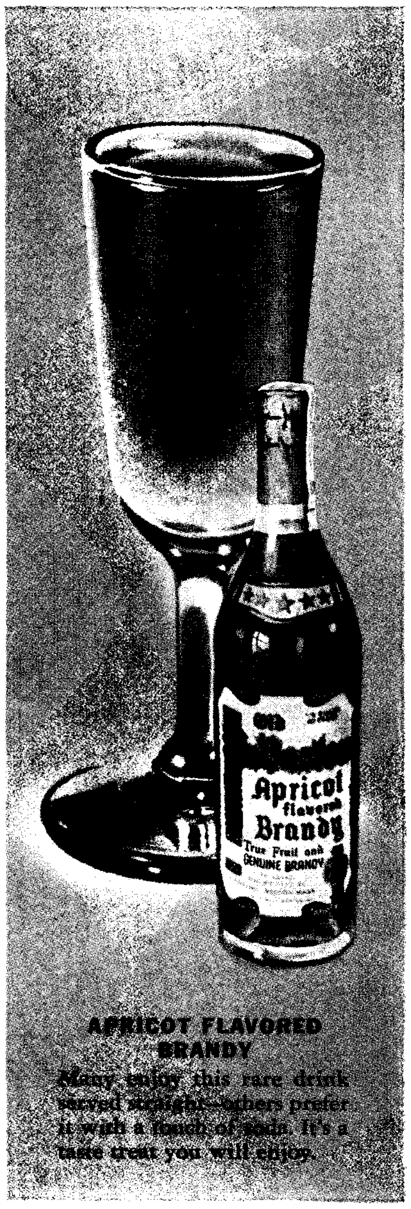
NIGHT

BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY

Sun-kissed blackberries blended with [illegible] quality brandy [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] ex- [illegible] [illegible]

MR. BOSTON FINE WHISKEYS

When you uncap a bottle of my fine whiskey—an aroma greets you that is true and rare. Whether it's my full 100-Proof Straight Bourbon or Rye Whiskeys; Kentucky Straight Bourbon or Maryland Straight Rye Whiskeys; or my famous Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey... all have a friendly flavor!



APRICOT FLAVORED BRANDY

Many enjoy this rare drink served straight—others prefer it with a touch of soda. It's a taste treat you will enjoy.

he Party!

This information, gentlemen, will guide you to the quality and integrity of all Old Mr. Boston Fine Liquors. My Mint Flavored Gin is 80 proof; Distilled Dry Gin, 90 proof, Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits; Sloe Gin, 70 proof. Blackberry and Apricot Flavored Brandies are 80 proof. My Kentucky Straight Bourbon and Maryland Straight Rye Whiskeys, 90 proof; Rocking Chair Blended Whiskey, 90 proof, contains 75% grain neutral spirits. All are as delightful to the taste —as their origin is rich in tradition!

companions for idle after-dinner conversation.

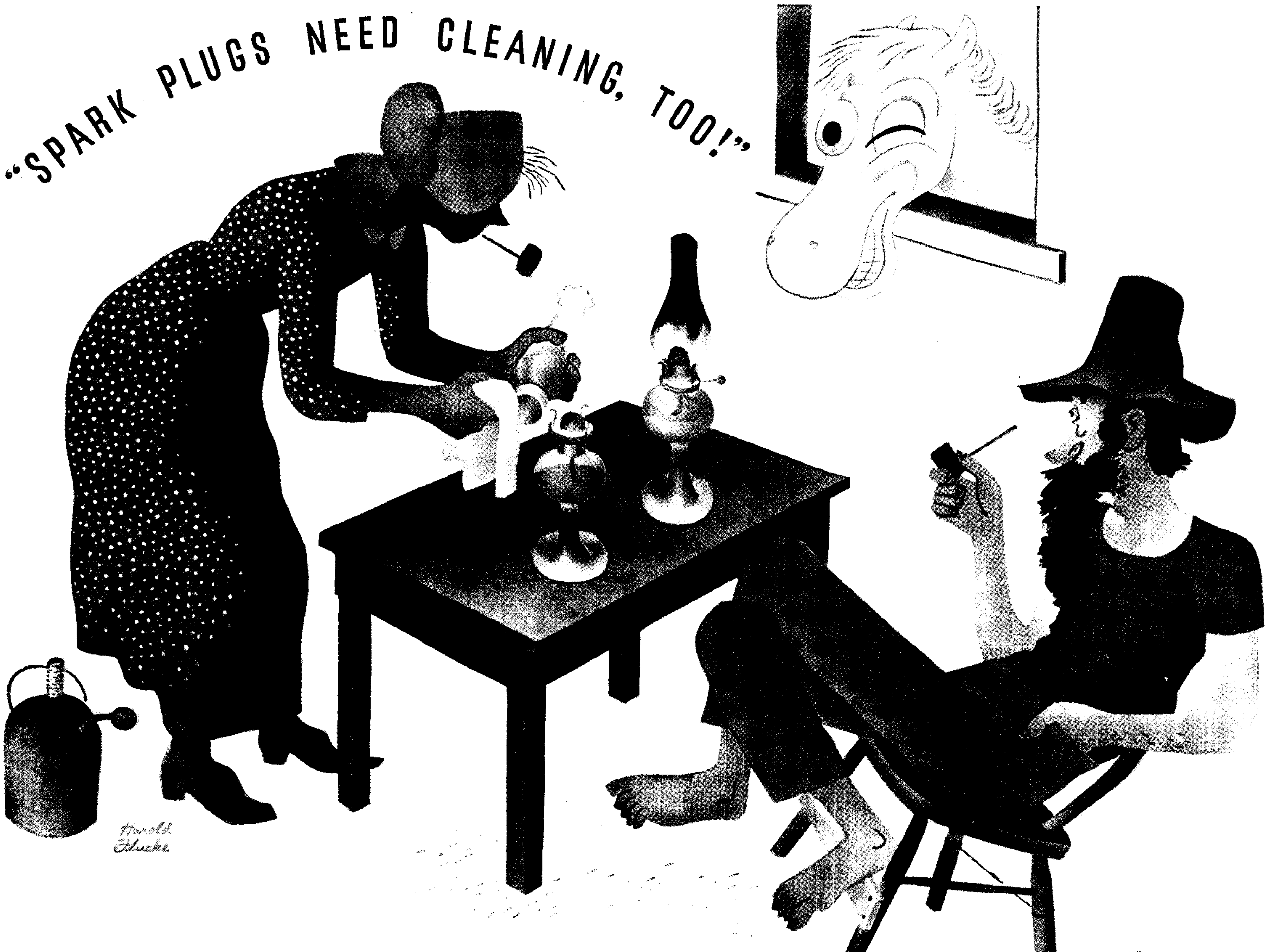
"But if you value your reputation as a host, by all means serve highballs or cocktails made with my noble bourbons or full-bodied ryes. I have tempting whiskeys for every taste, mind you —at prices to fit the thriftiest purse. Each has that smooth 'roundness' and rich aroma that pleases the palate... that stands up manfully in a drink down to the very last sip.

"You'll never make a mistake inviting me to your party, gentlemen, for a bottle that bears my name bears *quality* and *taste*. If I do say so—you'll find me a very versatile fellow to have around!"

Old Mr. BOSTON

Fine Liquors

Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.


"SPARK PLUGS NEED CLEANING, TOO!"

Stop Wasting Gas...

GET YOUR PLUGS CLEANED

Oxide coating, soot and carbon collect on *all* spark plugs. They waste as much gas as one gallon in ten—and cause hard starting and loss of power. Plug cleaning costs only 5c a plug.

"Better let us clean the plugs, too. Dirty plugs sure cut engine power."

Modern engines demand clean plugs —and accurately adjusted gaps.

HAVE YOUR PLUGS CLEANED BY THE NEW AC METHOD

REGISTERED

AC

SPARK PLUG
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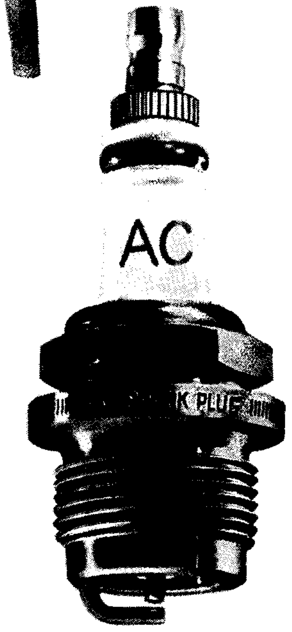
Official Plug Cleaning Sign

More than 70,000 dealers, garages, and service stations display this sign—because they clean and adjust plugs "by The AC Method." Look for this sign—always.



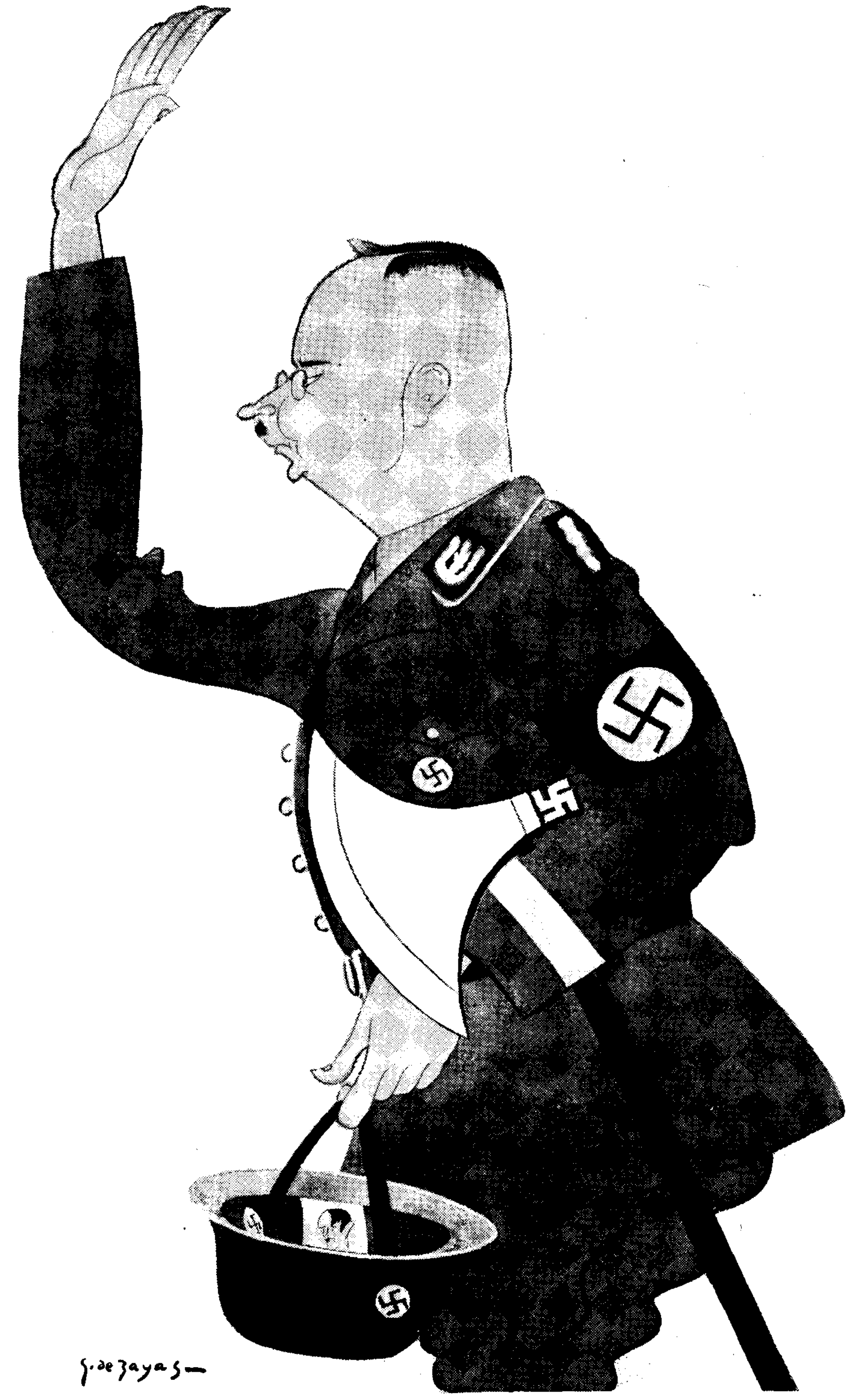
When Plugs are Worn
Replace With
AC Quality Spark Plugs

30 years of quality spark plug manufacturing stand back of these newest AC products . . . assuring peak performance in all motor cars, trucks, buses, tractors, and power boats.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • *General Motors Corporation* • FLINT, MICHIGAN

Hitler's Headsman

By Ernest von Hartz



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

Heinrich Himmler yields to no one in his blind loyalty to Der Fuehrer

FOR six days a week Heinrich Himmler as head of the Third Reich's Secret Police, the Gestapo, can liquidate Germans and on the seventh day retire to his chicken farm convinced that if heads must roll they roll for the good of the Reich and to the glory of God.

The Freudians have a name for him but to literal-minded Germans he is simply a cunning, crafty police commandant who has a disagreeable habit of striking at night and who is almost a magician in his ability to make people disappear. However, there is nothing supernatural about Heinrich Himmler. He is simply a product of power politics as practiced in dictatorships.

But do not get the impression that Himmler is simply a past master in the art of the headsman's ax and the guillotine. Those in the Nazi councils will tell you that he is the most likely heir apparent to the Fuehrer. For besides being head of the Gestapo he is supreme commander of all German police as well as commander of the Elite Guards. This corps of black-shirt stalwarts liquidated the Storm Troop opposition, headed by Captain Ernst Roehm, on the fateful night of June 30, 1934, with the neatness and dispatch of Capone henchmen, and murdered former Chancellor Kurt von Schleicher and his aristocratic wife as they were enjoying their coffee and rolls in their home the next morning.

And yet you hear little about Himmler outside Germany. The more publicized Field Marshal Hermann Goering, Nazidom's current Number Two man, with his 110 uniforms and multitudinous titles, and Paul Joseph Goebbels, the stage manager of the Nazi propaganda spectacles and the official voice of German culture, crowd the headlines. But it is the wily, slight, anemic-looking Himmler, whose cold eyes peer at you from steel-rimmed glasses, who wields the iron fist behind the scenes. In his climb to the top he has had to march frequently over the bodies of fallen comrades, but that is part of the game as played by the Nazis.

He has dossiers on every man of substance in Germany. Party functionary, business leader, churchman, diplomat, army officer or statesman—all are nicely indexed for the day when their case histories might be needed in a hurry. Because in Germany everyone is suspect. Some Nazis will even tell you that Himmler has a dossier on himself.

Organized for Extermination

Wherever German interests exist, there Himmler has his agents, awaiting der Tag. The conquest of Austria and the subsequent "purge" offer a classic example of the Nazi police mentality at work. In the first place, German secret agents had been compiling data in Austria for four years. Ever since the failure of the Nazis to overthrow the government in the putsch of July, 1934, the police had redoubled their efforts, building up dossiers on officials, spying on Socialist and Communist workers by gaining their confidence, gathering incriminating data on the clergy and all others suspected of opposing the Nazi concept of happiness.

Thus when Himmler and his 16,000 police went into Austria for the "mopping up," every enemy of the new regime had been spotted. The police knew just where to strike. Jails and concentration camps were filled overnight.

In brief, Himmler is an organizing genius. For more than ten years he has held administrative positions and during that time he has become one of the most able administrators in Germany. His agile mind and his efficient police give him a tremendous advantage over the blustering Goering and the vitriolic Goebbels, the latter probably the most unpopular man in Hitler's Reich.

Himmler is so convinced that Hitler is a superman that for him he has given up his church (he used to be a Catholic), and he has killed some of his closest comrades (the aforementioned Roehm as well as Gregor Strasser, one of the leaders of the party left wing who was executed in the blood purge).

There were no indications in Himmler's youth that he would develop into a powerful figure in a revolutionary Germany. He was born in Munich on October 7, 1900, to middle-class parents who had military aspirations for their son. He entered the army as soon as he was old enough—in 1917—with the idea that after the war he would follow a military career as an officer. But postwar Germany's greatly reduced army found no place in its ranks for the young and not too robust Himmler, so he became, instead, a member of the army of the dissatisfied and the disillusioned.

He was ripe for National Socialism. Hitler, in the Munich of 1920, was the embodiment of the dissatisfaction felt by every young German who could not discipline himself to the new order. The Third Reich of today is built of the desperation of these postwar youths.

Himmler played an important part in the beer-hall putsch of 1923, and when the Fuehrer was sentenced to Landsberg Fortress after his trial for treason (they get shot now for far less in Hitler's Reich) Himmler was left to his own devices. He had studied agriculture at the Munich Technical High School. He now worked in a fertilizer factory and from that he turned to various other pursuits, among which was chicken farming.

After Hitler's release the short-lived German prosperity almost spelled death for the Nazis, a party that depended for its very existence on empty stomachs and dissatisfaction. But the first phase of the economic crisis paved the way for the resurgence of National Socialism, and Himmler once again found his mission in the party ranks. He became the business manager of the party in lower Bavaria and for the first time his real talents came to the fore. He did a masterly job of organization and the Nazi party in Bavaria soon constituted the best gang of hell-raisers in Germany. Himmler's lads wrecked halls, hurled stench bombs, beat up opponents and acted generally in what has become the best Nazi tradition.

To Reward a True Nazi

Such work could not go unheeded and by 1927 Himmler was second in command of the crack Elite Guards, the *crème de la crème* of the Nazi movement. It took him only two years to get the complete organization under his belt, despite Goering's opposition, and by 1930 he was a respected member of the Reichstag and a professional party administrator.

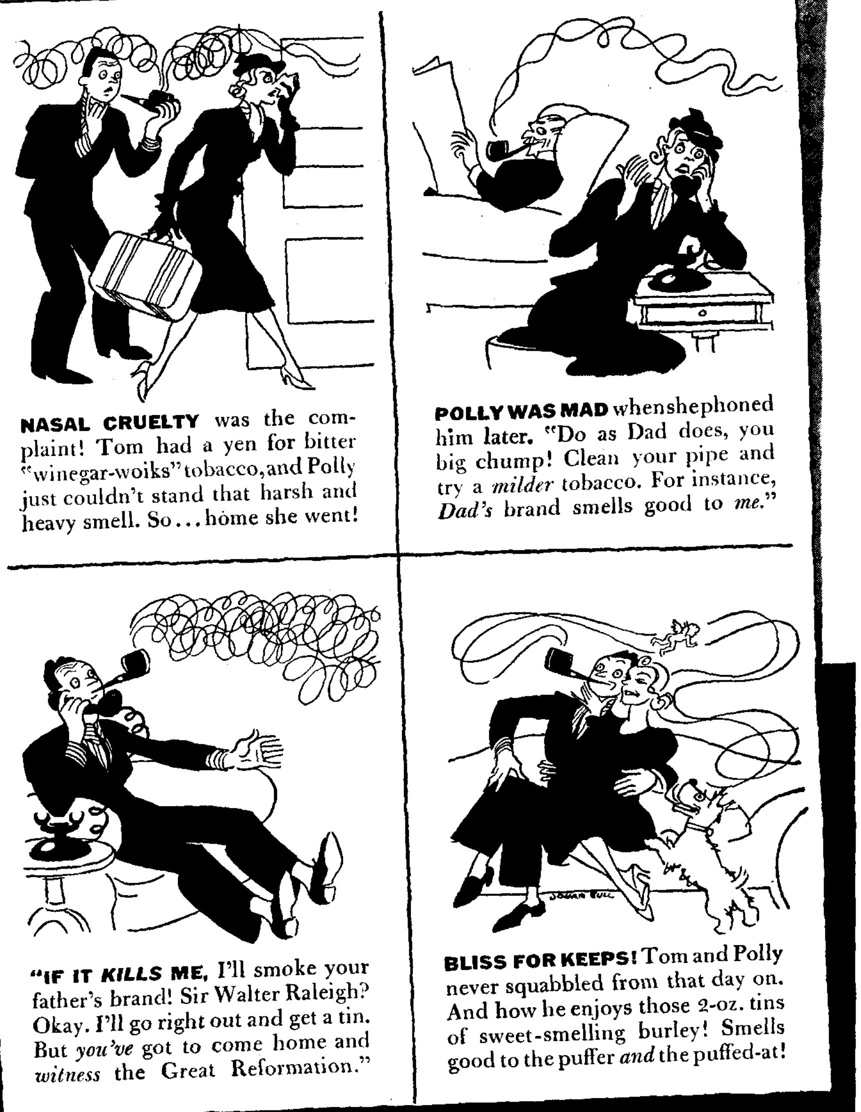
Where Himmler succeeded and where Roehm fell was in the fact that the former realized that the party would have to play ball with the rich industrialists, arms manufacturers and bankers who had financed it as a potent force with which to combat trade unions. The planks in the party platform calling for Socialist reforms, Himmler knew, were doomed by the very military-economic nature of Fascism. The result was that Himmler threw his weight with the rightist faction and the secret police dossiers were built up with the idea that a showdown was inevitable.

Where Roehm failed to Nazify the army in 1934, Himmler succeeded in Nazifying the police and co-ordinating it with the Elite Guards, once again over Goering's opposition. It was in June, 1936, that Himmler was made supreme police commander of the Third Reich, accountable only to Hitler. And the final *coup de grâce* came last February when Field Marshal von Blomberg (on the pretense that he had married a carpenter's daughter but actually in a final show of strength between army and party) walked the plank to retirement, and the army, for the first time in modern Germany's history, assumed a decided political character, demonstrative of Hitler's gain in prestige and power.

Thus today Hitler is the field lord of the army, and his man Himmler is the supreme commander of the police and Elite Guards. Between them they command more than 2,500,000 well-armed, efficiently trained men, the pick of the nation. Between them they hold Germany aloft on their truncheons, bayonets and guns. And with the conquest of Austria their field has widened and new horizons are opened to them.

So long as Hitler lives, Himmler will be his trusted lieutenant, his man Friday. But once let the struggle for power start in a temporarily leaderless nation, and the wise money will go on Himmler. He is a natural in a nation that respects and appreciates the strong arm of the law—even if it is the law of the jungle.

SHE "PHEW" HOME TO FATHER!



NASAL CRUELTY was the complaint! Tom had a yen for bitter "winegar-woiks" tobacco, and Polly just couldn't stand that harsh and heavy smell. So... home she went!

POLLY WAS MAD when she phoned him later. "Do as Dad does, you big chump! Clean your pipe and try a *milder* tobacco. For instance, *Dad's* brand smells good to *me*."

"IF IT KILLS ME, I'll smoke your father's brand! Sir Walter Raleigh? Okay. I'll go right out and get a tin. But *you've* got to come home and *witness* the Great Reformation."

BLISS FOR KEEPS! Tom and Polly never squabbled from that day on. And how he enjoys those 2-oz. tins of sweet-smelling burley! Smells good to the puffer *and* the puffed-at!

UNION MADE

Switch to the brand of grand aroma
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
Sooner or Later - Your Favorite Tobacco

FREE BOOKLET tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for your copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. C-85.

HOW TO TAKE CARE of YOUR PIPE

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Every Wed., 8:30 P.M., E.S.T., NBC Red Network.*

She Didn't Say No

Continued from page 11

thermometer for young girls, a javelin, a Japanese flag, dice that threw nothing but sevens, a small saxophone, some flowers in a blue box, a diabolo game, a glass coffeepot, four decks of cards, a huntsman's bugle and a pair of pants clips for when you ride a bicycle. These last seemed a trifle needless to me, as Meridee doesn't wear trousers and has no bicycle. I mentioned it to Ollie and he said: "What if she has a son?" So we took them along.

More than ordinarily proud and happy, we hastened onward toward San Anza and presently it occurred to Ollie that we hadn't decided which should propose first. He said it was important. He said if a girl is going to get two proposals the same day, the first proposer has the inside track and naturally, if the startled creature says okay, then the second speaker doesn't even have to ask. He can go home, take aspirin, get stewed or do anything his nature calls for.

"We have to figure this out," he said firmly. "Let's drive in here and sit down."

We pulled into the driveway of a roadside pavilion entitled the Blue Pigeon, an inn offering refreshments to man and beast, and a waddling waiter led us to a table beneath an umbrella where we ordered fresh slings and set to work.

"Either you ask her first," said he, "or I do. So who?"

We idled there a while, staring at the passing traffic and concentrating like Hal Sims looking at a seven spot. A hundred yards down the road, the highway curved around a small hill and disappeared in the direction of San Anza, and the hill gave Ollie an idea.

"Here's what we do," he cried. "We each pick a license plate from some distant state. If my plate comes around the curve first, then I propose first. If yours comes, then you ask her."

"Fair enough," I said. "What's your state?"

"I'll take New York," he said instantly, looking at me to see how I took it. New York has a jag of cars.

"That's giving me a nice break," I told him. "I suppose I take Alaska."

"New York is the farthest-away state," he retorted. "Go on—take a state and quit beefing."

I TOOK Oklahoma and we lingered there, drinking slings, smoking cigarettes and waiting for a foreign license plate and it was easily thirty minutes before an Oklahoma car rolled around the bend, putting me on the rail. Ollie claimed a foul and wanted to start all over, but I refused and we climbed back into the car.

The slings or something had made Ollie querulous and he growled as we roared along toward Meridee. There is a long hill this side of San Anza, known among the residents as Funeral Furlong, where the highway slides down between green fields, very wide and fine and smooth, but not slippery. Some claim that the road is bewitched and that unseen forces lurk beneath the pavement, which is strictly foolish talk.

It was here that I felt a trifle sleepy and so closed my eyes, leaving Ollie to drive and complain. He made some silly statement in a loud tone and as I gave him no answer, he turned, glared at me and hollered. When driving at a rapid pace, a person should never do that, particularly on Funeral Furlong.

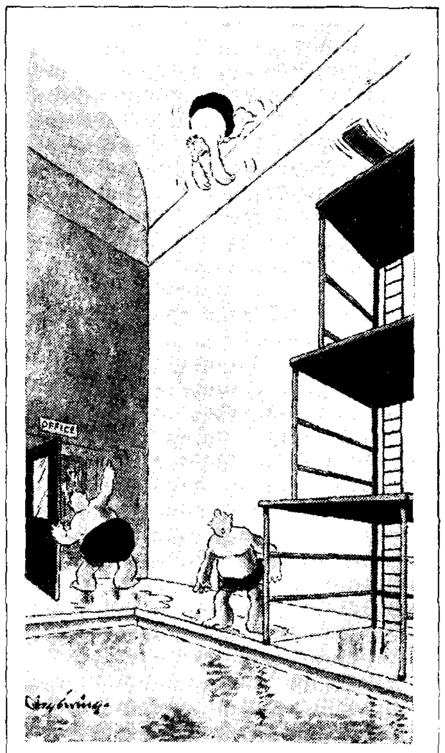
"Hey," he repeated, and as if a signal had been given the car pulled out of his hands, the wheel spun over to port, those unseen forces went to work and our car leaped off the pavement; popped through a ditch, fortunately shallow; popped through a wire fence, fortunately weak; skittered through a field, and stopped with the front axle on a boulder. The smack tossed me forward against the windshield, bumped Ollie's nose on the wheel. Our gift canine started to howl and I wanted to join him.

"Somebody should be driving the car that can drive a car," I remarked, rubbing my conk. "You had too many slings."

"Nothing the matter with me," he snapped, "but there's going to be. Look over there."

I looked behind as directed and noticed a small black-and-white car purring to a halt and nobody had to tell me what that meant. We had the law with us.

The state highway officer left his machine and came our way, neatly clad in a uniform, a heavy gun wiggling against his lower ribs. He was an Irish cop. He had the bluest of blue eyes, but not those smiling Irish orbs mentioned in the song. They were cold and piercing, as we could discern when he fastened them on us. I never looked guiltier or felt guiltier. There was a bit of blood on Ollie's tie. Even our car looked drunk and disorderly, with its headlights smashed and its nose on a rock.



"There's something wrong with the gravity—he can't get down!"

JAY IRVING

"What's the trouble here?" he demanded in the frozen tones always used by traffic bulls.

"No trouble, Officer," said Ollie in a polite voice. "We just happened to glide off the road."

"Glide off? Who owns this car?"

OLLIE admitted ownership and the limb of the law moved nearer us so that he could sniff. That is always an unlucky instant in any driver's career—when a traffic cop starts to sniff him. You feel utterly helpless.

"You two have been drinking," he said, and it was impossible to say whether he was making a statement or asking a question. "Yes, sir," I admitted, "we have been drinking gin slings."

Ollie stepped hard on my foot and the

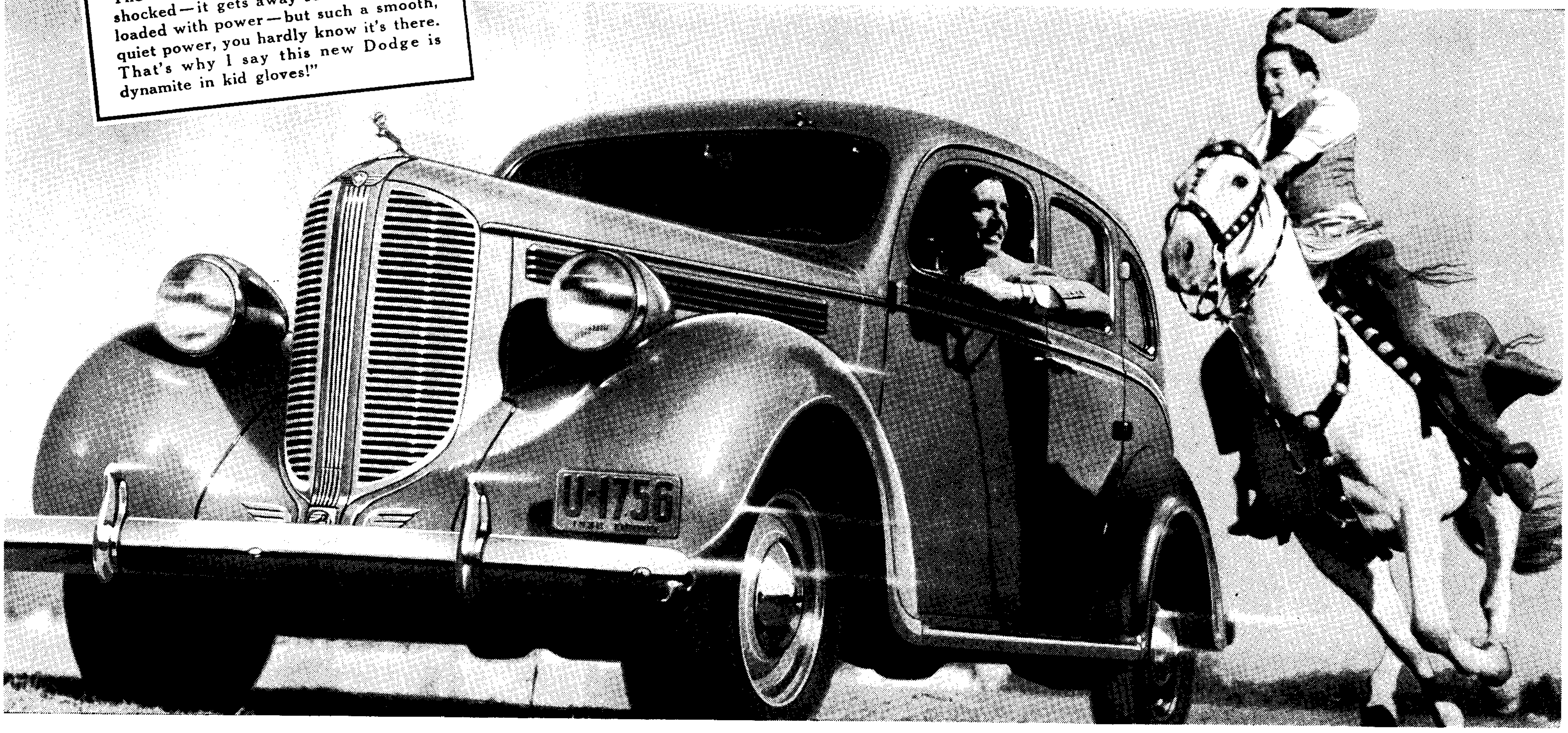
"IT'S DYNAMITE IN KID GLOVES!

THIS IS MY THIRD DODGE"

says *Warner Baxter*

STAR OF 20TH-CENTURY-FOX'S
"KIDNAPPED" By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
A DARRYL F. ZANUCK Production

READ WHAT WARNER BAXTER SAYS:
"I've owned three Dodge cars but my 1938 model is like a new kind of car—so much peppier and quick on the trigger. The first time I drove it in traffic, I was shocked—it gets away so fast! And it's loaded with power—but such a smooth, quiet power, you hardly know it's there. That's why I say this new Dodge is dynamite in kid gloves!"



VELVET SMOOTH POWER!

THANKS for the compliment, Warner Baxter. One ride and drive in this thrilling new car will convince anyone that your four-star praise of the 1938 Dodge is a deserved tribute...a fitting compliment from one great performer to another.

But who could help being excited about this car? Owners everywhere say you can't spend five minutes at the wheel of the big, new Dodge without getting a brand-new idea of riding and driving ease...a velvet-smooth power that you never dreamed was possible...a lift and a get-away that make just driving this sensational Dodge an exciting experience!

And wait till you see how she handles! You've never taken a wheel that does what you want so quickly, so smoothly. A touch of your fingers guides her. And comfort? Man, sit back and relax in the smoothest thing on wheels. You could ride all day and step out at the end as fresh as a daisy. On sharp curves or straightaways...on rough roads or smooth, you'll say that riding comfort hits a new peak in this car.

Another thing you'll like is the famous Dodge economy. Owner after owner reports 18 to 24 miles to the gallon of gasoline, as well as savings up to 20% on oil.

BEST-PRICED CAR IN AMERICA!

And when it comes to price, Dodge is in a class by itself—*the best-priced car in America.* Here's why. Dodge costs far less than many cars that do not give you as much... On the other hand, it is priced so close to the low-priced cars that you'll hardly notice the difference! So why be satisfied with a *small* car? Buy Dodge and get a big car, a great car and a car that will save you money every day, every mile you drive it. Don't wait—Get the whole amazing story from your dealer right away. Telephone him now! Budget terms to suit your needs!

DODGE
SWITCH TO DODGE AND SAVE MONEY!

This advertisement endorsed by the Engineering Department, DODGE Division of Chrysler Corporation

TUNE IN ON THE MAJOR BOWES ORIGINAL AMATEUR HOUR, COLUMBIA NETWORK, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 10:00 P. M., EASTERN STANDARD TIME officer peered into the back of the car. "What's all that?" he asked and we told him truly we bore sentimental gifts for a fair creature. He took out his book, walked around the car, made copious notes and turned those blue eyes on us.

"Lemme see your license," he said sharply, and Ollie began a frantic search, which, considering the fact that he hadn't seen it in two years, was futile from the start. The law wrote that into his book and inquired about the registration card. Ollie didn't even know what a registration card was and shook his head helplessly. I sat back and began to perceive very clearly the real evils of alcohol.

"That's enough. You can both get out."

We descended and stood guiltily on the plowed field, while the officer glowered at us. Our gift dog waggled his tail and looked unhappy and the canary made feeble noises.

"I don't know if you gents ever heard about the law in such cases," said the cop, fixing his belt, "but there is a rule on driving a motorcar while stiff. The both of you are stiff. No regard for human life. What if you killed a couple of citizens?"

"Might be all right if you let me pick my two," I said, thinking to throw a note of jocularity into the conversation. He looked at me pityingly.

"Officer," said Ollie, earnestly, "would you let me say a word?"

"Go ahead."

"This is my friend, Benny Little, and I am Oliver Rand. I'm in the insurance business and he works for the Electric and Gas Corporation. If you haul us in on this charge, then you ruin a couple of careers. We are not in any way intoxicated, as you could tell for yourself, if you knew the facts. Excited—sure. . . . But not plastered."

The officer merely grunted and looked hostile.

"Another thing," I put in, "neither one of us is really a drinking man. We never touch the stuff. Mr. Rand stands high in the community, but today he happens to be upset and fretful and that is why we had a few drinks en route."

"I see that."

"The truth is," I hurried on, "we started out today to ask a nice girl to marry us. Ollie is not used to that. Neither am I. So we got flustered and had a few drinks to calm us."

"You started out to ask one girl to marry the two of you?" demanded the officer in harsh tones. "This some new Hollywood stunt, or is she twins?"

"To marry one of us. You see, Officer, we are both desperately in love with the fascinating creature and have reason to believe she likes us. We don't know which one she might prefer as a mate, so we were heading for her home to ask her a simple question—first me and then Ollie."

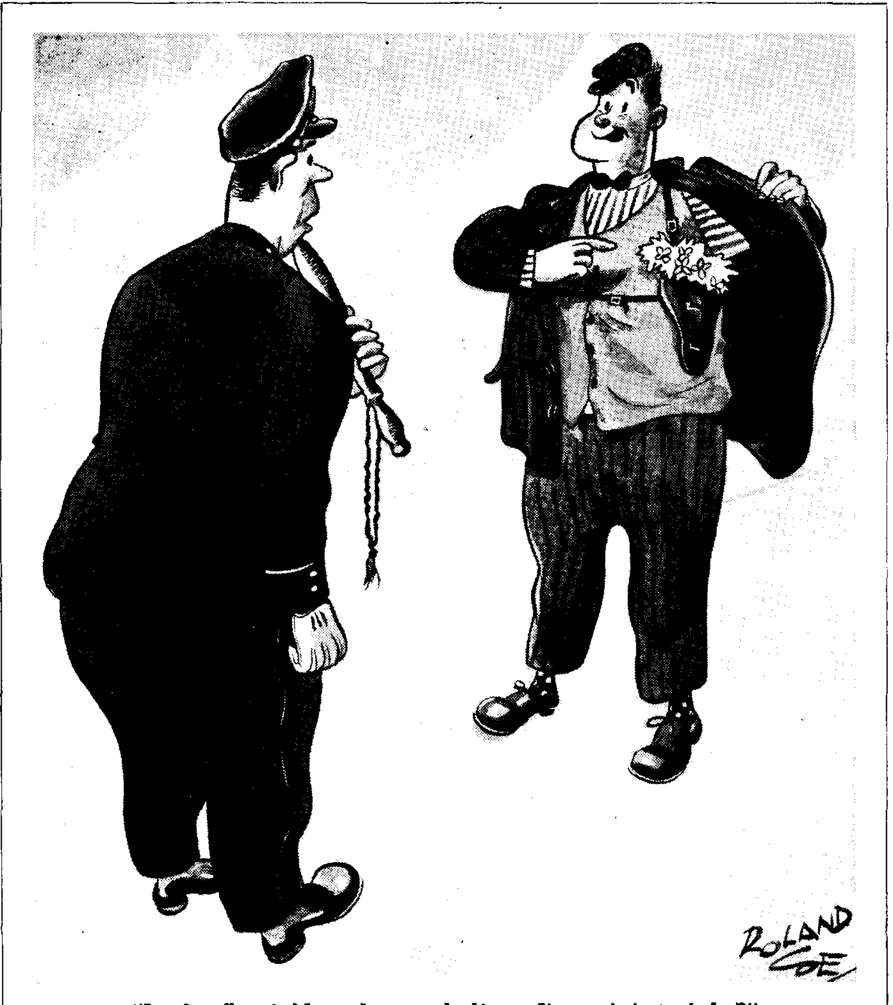
The uniformed figure glared at me in silent disbelief.

"The gifts you see here—they are for one of nature's fairest flowers. If we don't get to her today and win her hand, then on Tuesday she will be in New Orleans, where she will marry Sir J. Bullock-Leeds, a flying Englishman. If she does that, she will have to go abroad and live in what we would use as a morgue. What we are trying to do, Officer, we are trying to save a simple American girl from a life of boiled beef, boiled mutton and cold feet."

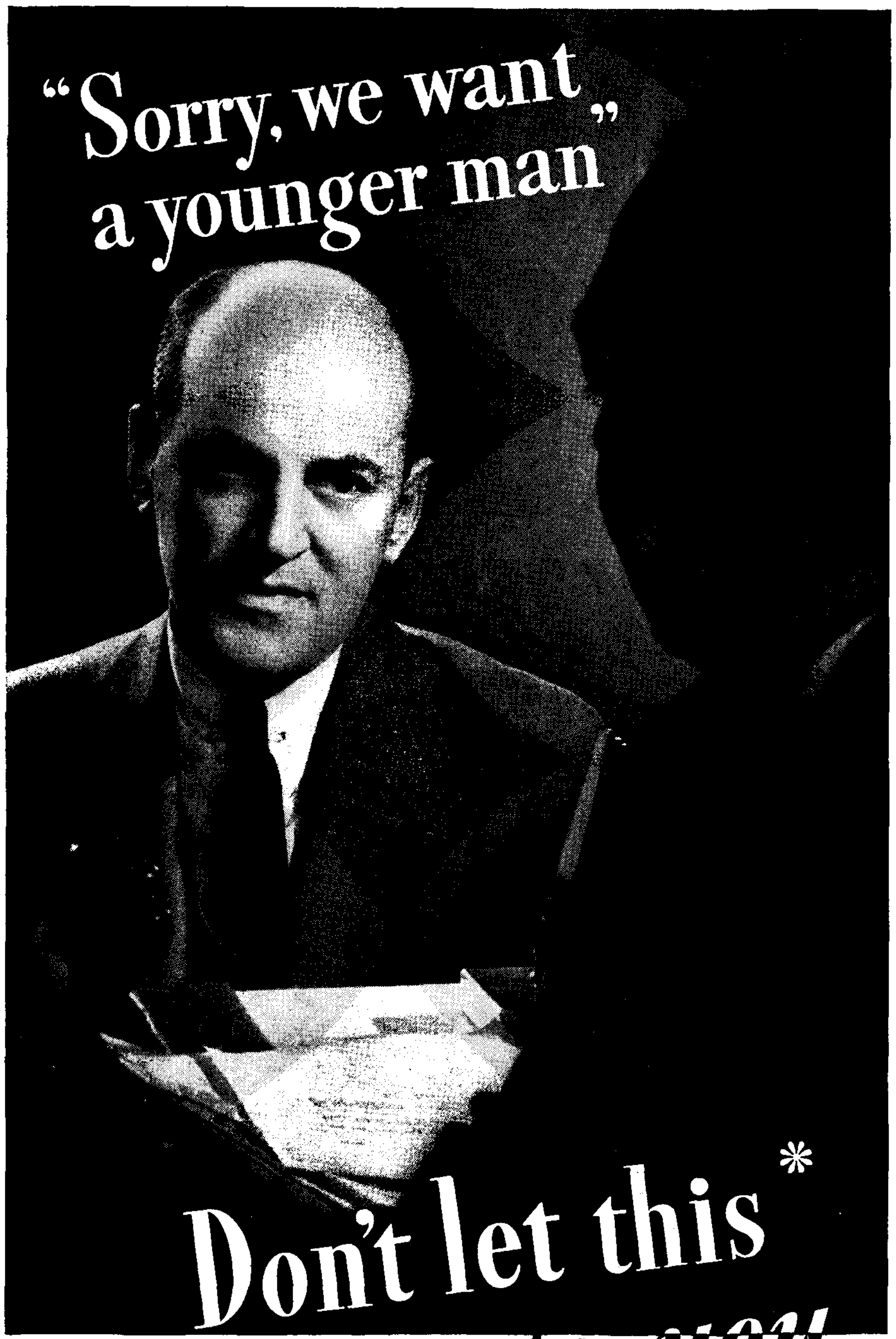
AT THIS point, the boyish-looking gendarme betrayed his first genuine signs of interest in us and our peculiar affairs. He asked a number of questions, such as who was Sir Bullock, which we didn't know, and why we kept running through fences, which we did.

"So you go out and get stinko," he growled accusingly. "To be sure and make a nice impression and sweep the girl off her feet, you bury your snoots in the gin barrel and drive through traffic without regard for life or limb."

"We might have had a few drinks," Ollie put in, "and who wouldn't? We were a little flurried, to be sure. If your girl was going to run off and marry a British aviator in New Orleans next



"Look—flars! Now do you believe I'm goin' straight?" ROLAND COE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happen to *you*

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***Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.**

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YOU'VE heard it often enough, this modern version of the old-time fallacy—maybe you've even said it yourself—that railroad troubles are caused by "watered stock," too much debt, excessive fixed charges.

Let's see how this checks with facts:

First—according to every valuation ever made, the railroads are worth *billions more* than the total amount for which they are capitalized.

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Third — the Interstate Commerce Commission, in its latest rate decision, said "This evidence tends strongly to show that the major cause of unsatisfactory financial condition of the applicants [the railroads] as a whole is *not to be found in excessive fixed charges.*"

But all this covers only the arithmetic of the story.

When folks talk about putting "the railroads" through the wringer, what do these words really mean?

Do they mean locomotives, tracks, box cars? Do they mean "Wall Street"?

Not on your life.

They mean people—millions of them—people who live in every state in the Union—people who put their savings in railroad stocks and bonds—people who have life insurance policies and money in savings banks.

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ASSOCIATION OF
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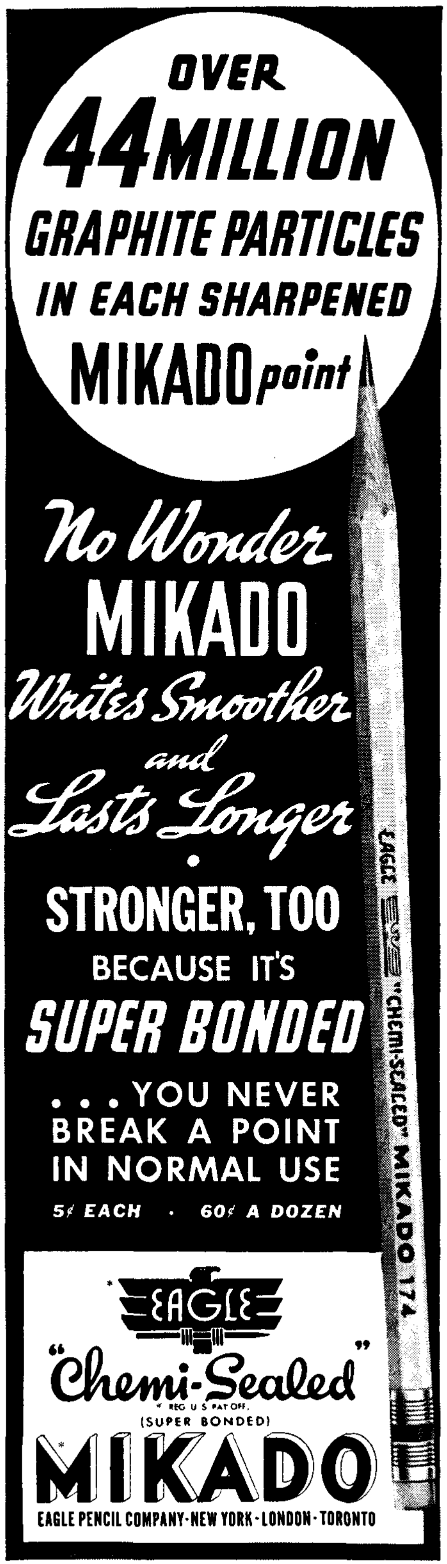
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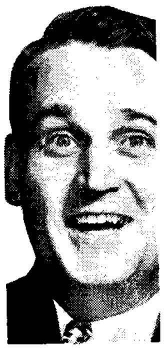
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NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT

week, and you found it out by mere accident, would you be flurried or not? Wouldn't you want to get out and do something about it? You look Irish."

"I am Irish and I would do something," he admitted, "but not what you two Einsteins are doing. No decent girl would want to marry a rum-pot. And anyhow, the whole business sounds to me like a big lie. I'll bet neither of you intended to propose marriage to anybody."

In the most frantic and eloquent language, we swore it was the truth and nothing but that valuable article. We pointed out that if he jugged us, the Insurance Corp., a firm so dry they wouldn't insure a water buffalo, would dismiss Ollie like lightning, and that the Electric and Gas people would chase me so far off the pay roll that bloodhounds couldn't find me. We told him we were paid to drive cars and keep out of ditches. We went into the detailed blamelessness of our normal lives, when not upset by women, and urged him to have a heart for the sake of Brian Boru and the little people of the peat bogs.

On his side the blue-eyed officer thawed still further and for a time I thought we were going to talk our way out of a nasty jam. He sat on our running board, scratched his head and pondered. His name was Dennis Malone and his forebears came from the south of Ireland, where romance grows in the hedges. Playful Britishers of another day had shot his grandfather in both legs, confiscated the pigs and burned down the shack, so Dennis could get along without British aviators. He was sympathetic enough, but plainly stated our excuse sounded to him like a last-stand phony. Every day he heard such truck.

"No matter," he said, "how I might feel personally, there is my duty to be done. You're guilty of breaking the law and you're under arrest, charged with reckless driving, drunken driving, speeding and driving without a license. That goes on the book."

"You wouldn't actually put us in jail?" I pleaded.

"Would and will," he said. "Come on—back that thing out of there and let's go."

And that is how Oliver and I happened by the merest whim of chance to wind up in the bull pen, instead of landing at the modest home of Meridee Case. Mr. Malone followed us in his car to the jail in Peterboro, a dissolute-looking dump, and all the way over I wished something else had happened. Our mood of joviality faded like the morning mist and there followed the sinking sensation known so intimately to persons who go in for gin slings. My immediate office superior teaches a class of young boys how to grow up and be good men, and I could already see another pair of feet under my desk.

AHEAD of us was a remote jail, a couple of lost jobs, a dismayed Meridee and no more future than a waffle. The jail turned out to be a sort of subbastile or igloo of temporary detention, presided over by a rheumy gent named George, who either had the palsy or else staggered anyhow. His job was not wearing, as the place was empty till we arrived and were stowed in the bull pen, a room of austere and simple furnishings and smelling like the floor of a bird cage. George took charge of our gift dog and Dennis went away to wash up.

"How long do we stay here?" I inquired.

"Till Malone sends you into town. You go from here to the county jail. Maybe you can raise bail, maybe not."

"What usually happens to people like us?"

"Thirty days and a hundred bucks. And serves you damn' well right. Ought to have more sense. They gave one guy seven months."

That was enough news from George, so I dropped upon a bench, held my throbbing head and determined that gin would henceforth play a minor role in my affairs. Upon my asking Ollie, he said the same with him, redoubled. We locked our little stable door after the horse was in northern Canada; and there being nothing more to do about anything, we leaned back among our hang-overs and moaned inwardly. Mr. Malone could be heard in other parts of the building, and when he presently reappeared, Ollie went to bat again, probably thinking of his people in San Francisco.

"Dennis," he said through the bars, filling his voice with genuine emotion, "I can still see that you don't believe any part of our story. You think we made it all up, but honest, it's true. It was the idea of proposing marriage to a beautiful dame that tipped us over. Think of her marrying an Englishman and getting chilblains all over her."

As he waxed more and more eloquent, I thought I noticed a wavering look on the face of the law.

"In the name of your dead grandfather," said Ollie, "will you please let us out of this joint, so we can go over there and head off a tragedy? She might marry one of us."

The Irish in Malone slowly came to the top, a wave of kindliness surged through him, and he made his decision.

"All right," he said, and those were sweet words to me, "I believe you. You're out. George, unlock the door and let 'em loose. I'm going to forget these charges and lay down on my duty for once. You know why? I have a girl, too, and it so happened that this very morning before I went on duty, I called at her house. We've been going together a long time, only I never asked her. Kept putting it off. Something told me this would be a lucky day, so I run over to San Anza, put it to her straight, marry me or not—I get promoted next month—and damn' if she didn't say she would."

"Good for you," said Ollie heartily.

"That's the only reason you're loose, but remember the water wagon."

We raised our hands and swore eternal dryness. The door swung open, beautiful freedom lay before us and we stepped happily forth. We were about to climb into our car when the jail telephone began singing, and when it stopped George appeared at the door.

"Phone call for you, Dennis," he announced.

"Good," said Dennis, looking pleased. "Who is it?"

"It's Miss Case."

Dennis hastened inside and I looked over at Ollie. There was a queer expression on his countenance, as though he thought he felt ants. Our little gift dog began barking.

"There is only one Case in San Anza," Ollie stated. "Would it be that we have made a minor mistake this afternoon? Look at all our nice presents."

"We can ask him," I suggested, getting into the car and holding the dog. "It looks to me as if our train had come in and gone out again."

OFFICER MALONE reappeared in a few minutes, in better humor than ever, and we ventured to inquire if the Miss Case in question happened to be one Meridee Case of San Anza.

"That's my little sweetheart," he cried delightedly. "You boys know her?"

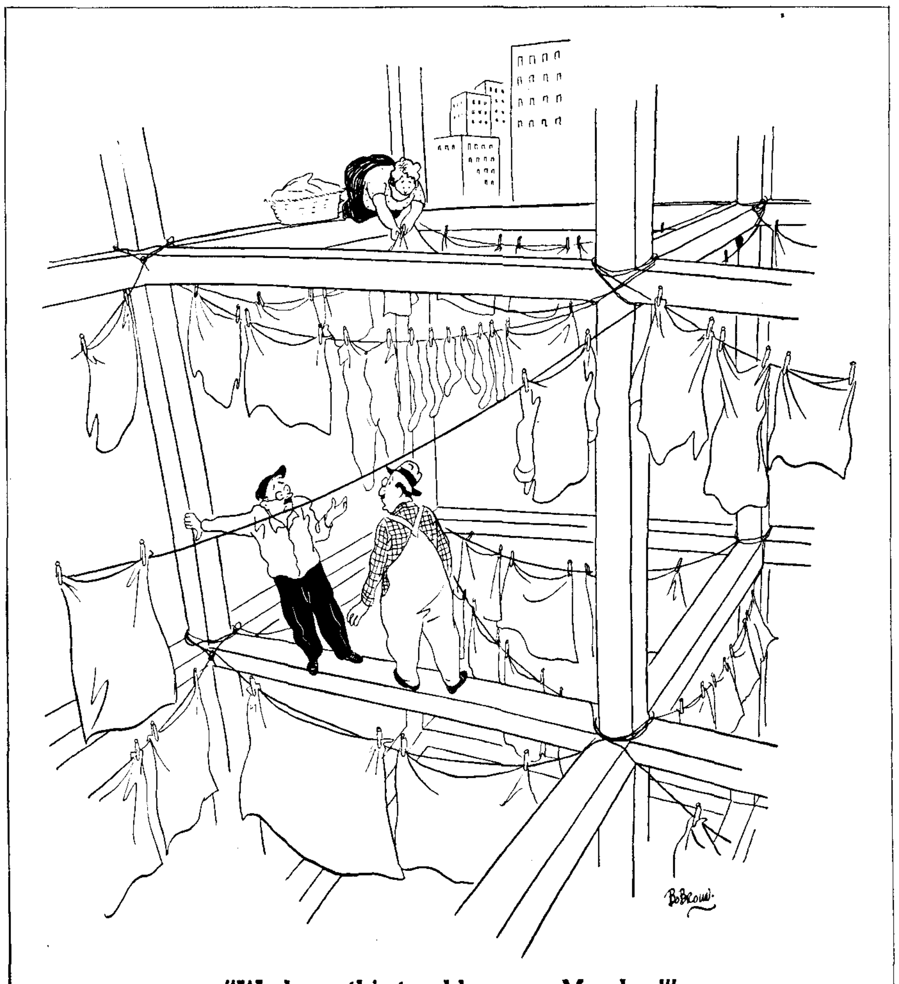
"We know her slightly," I replied. "Nice girl. We sure are glad you asked her to marry you this morning."

"Why?"

"Because I can give you a present for her. Here's a dog. Tell her it's from Benny and Ollie."

At first he didn't know whether to take the pooch, but we prevailed upon him, stepped on the engine and headed back to the dull and sordid city. Ollie put his mind on it a long time, while we drove at moderate speed, and said, "You know, that piece in the morning paper might have been just press-agent tripe."

"It might," I agreed. "Nice time to think of it." So we rolled along the desolate highway, wondering what to do with our canary and those things back of us.



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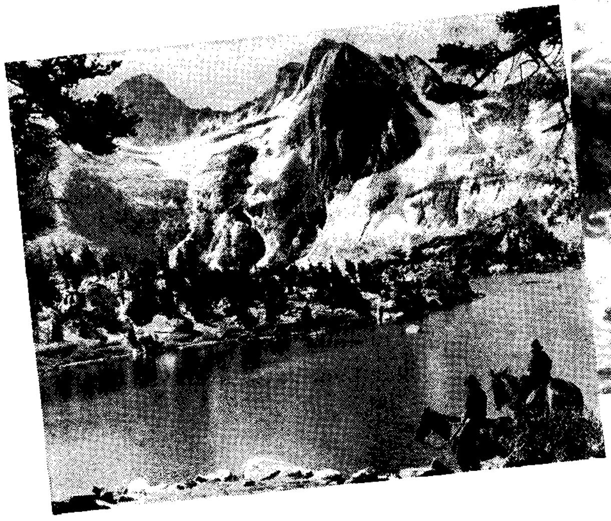

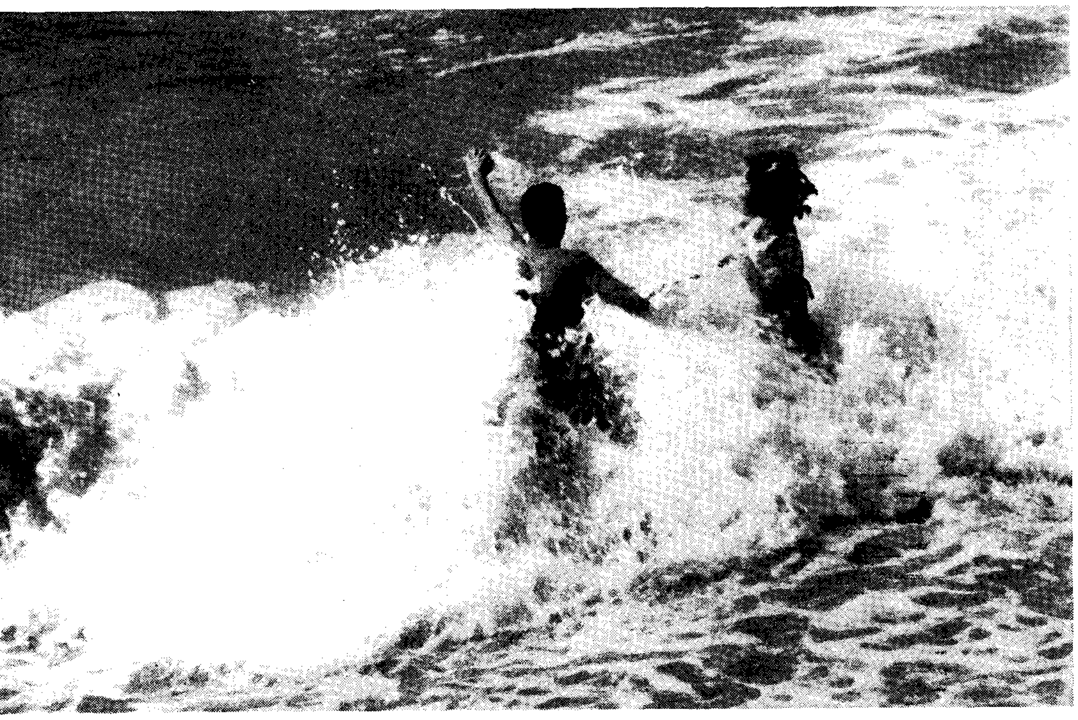

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Spring Board

Continued from page 16

About 14,000 *additional* major crimes were committed in New York last year.

But the major crimes committed by parolees dropped from 236 in 1936 to 157 last year.

In the nearly eight years that the existing parole board has functioned it has released on parole 925 sex felons.

Only eight of these have been convicted of a new sex felony and not one of these has been a murderer.

Finally, release on parole is hard to obtain. In the last year over 70 per cent of those who made their initial appearance before the board were turned down and went back to their cells.

Parole, then, is hard to get. But it is easy to lose. A parolee is not a free man. He is still in the custody of the state. His life is a severely restricted one.

They Know Their Men

Let us look, for a moment, into the large, bare room where the parole commissioners meet when they are ruling on the inmates of Sing Sing, that gloomy pile of gray on the banks of the winding Hudson River. It was late in the day. A long list of convicts had been passed upon and, in the main, sent back for a year, five years, a decade or more. Then the parole violators began to come in. They may have been guilty of no crime whatsoever. You and I, being free men instead of convicts under rigid parole supervision, could have been questioned by nobody for the offenses that meant, to these men, additional months or years behind bars.

There was, for instance, Harry Koffler, twenty-seven years old. He had been on parole from Great Meadows prison, which is in the central part of the state, for four years and had been behaving himself fairly well. But now he was back on a violation and his face reflected his resentment.

"What are you returned for?" asked Commissioner Hanscom.

"I don't know," was the sullen answer.

Koffler did know, though. He had changed his residence without permission of his parole officer. He had obtained, again without authority, an automobile driver's license. These did not seem, as I listened, very serious delinquencies; certainly not bad enough to return a man to prison. But the parole board was looking deeper. Koffler had originally been sentenced to from five to ten years for attempted robbery. It was possible, at least, that he would use an automobile in another attempt. Now he owed two years and two months—the time on parole counted as part of his time served—of his original term.

"Eighteen months," was the ruling of the board. And for that period Koffler will remain in prison.

The next case was that of Irving Weiss, another robber. He had been released a year and a half ago after serving the minimum of a four- to ten-year stretch. Weiss had been considered an excellent parole risk. He had been making good money, $35 a week. On the evening of the New York primary elections, though, Weiss had been seen in the company of some Tammany Hall toughs with prison records. It is a violation of parole to associate with convicts. And here the probability existed that plans were being made to intimidate the voters.

Weiss denied the accusation flatly.

"Two years more," declared the board.

No proof is needed in such cases. Weiss will stay in prison until the close of 1939.

In few other states of the Union would Koffler or Weiss or any of the hundreds declared delinquent annually in New York be sent back to prison. Indeed, nobody would know whether they were delinquent or not. The Prison Association of New York, in a recent national survey, brought out that some parole officers are supposed to supervise two to three hundred released convicts; the average per officer for all the prisons examined was 244 convicts. One state, with 2,500 parolees, had no officers at all. In another state, with one thousand parolees, not even written reports from the convicts are required.

In New York no parole officer has more than one hundred cases. Most of them have fewer, and it is the intention of the board to reduce the maximum load to seventy-five as soon as sufficient funds are appropriated by the legislature. So the parole officers know their men, what they are doing, whether they are holding their jobs, whether a return to crime is likely, whether they are associating with criminals, whether they are resorting to liquor or drugs.

Parole as now administered in New York is rather new. The law creating the present board was passed in 1930, when Franklin D. Roosevelt was governor, and got into full operation after a year or two. Roosevelt appointed the two senior members: Dr. Moore, who has been in the hospital service of the state since 1906, and Major Hanscom, who formerly was a clergyman and a chaplain in the A. E. F. The third member, Joseph J. Canavan, was secretary to Governor Herbert H. Lehman and was appointed by him in November, 1934. I can personally testify that there is not a sentimentalist in the trio. I'd hate to be an inmate asking any of them for parole.

Balancing the Books

Parole isn't a cure for crime; nobody, up to now, seems to have invented one. It isn't primarily a crime prevention scheme, although it works very well to that end in New York and in a few other states. Parole *is*, to quote Commissioner Canavan, "a system of post-custodial authority designed to protect the community against the release from prison of felons free of all restraint whose mental attitude is that their completed sentence means a clear balancing of books between society and them." Nor is there anything theoretical about the system. Every inmate of every prison, unless he is executed or dies behind bars, will some day be discharged into society.

"They ought to be kept in jail," is the reply to that of many a righteously indignant citizen.

But in New York State alone it would require an immediate expenditure of $36,000,000 for new prisons and a jump in the annual prison outlay of $5,000,000. It costs, in New York, about $500 a year to keep a man in jail. The cost of supervising a convict on parole was, in 1936, $56.74. If parole, good and bad, were to be abolished throughout the United States the cost would run into the hundreds of millions. Does the indignant citizen want to pay for it? Or does he want a decent parole system?

Parole works in New York because it is nonpolitical. All of the parole officers are under civil service and most of them have had special training in social work. It works in New York, even more, because the three commissioners and all of the parole officers give unending attention to their jobs. Long before every inmate of every prison is eligible for

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Here's the *FASTER* way to do it...
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HARVEY DANN, *Insurance Salesman* (*above*): "I took Bromo-Seltzer when I turned in—woke up clear-headed, ready for pancakes! Another Bromo-Seltzer on waking left the old 'bean' keener. I felt ready to tackle prospects with a smile."

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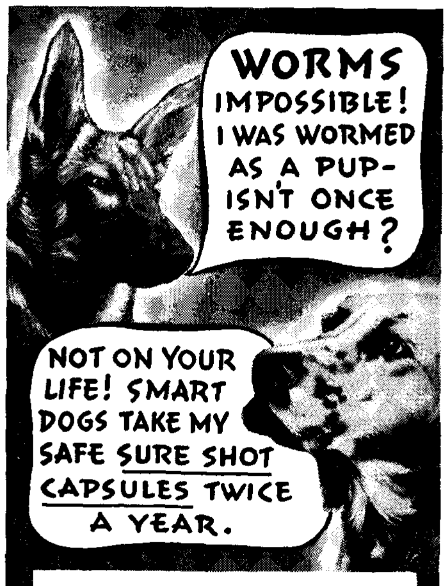
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Route of the Rockets

parole—usually within a year of his incarceration—he is interviewed by one of the three commissioners or by the parole officer at the institution. These sessions are relatively informal. No guards are in the room. I went to Sing Sing, one day last fall, with Commissioner Canavan and sat in on the proceedings. The first convict was ushered in and sat down.

He was twenty-three years old according to the records before us, but he looked, I thought, younger. Smiling and blue-eyed, obviously of German extraction, he said his name was Charles Gundlach. About two years ago, it appeared, Gundlach had quit his job as a bank teller. He was evasive about the reason for quitting. But Commissioner Canavan soon brought out that he was heavily in debt.

"I couldn't get along on my salary," Gundlach said. "I had to support my mother, two sisters and my younger brother."

This wasn't wholly true. The truth is that Gundlach had been a particular variety of damned fool and was trying now, quite vainly, to impress the commissioner with a sob story. His crime had been to hold up a filling station on Staten Island after other attempted robberies in near-by sections of the metropolitan area.

"Is there anything you want to ask?" inquired Canavan. "You know, of course, that you must have a job before you can be paroled?"

"What kind of a job must I get?"

"Any honest, bona fide job of which we approve. You'd better start trying for one now."

He was dismissed. Thereupon Commissioner Canavan dictated a memorandum that would be consulted in two years. Gundlach, he noted, might be a fair parole risk. But he was weak enough to return to crime under pressure. He would need, if released, strict supervision.

Friendless and Hopeless

The marchers in the inmate parade are sometimes without hope. The next man at this preliminary hearing was Alexander Burton, a Negro with a long record of juvenile delinquency and crime. He was beginning a five- to ten-year term for a holdup. An illegitimate child, according to the parole records, Burton seemed to be without friends outside of the gray walls, without prospects.

"I expect to stay here for my maximum," he said. "I might get hold of myself here."

"Don't you know any respectable people outside?"

"No, sir," said Burton.

Canavan shrugged wearily. The man had been arrested ten times. At best, he was a bad parole risk. The commissioner so stated in his memorandum on the case.

For weeks and months, perhaps for years, the inmates of all New York prisons look forward with mingled hope and dread to the day when they will appear before Commissioners Moore, Hanscom and Canavan. What will they say when the day comes? Will they tell the truth, admit that they carried guns and then, perhaps, be held because they did so? Can they lie out of it? The chances for that are slim. The board knows the facts of each crime.

Generally speaking, I would say, the parole board is interested, first, in whether the man is now convinced that crime doesn't pay. Next, it is interested in whether he is sorry, whether he is willing to tell the truth. Most of the inmates, through nervousness or for other reasons, shy away from the truth. The commissioners showed me how transparent were the lies. A typical, cheap holdup man was up for a ruling.

"You didn't carry the gun?" Commissioner Canavan asked smoothly.

"No, sir."

"Another fellow whose name you didn't know owned it?"

"That's right."

"You met him in a poolroom shortly before you pulled the job, he urged you to do it and then he escaped?"

"That's the way it went, Commissioner!" the man answered eagerly.

Again and again, lied these inmates, the gun had been carried by an unknown accomplice, of brief acquaintance, who invariably escaped when the job was done. The average convict is a pretty gullible fellow. But the ones as gullible as all that didn't get their parole.

That same day, at Great Meadows, appeared a slender, white-haired man whose face was vaguely familiar to me. Then I remembered. I had seen his picture in the paper. He had been a stockbroker whose firm had failed in the crash. Commissioner Moore examined Mr. X. I was fascinated to notice that, wholly unconsciously, the commissioner prefaced his name with a "Mr." The other inmates had been curtly addressed by their last names. Mr. X's story was a fairly ordinary one in some aspects. As the market slump grew worse he had converted certain securities to his own use. He had kept his firm going until 1934. Then he had tried suicide in order to realize on a very large life-insurance policy. But this attempt had failed, too, and so he had gone to prison. Now he had served three years of a four-and-a-half- to nine-year term.

Dr. Moore was extremely sympathetic. He intimated that the sentence had been severe, in view of the innumerable post-depression frauds that had gone unpunished. Mr. X's eyes filled with tears, but he offered no excuse. Two of his children, now out of their adolescence, had kept things going while he had been in prison, he said. He had been offered a job selling coal by an old friend. So Mr. X, the board ruled, would greet 1938 as a free man.

Well, not quite free. He would be on parole until 1943. He would not be able to change his job or his home without permission. A parole officer would have the right to enter his home at any time. He would not be allowed to drink even a glass of beer. For any infraction—let alone a new crime—he could be returned without trial to serve the full maximum of his nine years.

It is hard to win parole. Unanimous consent of all three parole commissioners is required by the law before a convict can be released. But he can be returned, for violation, by a single commissioner.

The bad risks are the con-men, the forgers, the swindlers, the old-time crooks. The good risks, generally speaking, are the young men who plunged into crime, due to desperation, during the depths of the depression. Excellent risks, too, are the manslaughter and even the murder cases. Many of these, actually, are not criminals at all. They killed in the heat of some momentary rage, and the impulse, in all human probability, will never arise again.

An example at Great Meadows was an Italian whom I shall protect by calling Tony because he, too, is now on parole. Tony had been in prison for almost thirteen years on a twenty-year-to-life sentence. Good behavior now made him eligible for parole. Back in July, 1924, when working as a mason, Tony had been summarily fired by a contractor. His wife was ill. He brooded over his wrongs, demanded reinstatement, and in a sudden fury shot and killed the contractor when refused. While Tony was in prison, his wife had obtained a divorce and had remarried. Tony had friends outside and a good job promised him.

A Parolee for Life

Commissioner Hanscom: But won't you kill your former wife or her husband if you get out?

Tony (very earnestly): No, never do another crime. She's a good woman. He's a good man. They brought up our six children.

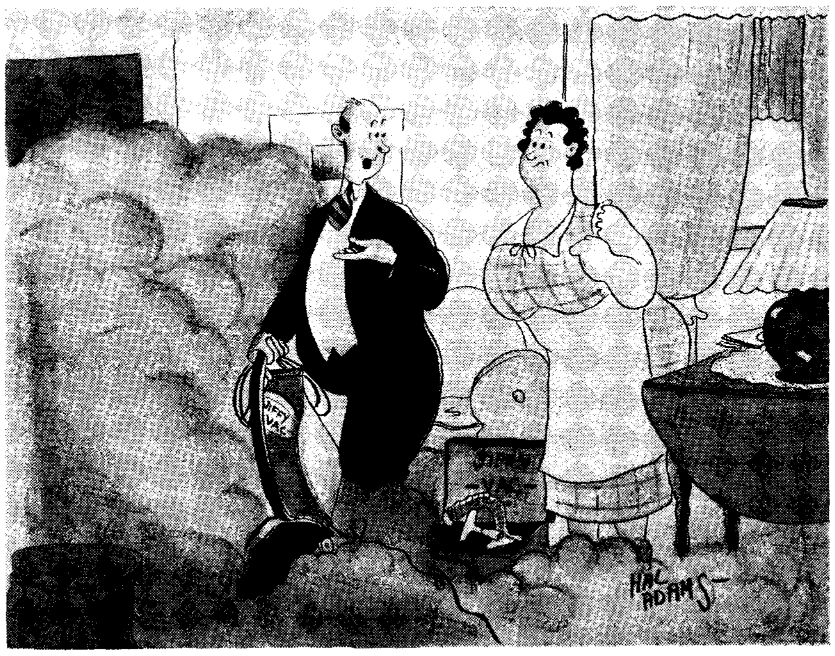
Commissioner Hanscom: Suppose you get angry?

Tony: If I ever get angry again, I walk away.

Commissioner Canavan: I don't see why we should hold him in prison any longer.

So it was ordered that Tony would be paroled on New Year's Eve. But for the balance of his life he would be a parolee. For as long as he lived he would be in technical custody. Every week, for a year or two at least, he would report to his parole officer. After that, perhaps, monthly visits would be enough. But Tony would never be a really free man.

Another article by Mr. Pringle *on this subject* will appear in an early issue



"It also has this reverse movement, but don't ask me why"

HAL ADAMS

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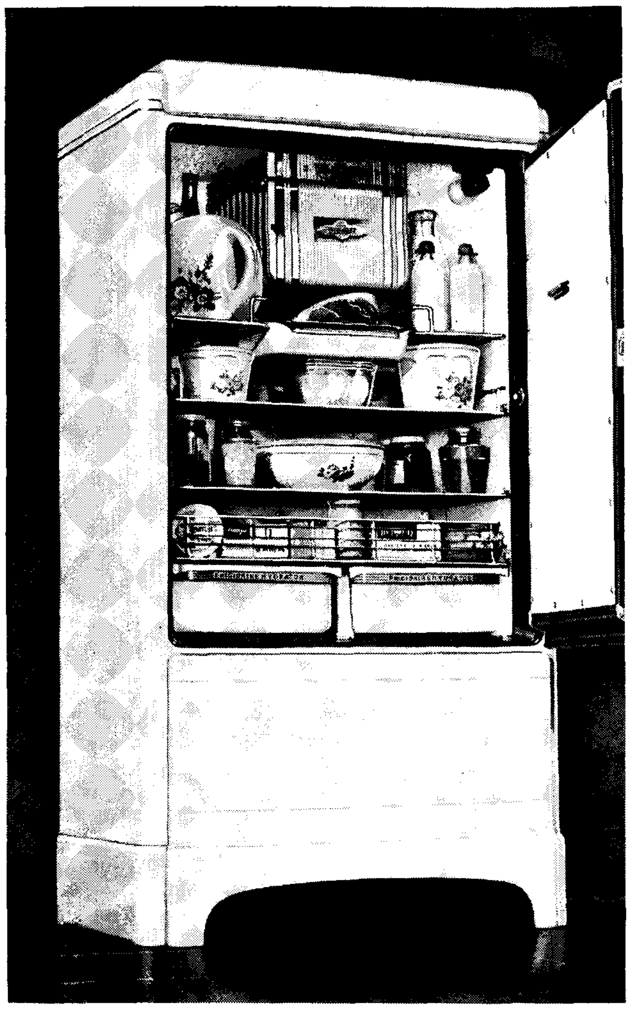

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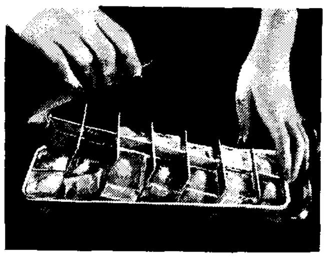

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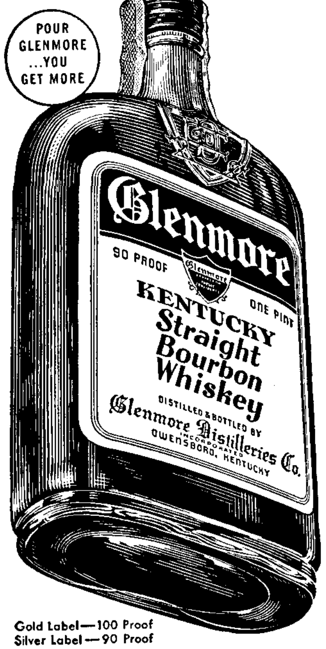
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Love in the Spring

Continued from page 13

and she looked up at me and said: "Ain't it funny? I feel the same way about you. I have felt that way ever since I saw you at the foot-washing. I can't forget you. I keep thinking about you. When I saw you tonight I was thinking about you." I just squeezed her hand a little harder and I said: "Was you, Honey?" Then we went on out the path without speaking.

We went out past the Duck Puddle graveyard. White tombstones gleaming there in the moonlight. Lord, it was a sad thing to think about. I wondered what had become of old Tawa. It was a little dark even if the moon was shining. I didn't care though. I had Effie. I didn't blame him for loving her, but I just didn't want him to get her.

I GUESS we went through twenty pairs of drawbars before we come to Effie's place. It was a little log house upon the side of the bank, pretty with flowers in the yard. I'd always thought flowers was for the womenfolks. I told Effie I'd never liked flowers till I met her. I told her everything like that. We just went up to her door. I said a lot about the crops. Before I started to leave we was standing out at the well-gum. The moon come down upon her old log house there among all them roses and flowers. It was a mighty pretty place. Effie said: "Guess I'd better get in the house and get to bed. Got to work tomorrow." And I said: "Where, Honey?" "In the terbacker field," she said. And then I said: "W'y, you don't work in no terbacker and stay as white as you are." She said: "That's all you know about it, Elster. I use stocking legs on my arms and a sunbonnet." And I says: "Honey, I love you. I want to marry you." I just pulled her up to me and kissed her there in the moonlight. Soon I left her there and run over the hill like a dog. Tears come into my eyes. Just to think about that. I used to laugh at such stuff. Now, I had six or seven miles to walk home and blue Monday and the plow before me the next day. But seeing Effie was worth a dozen trips like this. When a man is in love he just don't care.

I went to bed that night—must have been morning. It was after the roosters crowed for midnight. Lord, but I was tired. I just could see Effie. I could pull her up to me and kiss her. I could see her eyes, I could see her teeth. I could see her log house in the moonlight. I just couldn't forget it all.

I got up and et my breakfast. Drunk two cups of black coffee and went out to milk the cows. I'd just stop at the barn and look off into the wind. Pa come up to me and he said: "Elster, what in the devil and Tom Walker's got into you here lately—just go around with your head up in the air dreaming. W'y, you even stop when you are shaving your face. If I didn't see you the other day shave half of your face and put the razor up I'm a liar." I never said anything, for it was the truth. I just couldn't help it for thinking about Effie.

I went out to plow corn. I took the mule and the double-shovel plow and went down the path by the barn. I didn't pay any attention but I started the plow on the wrong side of the field and was plowing up the corn. I couldn't think about anything but Effie and how I run away and left that night with my eyes filled with tears. Then I thought: "W'y, I must be crazy to act like this. I'm forgetting everything. I'm not happy as I was. I can't laugh like I did. She didn't say she would marry me. That's it. That's what's the matter." I just couldn't get back to see Effie that week. I had too much to do. Too much corn to plow and seven cows to milk.

Well, I went out to work Tuesday morning. I couldn't work. I thought I'd go up and see Uncle Tid Porter. He lives right on the bank above us. He gives us boys a lot of advice. Uncle Tid was in the woodyard whacking off a few sticks of stovewood. I walked up and I said: "Uncle Tid, I'm in love with a girl. I can't sleep. I can't work. I can't do anything. I'm going crazy."

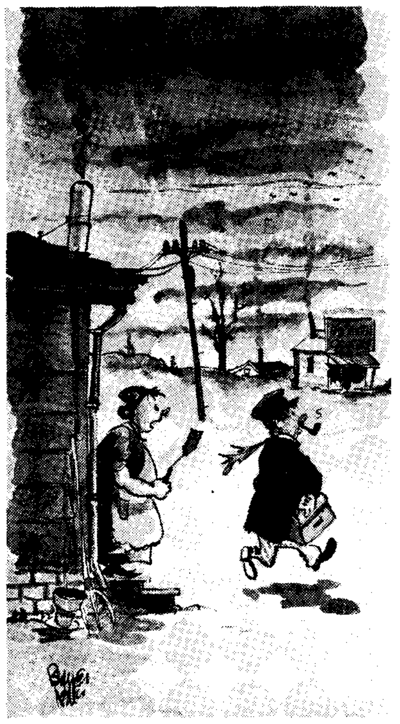
You ought to have seen Uncle Tid sling his ax agin the ground and laugh. You know Uncle Tid is a pretty good doctor when we can't get one from town. He uses the yarb remedies and he does pretty well. Used to be the only doctor in this section. Now, he gives us advice along with spring tonics of slipper-elm bark, shoe-make bark and ginsang and snakeroot. "Well," said Uncle Tid, shaking his long thin chin whiskers stained with a little terbacker juice—his blue-walled eye squinted a little—"when did you meet this girl and where is she from?"

"I met her last month at the Slab Baptis foot-washing at the Put-Off Ford. She's from Duck Puddle. She's a beauty, too, Uncle Tid. W'y, Uncle Tid, to tell you the truth, I never loved a flower till I met her. Now I notice them. See the wild rose in bloom in the woods. I noticed them this morning. She is with me everywhere I go. I can't sleep. I can't eat."

"It's love in the spring," said Uncle Tid. "Love in the spring is so uncertain I wouldn't trust it. Don't be too sure of yourself and jump in and try to marry. Wait a while. Just go out and watch life in the spring. Go to the house and put the mule in the pasture. Take the afternoon off and go to the pond and watch the frogs. Go find some black snakes in love and watch them. Watch the terrapins and the turtles. Everything is in love now. Listen to the songs of the birds. Listen how they sing to each other. It is time to be in love. All the earth is in love now. And love is so uncertain in the spring."

I JUST got on the mule and went back home. I took the harness off old Barnie and put it on the stall in the barn and I slapped him with the bridle and made him skiddoo to the pasture. I laid up the drawbars and I made for the pond. There's a lot of bull-grass there and about a foot of water. It's a regular frog and water-snake hangout. Lord, of all the noise! I slipped up by the pond. They all hushed. I never heard another noise only I heard some plump-plumps into the water. I saw that I'd scared them. So I laid down on my belly behind a bunch of bull-grass out of sight from the frogs. It wasn't two minutes before they all started singing. The old frogs didn't do much singing. They'd been in love and out again or they'd just took on some other kind of love after so many springs. The little frogs made up for lost time. They'd get up on a log and jump off and chase each other. I crawled up to the edge of the pond and watched them. If you don't believe young frogs love in the spring when they are doing all of that hollering you just go around the pond and see for yourself.

When I got up to leave there, I heard the birds singing. They sung their love songs to each other and it seemed like I could understand some of the words. But the prettiest thing I saw was two snakes entwined upon the bank in the sun. They were black snakes and very much in love. If it had been before I met Effie I would have picked me up a rock and killed them because Pa says they kill all the birds and young rabbits. I saw two turtles out in the pond on a log. They were bathing in the sun. I just watched them a while. No wonder I fell in love with Effie, pretty a girl as she is. No wonder I dream of her at night and plan a house to take her to. My mother's bread don't taste as good to me as it used to taste. My bed at home don't look as good as it used to look and home and Mom and Pa don't seem the same. I just can't help feeling that way. I dream of the way Effie is going to bake my bread and fix my bed and clean my shirts and patch my pants. Life is great; and to be in love, love is so much greater. It's about one of the greatest things in the world—to be in love till you can cry. I just went to bed thinking about the house I had in mind and it was altogether different to the house here where we live. Just to see Effie with a blue dress and a little white apron on, lifting big white fluffy biscuits out of the pan—white biscuits with brown tops—and good hot gravy made out of milk—and butter yaller as a daisy eye—and steam off my coffee hot as hell and strong as love!


REAMER KELLER

"Come home early—we're going over to the Moores' wedding anniversary if he comes home tonight"

I just thought: "Well, I'm going to tell Pa and Ma that I am leaving them. That I am going to marry that little Slab Baptis and hunt me a home and help to replenish the earth with a good stock. A body can look at her and tell that she is of good stock and I ain't of such bad stock."

I went to the house. I never got the mule back out of the pasture. I was through. Of course I knowed Pa would hate to see me go and it would break Mom's heart when I told her. Mom is a shouting Methodist and it would kill her to see me marry one of them Slab Baptis that drink licker and bet on chicken fights and play cards. But no use to lie to Mom about it. I would go today and fix everything up. Frogs could fall in love and the birds and snakes and terrapins and lizards—well, why didn't I have the same right? And if Pa put his jib in I would tell him to stay out of my love affair and Uncle Tid Porter too. It may be love in the spring but I loved in the spring.

I'll never forget going into the house. Mom was making biscuit dough. I heard Pa telling her I put the mule up and knocked off for a half day. Pa didn't like it and he was worried. "Well," I says to Mom, "I got news for you." And Mom says: "What kind of news, Elster?" And I says: "I am going to leave you. Going to get married."

"Who are you going to marry?" says Pa—his neck and face red as a hen's comb in the spring.

"I am going to marry Effie Long—that little girl I met over at the foot-washing last month," I said to Pa.

"One of them Slab Baptis?" said Pa.

"Yes, one of them Slab Baptis," I said.

"And you been raised under a roof like this one," Mom said, "under a Methodist roof—and then go and marry a Slab Baptis—one that has a religion that believes in drinking and playing poker and betting on rooster fights and spitting at cracks in the crib floor. Then you going to marry one of them kind. Remember, Elster, if you get burnt you got to set on the blister. You are brought up to believe a certain way it is hard to break away from. Elster, your people have been Methodist for nearly a hunderd years. And you go marry that infidel. Don't you ever let her darken my door. You can come back when you want to but you be sure you keep her away."

The tears come from Mom's eyes. Pa put his hands up over his eyes. And I said to Mom: "Home here ain't the same any more since I met Effie. Life ain't the same, I tell you. My bed ain't the same upstairs and the good biscuits ain't the same."

"Your Ma's bread is the same. Good as it was twenty years ago. Best cook in the country. Then you talk about the bread and even your bed upstairs. Son, I'm not going to stand for anything like that. You can get out of this house if that is the way you feel about things around here. Get your clothes and go." Pa said it and his voice kinda quivered.

I WENT upstairs and got my clothes. It didn't take me long, for I don't have many. Lord, it burned me up to think about the whole thing. Life with Effie and I'd never come home to see the boys and Mom and Pa. I'd stay away till they would be glad to see me. That's what I'd do. They'd have to send to Duck Puddle to get me.

I put my clothes into the newspaper and got my work clothes—my heavy shoes and my Sunday shoes and my .22 pistol. I thought it might come in handy about a home of my own. I went down through the front room. Mom was crying. "Ain't you going to eat a bite before you leave?" Mom said. And I said: "Nope, I don't believe I care for anything to eat."

"Take a piece of hot corn bread and butter it and eat a piece of smoked ham as you go."

I took it. Lord, but it tasted good. I had et Mom's cooking for eighteen years and it was good. But I went out of the house. I wasn't going to wait till fall. Couldn't plant any ground that late. I was going to marry early enough to rent some ground and get out a late crop and pray for a late fall so they would ripen. I could make it all right.

I walked out into the sunlight. It was a pretty day in May. I never felt so good in all my life. Had my clothes under my arm and going to get my sweet Effie—sweeter than the wild red rose. I went down past the barn and I said farewell to the milk cows, Boss, Fern, Star, Daisy, Little Bitty, Roan and Blacky. I waved my hands to them and to Pete and Barnie in the pasture—mules I'd worked many a day. Barnie nickered at me. He walked along the pasture fence far as he could follow me.

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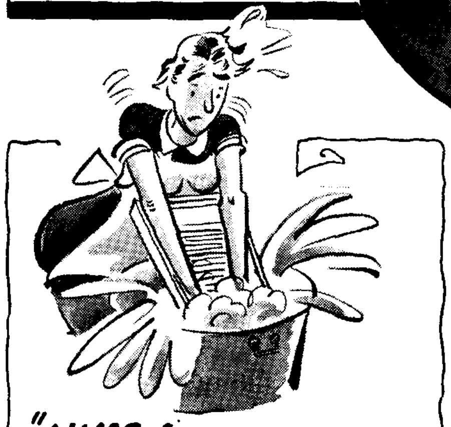
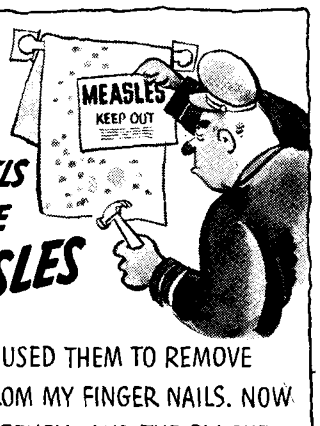


"I WAS A BUSY BIB-WASHER
NOW I TUCK KLEENEX UNDER THE BABY'S CHIN AND SAVE WASHING!"
(from a letter by Mrs. E. J., California)

"THEY CALLED ME SOUR-PUSS
BECAUSE OF MY SCOWL... BUT NOW I USE KLEENEX TO WIPE MY GLASSES AND, OH BOY! DOES THE WORLD LOOK ROSEY!"
(from a letter by H. W., Connecticut)

YUM YUM!
"NOW MY LITTLE GIRL CAN EAT ICE CREAM CONES AND CHOCOLATE CANDY IN THE CAR—BECAUSE WITH KLEENEX HANDY, BOTH SHE AND THE CAR ARE KEPT CLEAN!"
(from a letter by Mrs. E. S. Wisconsin)



"MY TOWELS HAD THE MEASLES
WHEN I USED THEM TO REMOVE POLISH FROM MY FINGER NAILS. NOW I USE KLEENEX, AND THE PLAGUE IS OVER!"
(from a letter by Mrs. G. J. J. Missouri)

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KLEENEX* DISPOSABLE TISSUES
(*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office)

I'd been his master ever since he was a colt. Now he would get another master. I said goodby to the trees, the barn, to everything. I was going to a new country.

Sky was pretty above me. The birds never sung any sweeter for me. The wind had music in it. Flowers bloomed so pretty by the road, whole hillsides covered with wild roses. Well, when I got to the riffles the sun was getting pretty low on tother hill. I knowed it would soon be time for them to come from the fields. I'd just get in there a little after suppertime. Lord, but I was hungry. I got across the rocks at the riffle all right, and I went right up the creek till I come to the church house. I was moving fast to get there before dark. A little moon in the sky already.

I CROSSED the ditch by the church and took out toward the first pair of bars. If I ever go over a road once I never forget it. I soon came to the second pair of bars. The moon was a little bigger in the sky. One of them quarter moons. And a dry moon at that. One edge kinda turned up. Darkness had come at last but here was the house. Light in the front room. So I goes up and looks in. There was old Tawa. He was setting on the couch beside of my Effie. I knocked on the door. Effie come to the door. I said: "How are you, Honey?" and I just closed her in my arms. Old Tawa showed them big horse-teeth with that funny grin—them polecat eyes just a-snapping.

"Come here, Mart Long," Tawa hollered.

"Come where?" said a voice from upstairs. I heard him getting out of the bed. Sounded like the whole loft was coming in. Must 'a' been a big feller. "What are you coming here for?" said Tawa.

"If it's any your business," I said, "I'm coming here to marry Effie. That's why I've come."

"You ain't getting Effie," said Tawa. "She belongs to me. I'm one of her kind. I am a Slab Baptis. I ain't no damned infidental."

I thought I'd take my .22 out and blow his lights out. Calling me a infidental. I never did like the Methodists so much as I did now. And I said: "Who in the hell are you calling a infidental? You polecat you. I'll clean this floor with you." I started to turn Effie loose and get him. Just then in stepped Sourwood Long, Effie's pap.

"There's that infidental Methodist," said Tawa to Sourwood.

And Sourwood said: "W'y, he just looks like the rest of us. Got eyes like us and a mouth and talks. W'y, he's like the rest of us only I don't want Effie marrying you until you repent and get into our church."

"I have come after Effie right now," I said. "Besides, I am a Methodist. I don't intend to repent neither. Why can't she get into the Methodist church? What's wrong with us?"

"And what's wrong with us?" said Sourwood. Black beard covering his face. His arms were big as fence posts and hairy as a brier thicket around a old fence row. He kept them folded upon his big hairy chest. He didn't have many teeth. Had a lot of snags in his mouth—a big nose and he was dark as a wet piece of chestnut bark.

"Nothing ain't wrong with us," said Tawa. "We are the only people right. You know we got a lot of them Methodists in our church when the pertracted meeting was going on. Left your church for ours."

"You got a lot that couldn't stay in our church," I said. I was ready to fight. I still had Effie in my arms. I hadn't turned her loose yet.

"You ain't going to marry Effie. I wouldn't have one of you fellers in my house for dinner let alone in my family to put up with you a lifetime. Get out of here right now."

Another voice from upstairs. "Sourwood, what's going on down there?"

"Malinda, what are you doing up there? A Methodist has come to get Effie. Come on down here."

"Better let a Methodist have her than that thing down there. That Tawa. Get 'em both out of here. Get 'em out quick."

I never saw Effie's mother. I don't know how it was done. It was done so quick. Old Tawa must 'a' come around the back side of the house and upon the front porch and hit me over the head with something. I remember I waked up out in the yard. My clothes were under my head for a piller. The moon was in the sky. It just seemed like I'd been asleep and had slept a little too long. Seemed like a dream. Lights all out of the house just like nothing had ever happened. They's all in bed, I guess. Don't know what ever become of Tawa. Have never seen him from that day to this. I can hardly tell you how I got home. I was about half crazy from that lick. I remember I was so hungry. I remember, too, the chickens were crowing for the daylight. I didn't have my .22 on me. It was gone.

Mom was getting breakfast. I went in and I said: "Mom, your biscuits are all right. Lord, I can eat twenty-two this morning. I'm so hungry."

"Where's your wife?" Mom said.

"I took another notion," I said, "I remembered what you said. I didn't want one of them infidentals after we've been Methodists so long. I thought it over and changed my mind."

"I thought you would," said Mom. "A boy with your raising and get into a mix-up like that. Couldn't bring her home. You'll do better marrying one of your own kind. I'm making you some good strong coffee."

"Good strong coffee is what I need. Strong as love but not love in the spring. Love in the fall. Coffee hot as hell too."

Lord, but Mom did look good to me in that apron. She just looked the best I ever saw her. And her biscuits tasted right too. "Mom, you are the best girl I've ever had," I said and I kinda give Mom a bear hug and she says to this day I cracked a couple of her ribs. She says she can hardly get her breath at times ever since I hugged her.

THIS has been a day in September. Uncle Tid Porter was down today. He said to me: "Now is the kind of weather to fall in love—now while the chill winds blow and the leaves fly—now while the frost has come. The spring is the time to marry and go on a gay carousal like the frog. Like the snakes and the flowers and all living things. Spring is the time to marry—not the time to fall in love. Love in the spring is fickle as the wind."

"I have often wondered what has become of Tawa," I said to Uncle Tid, "the fellow that loved the girl I loved last spring—w'y, he's the ugliest human being I ever saw for to love as pretty a woman as Effie—"

"She's married him, I guess," said Uncle Tid. "That's the way of a woman. They do the unexpected thing—not knowing which way the wind will blow and if there will be snow or rain tomorrow. That's what a man likes—he likes the unexpected thing."

The wind blows outside. The wind is cool. Pa is out at the barn putting a roof over the fattening hog pen. Mom is still complaining of her ribs: "I never heard of that but once before in my life. A teacher come to this deestrict to teach school and he hugged one of Mort Giggin's girls—it was Ester, I believe—and he broke three of her ribs. I tell you he never got another school in this deestrict."

How to lead a dull life . . .

Never do anything just for the sheer fun of it. Never buy a thing simply because you want it.

For instance, pay no attention to the fact that you've always wanted a Packard. Don't bother to get any information. Say to yourself that a fine car like that just naturally *must* be out of your reach. Go on believing that it costs more to operate and service than the car you now own. Don't even ask the man who owns one.

Buy just any car. Keep telling yourself it's good enough—it runs, doesn't it?

. . . and how not to!

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—collect your wife and go down to a Packard showroom. Take one of the new lower-priced Packards out for a ride, and discover that never since you began driving a car have you ridden in anything that could touch it!

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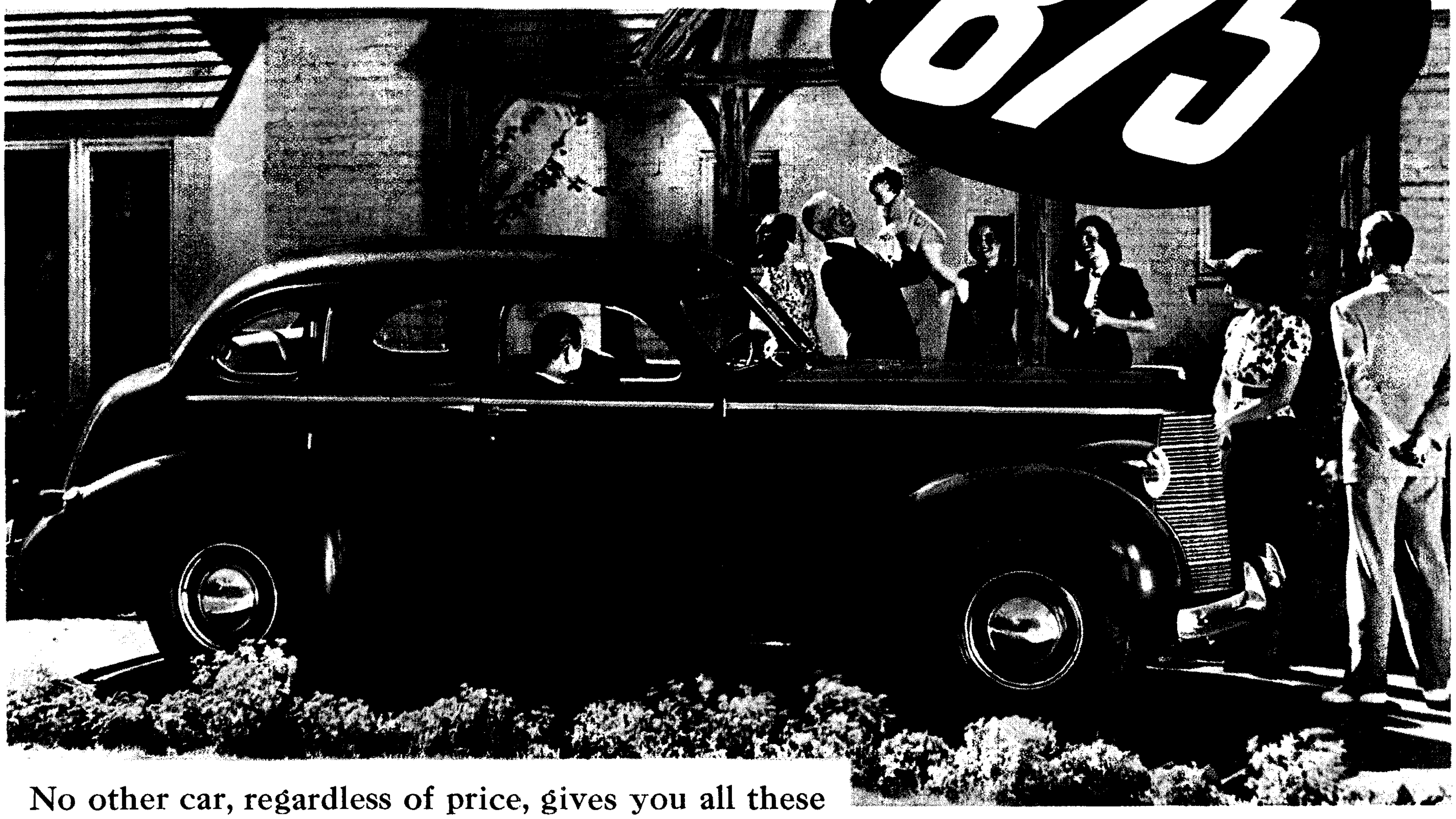

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Man in the Saddle

Continued from page 38

her head down against him, biting her lips to keep from crying, tasting blood. She could not help him and for the first time she let the fear latent in her heart have its way. What if he died? That night she passed without sleep, always beside him, always reaching out to replace the blankets he kept threshing aside.

BY DAYLIGHT he was deep-caught by the infection in his blood. She mixed condensed milk in a cup of water but could not get him to drink it. In the middle of the afternoon she heard the tag end of a gunshot echoing in the canyon, and crouched back in the tunnel, holding the restless pony by its rope and listening for another shot. But that was all. That dusk, with Owen lying motionless on the quilts, she did not dare take the pony up to feed, and made a double hitch around the rock for fear of losing him. She had no appetite. Her bones ached and odd thoughts, born of this lonely waiting, began to come to her. She remembered a dance of long ago, herself sitting in a corner of the hall watching Sally go by with Owen Merritt—a tall girl, made beautiful by strong pride and turned gay that night because of Merritt's presence.

Lying beside Merritt again, acutely aware of the motionlessness of his body, she felt strong anger rise. All this had happened to Owen because of Sally Isberg; all this. Yet Sally was still in the big man's heart, whether he knew it or not—and he was in Sally's heart. It didn't matter that Sally was married. Nothing mattered. Those two people would never change. She reached out and laid her hand on Merritt, catching the heavy beat of his heart. She had then her small moment of possession, realizing that this was all she would ever have. And she spoke through the blanketing dark—knowing Owen wouldn't hear: "I'm close to you now, my dear. As close as I'll ever get." Somewhere in the filmy grayness preceding daylight she fell asleep. When she woke it was full day. Merritt's arm lay over her, and for a moment she didn't move, fearing to wake him. Then she heard him say:

"I've been watching you sleep. You've got your fist tucked up against your mouth like a little kid."

Astonished by the clearness of his words, she lifted herself around. Whiskers blackened his jaws and his lips were cracked and the hollows of his cheeks were distinct. But his eyes were free from the cloud that had been in them and he was smiling. She knelt over him and put a hand against his neck. The fever had gone out of him.

He said: "Not much energy. But I could eat. What day is this?"

The blackness of the past hours faded and she didn't know until this moment how great the strain had been, for she felt suddenly lightheaded and irresponsible. Never thinking, she bent down and kissed him. When she drew back she watched his smile fade. For a moment they were watching each other with the deepest, completest soberness. Then she got up, trying to make her voice even. "Never mind, Owen. It was an accident—and I guess we're entitled to one accident."

NAN built up a fire and fed Merritt a piece of bread and a cup of calico tea. He was tremendously hungry but she held him off an hour or more before letting him eat again. Meanwhile she took a piece of the torn sheet she had brought along and washed his face and tried to readjust the quilts beneath him. He was extremely cheerful even though he kept shifting his shoulders on the hard flooring of the tunnel. His glance followed her as she moved about and some pleasant thought in his mind kept him smiling. After a noon meal made from the very meager supplies he fell into another sound sleep.

Relief let her down. It turned her tired and a little irritable. She had been very conscious of his eyes and for the first time in three days she was aware of her own appearance and felt ashamed. She had brought along neither soap nor comb and the ice-cold water of the creek didn't help much. Using the calm edge of the creek as a mirror, she made some effort to rearrange her hair but the blurred image she received back from it almost made her cry. In this depressed, half-stormy mood he found her when he woke.

He said: "What's the matter?"

"I'm the world's ugliest woman. My face and hands are plain dirty. I didn't think to bring any soap. My hair—"

He was smiling again, which aroused her rebellious protest. "What's funny about it, Owen? You needn't make me feel any worse. Don't look at me so closely."

"When a woman gets to thinking about her looks I guess old times are back. What you need is some sleep. I know. It's been kind of tough on you to sit around here."

"What I need is a bath."

He said: "There's the creek. Speaking of looks, I must be a pretty poor copy of God's handiwork." His fingers scrubbed the metal edge of his whiskers. "Sounds like a coyote going through dry brush. Damn' things itch like sin. Never was able to figure how some fellows could endure wearing beards. I remember something from yesterday afternoon. A fly walked across my chin, on top of the whiskers. It felt like he was on stilts. He'd get himself on one whisker, then he'd move over to another one, all this time workin' toward my nose. Well, it was one way of keeping interested. I got to wondering if he'd break his neck when he fell off. That's a little better, Nan. I like to see you smile."

Her smile came and soon went away. Her eyes then were very dark. "Is that all you thought about, Owen?"

"No." He read something in her glance that brought up a question: "What made you ask me if I wanted to see Sally? It was a queer idea."

"Was it? Was it such a queer idea?"

"Damned queer," he grumbled.

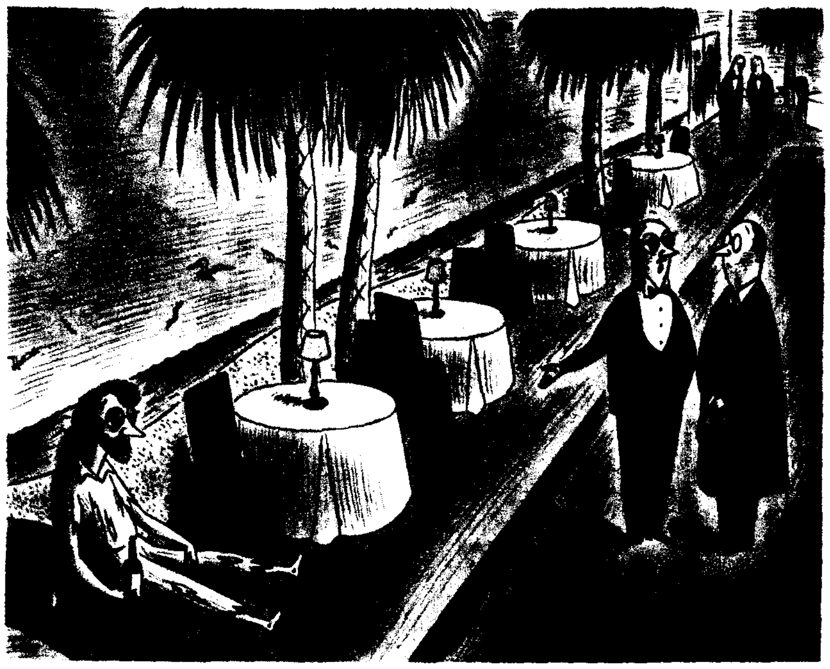
Something got between them, destroying the moment of cheerfulness. She turned out of the tunnel. He watched her go with a puzzled, heavy expression in his eyes. That evening she took the pony up for graze and remained away two hours. The fire was out when she returned and a coldness, damp and clinging, lay in the bottom of the canyon. She thought Merritt had fallen asleep, but his voice came through the black, unexpected enough to startle her: "You were a little long."

"He was pretty hungry."

That was all. Something had left them, so suddenly, so completely. She tied the pony and went to the creek's edge, watching the rim of the canyon pencil its charcoal line against the paler velvet of the sky. This night the roar of the falls in the lower reaches of the canyon seemed louder than before; and the loneliness and uncertainty were greater than before. What, she wondered, had so suddenly happened to her feelings? She had never been so downhearted. So she stood here with the chill coming through her clothes, constraint holding her away from the tunnel. Quite a while later Merritt's voice came to her:

"I know. But it's too cold for you there, Nan."

SHE went in. Lying beside him, sharing the blankets and grateful for the added warmth of his body, she felt almost afraid to stir. It was an odd emotion, after all that had happened. It was a reaction from an intimacy that had been. Some sense of desperateness had pulled them together and his weakness had made her strong. Now that was gone and she felt almost ashamed. More than this, she remembered how irritable the mention of Sally's name had made him and to her it was as though he had been touched in a sore spot that would not heal. This was the way it would be, always, between Merritt and Sally Isberg. She thought: "It would be better if those two left everything else and went away. Isberg doesn't matter to Sally. And I



"He claims he was marooned here by the Consolidated Fruit Line's convention"

R. TAYLOR

ARE YOU A TIRE MISER?

by don herold

● Some people seem to make a hobby of seeing how close they can come to breaking their necks by setting new mileage records with their tires.

Tires cost less to buy and run nearly twice as far as they did in 1926. Tires cost half as much and run 8 to 10 times as far as they did in 1913.

Figures like these ought to make people say: "Well, then, I don't have to run my tires until they blow me up a tree." But these figures simply seem to make tire misers out of most of us. We want our tires to last forever.

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I SWAPPED MINE IN ON NEW KELLYS

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don't matter to Owen. If I were Sally I'd be hunting these hills for him and I'd find him." Then she thought of the scraps of food left in the sack, and of Skull's men ranging these hills, and of Hugh Clagg, and a little tremor, both of cold and of fear, shook her body. Merritt's hand came over and dropped on her shoulder. She lay wholly still for a moment, touched by another kind of fear—of him and of herself. After a while she moved her shoulder. He pulled his hand immediately away. She didn't know when she fell asleep.

The next day she took stock of the food supply and knew they would soon be hungry. He said nothing but she noticed the way he checked himself when he ate; and she noticed, too, a restlessness growing on him. He would be thinking, she understood, of the danger hanging over them, and of his own temporary inability to help. That afternoon she slipped down the canyon a few yards and took a quick swim in the creek, and came back with her teeth chattering. But it made her much more cheerful; it restored her courage and for a time she forgot the reserve between them. She built a small fire and sat beside him. And then out of the long distance came the fading roll of a gunshot. Owen stared up at the tunnel's wall, absorbing the sound and its meaning. "First one," he murmured.

"Second. I heard a gun two days ago."

He put his hands behind him and pushed to a sitting position. His revolver was at the edge of the blankets. He pulled it nearer. He said: "They'll get around this way. Sooner or later. How much have we got to eat, Nan?"

"A piece of bacon, so big." She used her hands to show him. "And some coffee. Are you getting tired of bacon?"

"Think I better try this leg tomorrow."

"For eating or for walking, Owen? If you want to eat it, all right. But you won't walk on it tomorrow."

His grin came back. "You're a help. I don't know of a better partner."

"Pretty sure of that?"

He said: "Pretty sure." He dropped on the blanket and put a hand over his eyes, not speaking. After a while she said: "What are you thinking about now, Owen?"

"You. The Piute knows you're up here with me."

SHE sat cross-legged near him. Light struck into the tunnel, brightening the outline of her face but leaving her features a little shadowed. He could not read her expression. Her hair was a brilliant black; it made a clean line at the edge of her temples, turning that skin whiter by contrast. Her shoulders, sitting as she was, were rounded toward him. He watched the way her thoughts kept alternately softening and firming her lips.

"I wouldn't worry about it, Owen. If you are thinking of my job at the school—don't. When we get out of this I'm going out to Linkville. I know people there. I can get another school."

He lay wholly still. He was thinking over her talk. She knew that. She couldn't have analyzed the source of her knowledge but she knew it nevertheless. They had been as close together these few days as a man and woman could get and she knew his mannerisms and his silences—and the way his thoughts shadowed themselves on his heavy features. Presently she added: "Don't worry about it, Owen."

"If you know where you want to go, why don't you go now?"

Her shoulders lifted back from him until they were square. "Do you want me to go now?"

"No."

"Then," she said, half angered and half relieved, "why did you say that?"

"This is a hell of a place for you."

She bent nearer him, her lips touched by small, sweet humor. "I never had a man to boss, Owen. I'm getting my practice on you. Here I am, and here I stay *till* you walk out under your own power." She let that sink in, later adding in a softer way: "Then I'll go, Owen."

He answered that by turning partially on his side. The expression in his eyes made her pull away and rise from him. He said: "Nan—" but she interrupted at once, not wanting to hear. For suddenly she was afraid to hear what he had in his head. Afraid that it might be something she wanted to hear—afraid that it might be something that would leave its hurt. From this man she wanted no sympathy and no gratitude. He was in love with Sally Isberg and he had to be free. She didn't want him to be bound by anything she had done. If he felt that way and said something, out of that feeling, she knew it would cut her too hard.

"Never mind. Have you a knife?"

He grumbled, "Never mind what? How do you know what I'm going to say?" He found the knife and handed it to her. "Never mind what?"

She turned to the horse, untying it, and took up the rifle. The pony, impatient to be out of the tunnel, dragged back on the rope.

He said: "It's a little early for that, Nan."

"I'll stay under the rim till dark. I want to look around."

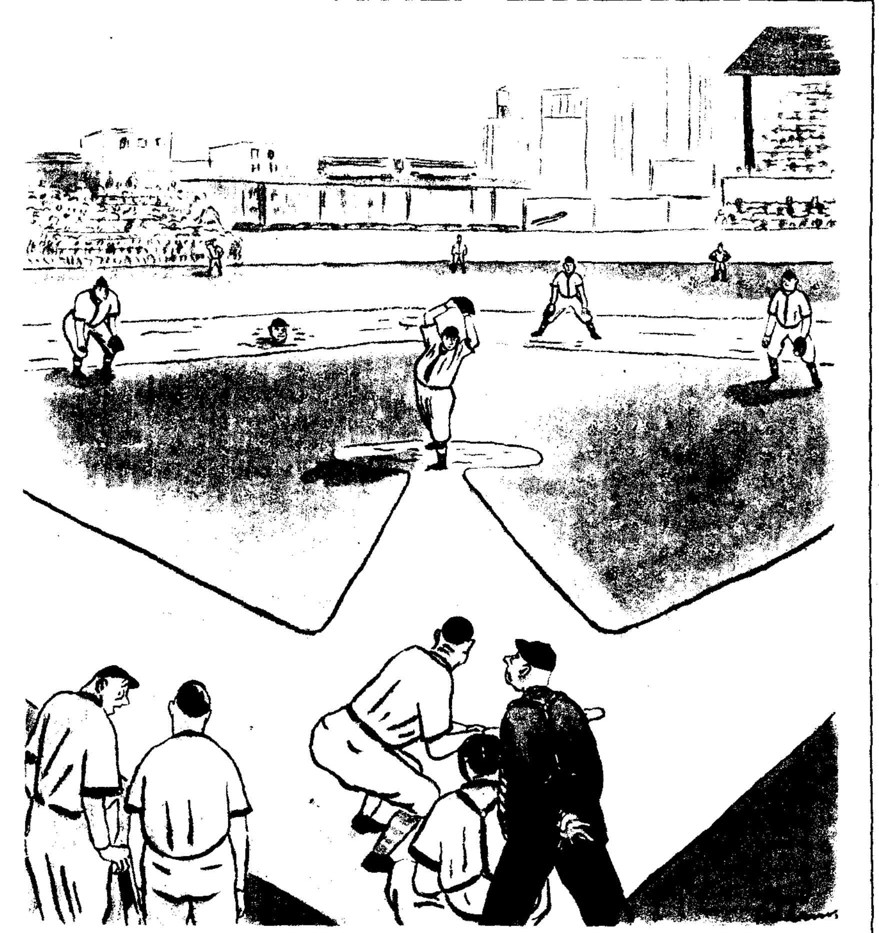
But when she reached the top of the canyon trail she stopped only long enough to run a careful glance along the broken horizon of this sketchy country. There was a chance here she had to take and, seeing nothing to alarm her, she took it. She went into the saddle and galloped over the flat space toward a short-sided butte near by. Under its lee, with the late shadows of day crowding the sky, she let the pony graze a little while. There was a wind out of the southwest and in that direction, on the higher slopes, a round green stain lay against the shoulder of a ridge, indicating water. The distance was a mile or better and the light had started its quick dissolution into darkness, but she saw the faint stir of antelope over there and put her horse into motion.

The wind was against her, which helped. Rising out of the shelter of the butte, she made a target for any man lying behind the roundabout crests of this tangled country. That, she knew, was a real danger and all that kept her going was the need of food. In a small hollow, less than a quarter mile from the antelope, she left the horse to stand against its dropped reins, flattened on her stomach and began crawling in against the game. It was a two-way race, the light fading as she got nearer. A hundred yards off, some stray sound in the dusk lifted the antelope's head. It remained poised and beautiful against the pale sky for a moment and slid into a bounding run.

NAN let the gun lie on the powdery ground and hit her doubled fist against it, crying under her voice: "Damn you, come back!" Cold came out of the earth and penetrated her body; cold came with the wind, striking sharply against her face. Darkness dropped from the sky in sudden layers until there was left only one narrow crack of light in the west. Little flakes of soil, lifted by the wind, hit her face. She lay still, hardening herself against disappointment, thinking: "The wind's this way. If he smelled something it would send him downwind toward me." She saw nothing, though.

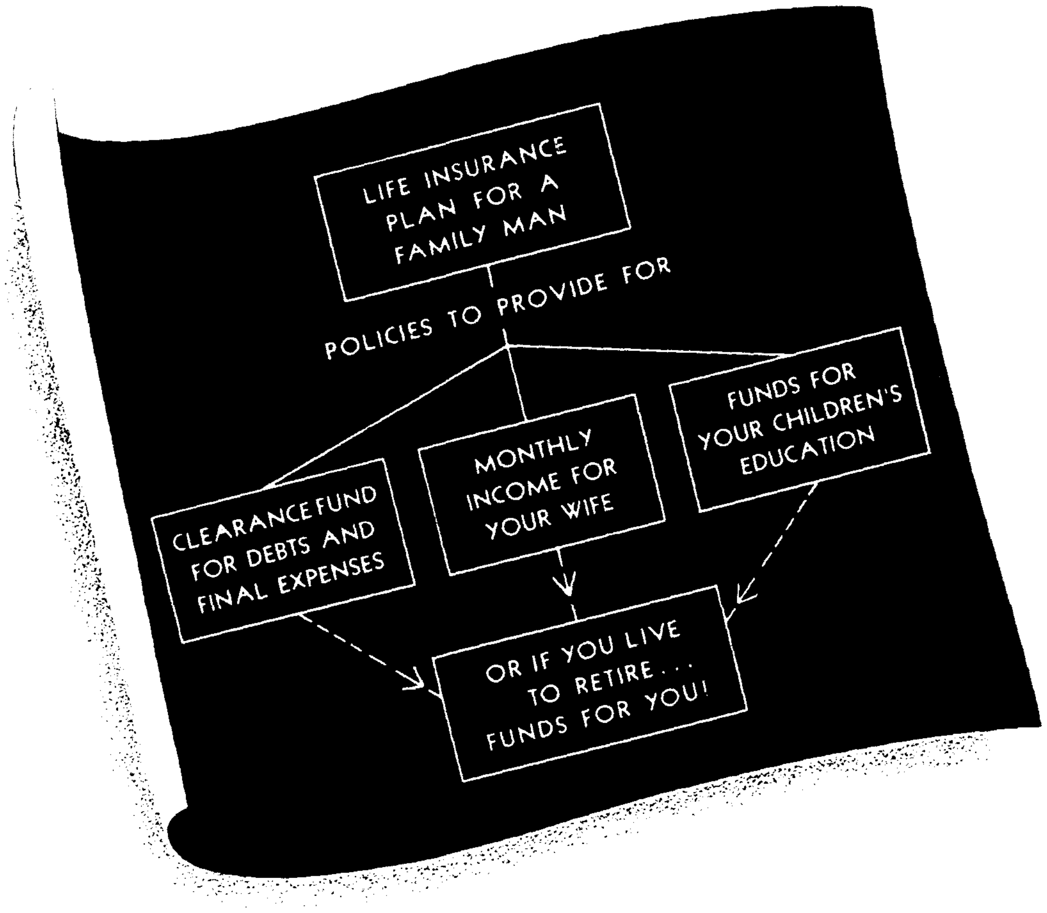
Somewhere in the distance a shot sounded. And somewhere in the night other antelope, touched off by the echo, drummed the earth. This, she estimated, was to her left, on still higher ground. She rose and followed the slope upward. A quarter mile of such traveling lifted her another five hundred feet above the world and from this vantage point, turning slowly to catch any sight or sound, she discovered a campfire's light burning its round orange hole through the dark. The fire lay in a gulch to the lower east. Watching it closely, she saw one man rise and step back from the light.

She went that way immediately. It



"Someone ought to tell the shortstop about that patch of quicksand!"

CHAS. ADDAMS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SEALED POWER PISTON RINGS

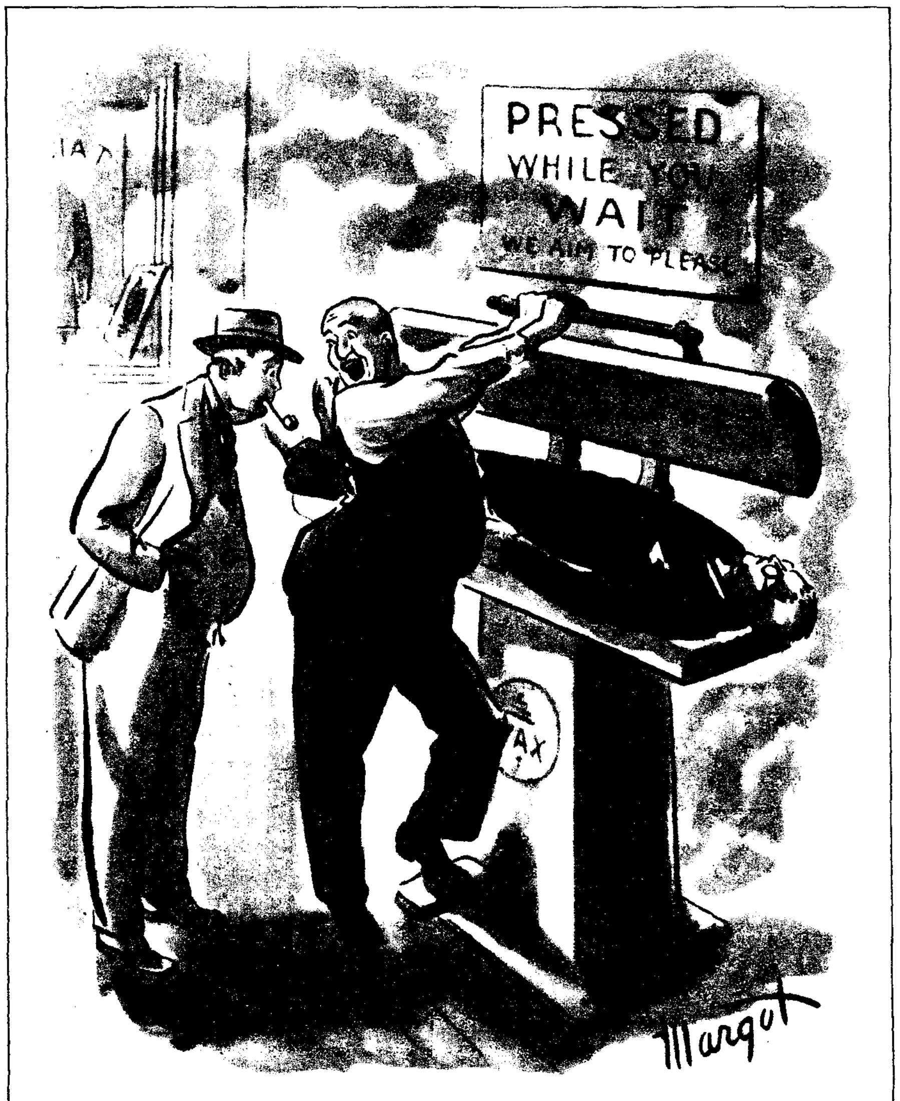
would be Hugh Clagg or Skull. Or it might be Bourke Prine. She had to know. Drifting down the steady slope, she watched men approach the fire and settle before it, and presently discovered they were eating supper. But she was a good half hour getting near enough—coming at last to the edge of the ridge itself—to identify Dutcher and some of Dutcher's men. She turned back at once, traveling faster. Once she had to stop and orient herself in the night's wind-raveled emptiness. The moon lay tipped on one thin silver horn; far off, five miles away by crowflight at least, she picked up the flash of Tom Watman's cabin light—the nearest habitation in the hills. Up in the southern heights a gun sounded again. Nan went downgrade toward her horse, guided by the angling shadow of a butte. Somewhere antelope scudded with the wind again, nearer at hand. A rock caught her shoe and sent her to her hands and knees; and not until then, openly crying from the hurt of the fall, did she realize that four days of thin diet had made her weak. She felt along the earth for the rifle and stood up, shaken enough to keep her place momentarily; and in this position, her vision blurred by tears, she saw a high-shouldered shape drift toward her.

She didn't, at the exact moment, have her gun turned that way. Not wholly sure of the substance behind this shadow, she made a slow pivot and brought the Winchester around with a painful caution. The shadow had stopped and, for Nan, the world also stopped. Gun raised, she waited to hear some sound of identity cross the fifty-foot distance. When it came, an antelope's quick blast of breath, she let go with her shot and heard its impact. She was running ahead even before she knew the result—seeing the shadow vanish. She couldn't hear anything, so noisy was the racket of her own boots against the rocky ground; and so she almost tripped on the fallen animal. It wasn't quite dead. When she touched it the antelope half lifted itself and rammed a smooth head against her—and fell back.

She remembered the shot in the distance and she remembered the campfire below her, and was spurred to a sudden haste, reaching for the knife she had taken from Merritt. She cut straight into a hindquarter, slashing through hide and flesh and down to the tendons, and drew the knife deep through the meat, butchering it off the bone. She was happy enough to sing and only for a moment stopped to realize that the rest of the carcass might make a story for somebody else to read. This was something she could not help and so, carrying gun and meat, she hurried along the descending side of the butte. The pony had drifted toward the open flat in its grazing, giving her a moment of alarm. When she came up it caught the scent of game and fiddled around in the darkness. Nan said: "Stop that—stop it, or I'll brain you!" Swinging into the saddle, she lined out for the canyon.

SHE had been gone far longer than at any other time and knew Owen would be worried. But she had the meat to show for the delay and came up the creek with a tremendous happiness, like a child bringing back a prize. It was pitch black at the tunnel. She dropped out of the saddle, instantly bringing Merritt's voice to her: "Good Lord, where have you been! There was a shot—then another one farther away—and then another pretty close. You've been gone two hours. Here I am down here, sweatin' blood and not able to do a damned thing—not knowing. What was I to figure? Don't do that again, Nan. What held you up?"

He let it out with a cranky violence that astonished her. In his voice was a possessiveness she had not heard before. She stepped toward the mouth of the



"He's in a hurry"

MARGOT

tunnel and saw his shape vaguely placed against the lesser black. He had risen and had propped himself against the canyon wall. Nothing but the strongest kind of feeling could have caused him to make that painful effort.

She said in a small, breathless voice: "I'm sorry, Owen. I knew I'd be late. But I shot an antelope. We had to have meat."

His wind ran out in long relief. His hand reached for her and caught her, dragging her forward. She dropped the meat, not caring at the moment what happened. For he had his arms around her, his temper thoroughly arousing him. "Nan," he said, "you gave me a hell of a wait."

Shocked and clearheaded, she realized then how deeply she had gotten into his feelings. His voice told her and the pressure of his arms told her. It wasn't, she reminded herself, love. It was something else. He was a man, lonely and discouraged, and she was a woman who happened to be near him at the moment. He had his decency and his distinct chivalry, but still he was a man—and her nearness to him these days had worn his restraint thin. It had taken him off guard.

She knew all this as she stood there, waiting for him to do whatever he meant to do. He was on the near edge of rashness; he was struggling with his impulses and any gesture on her part would sway him. So, because she knew that she would never have any more of him than she had now and that soon enough she would have nothing of him at all, she was influenced by a sweet and headlong sense of rebellion. She lifted her arms to his shoulders and tipped her face so that, dark as the night was, he might see its nearness. This was the way any woman could stir a man, and it was enough for him. She knew it was a trick and yet she didn't care. Whatever doubts he had, this ended them. He pulled her against him and she took his kiss and gave it back willingly and unreservedly, and felt no regrets.

HIGHER in the Broken Buttes, Hugh Clagg made his supper over a fire's thin flame and rolled his blankets around him. Listening to the murmurs of the night, placing and identifying them with a practiced ear, he watched the pale black of the star-crusted sky and felt the actual rhythm of the earth beneath him. This was the eighth day, but of time's passage he paid no account. All his grown years he had traveled these hills as a hunter, with a hunter's acuteness and patience and a hunter's abiding satisfaction in the game itself; and this, to him, was the best kind of a hunt.

Riding the crest of the ridges all the next day, working the land with a systematic thoroughness, he saw the pattern of hoofprints, now singly and now in pairs, disturb the rock-scattered ground. Occasionally he followed these tracks until they circled into other tracks and went off on different tangents. This would be Skull; and then, remembering Isberg, Hugh Clagg would grin at the empty world. Halted on butte tops, he swept the endless rise and fall of this sundered country, infrequently viewing a handful of cattle in some two-bit rancher's isolated hollow, sometimes studying the circling wheel of distant buzzards, sometimes watching far-off dust spirals. Late in the afternoon he mounted a ridge and saw a file of men riding the yellow surface of East Desert. He kept his eye on them until they faded into a draw at the foot of the Broken Buttes.

Skull's method, he thought, with some contempt, was like a rabbit drive. This was the way Dutcher worked, it was the way Dutcher's mind ran—just to keep beating away flat-footedly until something happened. At dusk, Hugh Clagg came over a flinty ridge and found the glow of Skull's fire directly below him. Men and horses were scattered around it and in this clear desert stillness he made out the heavy-pitched roll of Fay Dutcher's voice. In Hugh Clagg was a malice never far below the surface. It guided his actions always—and prompted him now to haul his rifle from its boot and take sight at the red heart of the fire. He waited until he had a clear aim and let go, seeing the bullet break that even color into white-yellow streaks. A man down there shouted and the horses began to mill, which was warning enough for Clagg to be on his way. Hustling back over the ridge, he fell into a canyon, followed it, rose from it—and struck deeper into the hills again. Diverted by the episode, hugely pleased by it, he holed up and made a dry camp.

NEXT afternoon, questing nearer and nearer the rim of Rock Creek's canyon, Clagg saw buzzards wheeling and settling in a near-by pocket—thick enough to mean business. This drew him on, and so he discovered the remains of the antelope Nan had shot two days before. The coyotes and the buzzards had picked it fairly clean but he noticed the bullet hole in the hide. Skull, he knew, wouldn't have wasted so much meat; so it was somebody who had been in a hurry. Looking down the incline of the hills, he noticed the road cutting into the canyon.

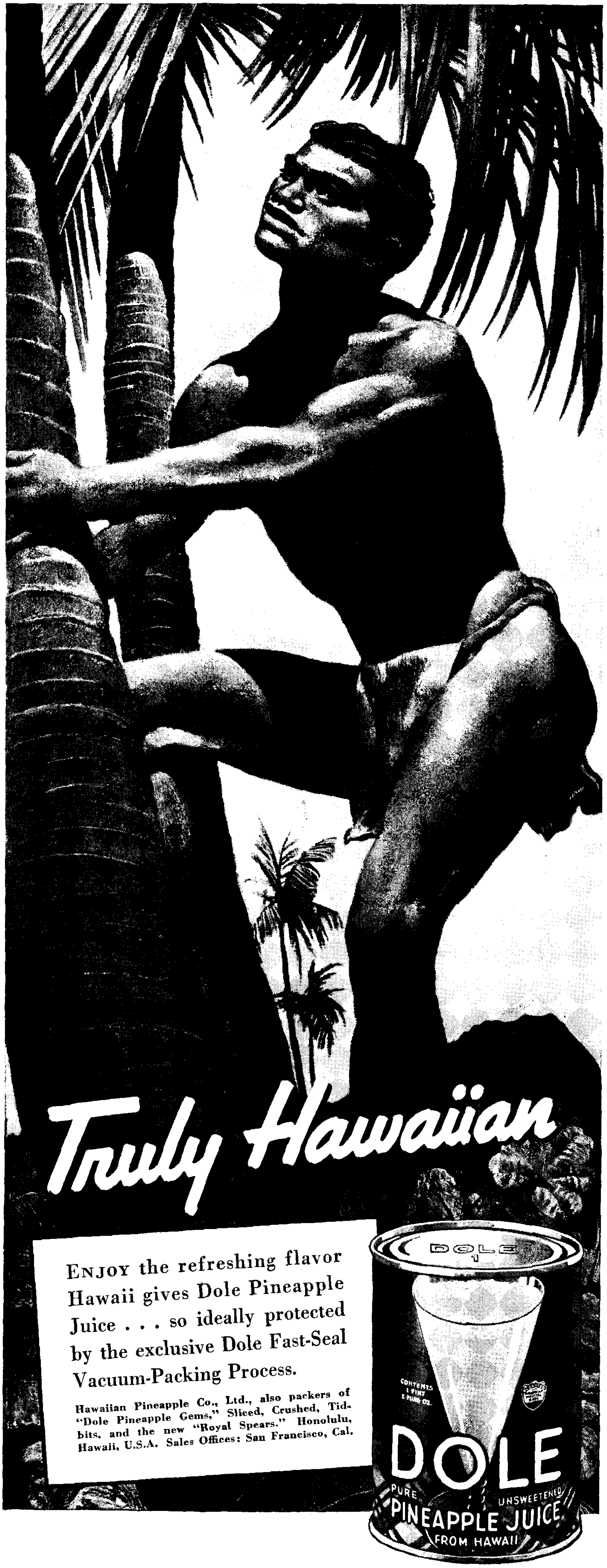
He had his clear hint then. It took him off the high ground and across the flat at a deliberate canter, as though nothing in the world pressed him. At the rim he observed the white water at the bottom with a good deal of care. A series of tracks showed on the trail, going both ways. As far as he could make out there wasn't much chance here for a hide-out, no break being visible in the canyon. Pretty sure that he was on safe ground, he took the trail to the bottom. A feeling troubled him—the exact feeling of a man who, having followed a fruitless trail for many days, at last came upon the trail of game. It was a faint stir of excitement, a conviction that came to him without evidence. After his pony drank he climbed back to the rim and swept the near-by pockets with a closer attention. "Around here," he said to himself. "They shot that antelope, and they've been down here for water. Not far away."

What he had to do was get back to the high ground, wherefrom he could sweep the lower pockets and hidden angles of the joining buttes with a more thorough eye. Crossing the flat, he aimed for the highest single knob in the district and reached it late in the day. He saw nothing, and moved to another knob, and repeated his search; and at dusk, having made a semicircular trip of ten miles or more, he came down from the heights again. His horse was weary and he himself felt the need of a meal. Tom Watman's cabin was six miles north; that way he turned.

He wasn't satisfied. Something in his mind nagged at him, telling him he had missed a point in the chase; and presently, drifting along the very rim of the canyon, he stopped to search his head for some casual thing the day had revealed to him but which he had overlooked. He went over his trail carefully, still urged by an inner voice that wouldn't let him alone. They were, he told himself, not far away.

Paused in this manner, he saw a pulse of light at the very bottom of the canyon, a reflected glow glinting on the surface of the creek and wavering on the rocks. There was no direct sight of the light's source though. At once dismounting from the horse, he lay flat on the rim and hung his head into the canyon and tried to find that source. Some-

• *Lithograph by* Robert Riggs *for* Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd.



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where below was a recess. A fire burned in the recess.

He was back on the horse at once, aiming for the canyon road. He pulled to a walk, going carefully down; and left his horse there on dropped reins, himself taking to the water. A bend in the canyon shut off the glow but wind came against him and in the wind was the smell of smoke. A fire burned on the edge of the creek, glittering yellowly against those adhesive shadows. He saw Nan behind the fire, on her knees and holding a pan. He couldn't see Merritt but he knew the big man was there.

Clagg had, for the moment, forgotten the icy bite of the water, he had forgotten that he stood here at the end of his hunt. Then Nan lifted the pan from the fire and turned and said, "Owen, come and eat." Hugh Clagg lifted his gun, balancing the heavy butt in his palm, and framed the front sight against the light of the fire. Merritt, distinctly favoring one leg, walked up to the fire.

THAT afternoon Merritt rose and put weight on his leg and walked with it while Nan watched him. There was a weakness in those muscles and a puckering of formed scar tissue; and the bandage bothered him. "Otherwise," he said, "I guess we can pay our rent here and leave. Where's the landlady? I'd like to make a complaint about the bed springs."

She had been afraid to bother the bandage. Now she said, "Let's fix that." The padding from her mattress had soaked up a good deal of blood. It was a hard, crusted lump and had to be cut back, layer by layer. The last thickness was held to the skin and would not come off, short of peeling fresh tissue with it. She put a light bandage back on and let it go at that. "You're a hard man to kill, Owen."

She was quick to note how cheerful it made him. He was a man who needed physical action to keep his temper fresh; he needed to feel the pull of his muscles and to sweat. Confinement of any kind did something to him. He walked a circle around the tunnel, grinning now and then; and went to the edge of the creek. Standing there, building up a cigarette, he ran the overhead rim with a quick glance. He dragged the smoke into his lungs and expelled it with an audible relish. Restlessness swayed him. He kept scraping his fingers through the heavy growth of whiskers; he kept watching the sky, and his thoughts pulled his lids half together.

Nan observed this with a mixture of relief and regret. She knew now, from the sudden letdown, how insistent the strain had been. He had been helpless and her strength had been the only strength. For those few days she had possessed Owen, she had thought for him and worked for him and her will had been his will. It was a growing memory that had for her its warmth and glow. They had lived with a closeness, even their silences joining. Now he was pulling away. His mind was tracking out across the flats, alone. He had his own strength and his own will. She could look back to what had been. But, looking forward, she saw no place for her in his plans. This—all this—went through her head while she watched him. He was feeling his freedom. His pride came back and his old flash of temper, gay and a little reckless, came back. He kept pulling his shoulders into place as though the feeling pleased him. He was very tall and his fingers were long and heavy. The crop of whiskers toughened his expression.

"So," he murmured, "I guess this is about all of this." He turned then and looked at her. She didn't know she showed him any particular expression, but she noticed how quickly he quit smiling. The shadows were beginning to pile up in the canyon again. Wind strengthened and the roar of the lower falls increased.

She hadn't meant to ask him. She had meant to let him alone. But the question slipped out. "What are you going to do, Owen?"

"Tom Watman's the nearest," he said. "I'm going down there after dark and steal his horse and saddle."

He moved around, deliberately putting the weight of his body against the leg. He was impatient with its weakness; he was forcing it to work for him. They stood face to face and she thought she saw an expression in his eyes like constraint—as though he couldn't get around his own memories of these few days, yet wanted to. As though that past had nothing to do with the future and was in the way of his thinking. He shook his shoulders together. "I've got an idea Skull's getting nearer. Ought to be."

"Or Hugh Clagg."

The name brought his attention to her. He watched her a while, then said: "Well, the man hates me. But what would he be wanting to find me for?"

"Me," she said gently.

As before, her talk went into him and produced its quick effect. The line of his jaw changed; his lips rolled together, stubborn and dissenting. He had a manner of weighing her words and did so now. And said: "I should have thought of that. I've made a lot of things worse for you, Nan. I know it. A man's a poor animal to say the things he ought to say. These days here—"

Fear made her break in—a fear of what he might say, of what he might not say. "Where will you go then?"

He showed her a puzzled glance. "We'll go farther back in the buttes."

"Then what?" she insisted. "What comes after that, for you? Do you know, Owen?"

He reached for tobacco, keeping his eyes on his moving fingers as he shaped up a smoke. "That's as far as we run."

"Then you'll fight again."

"What else?"

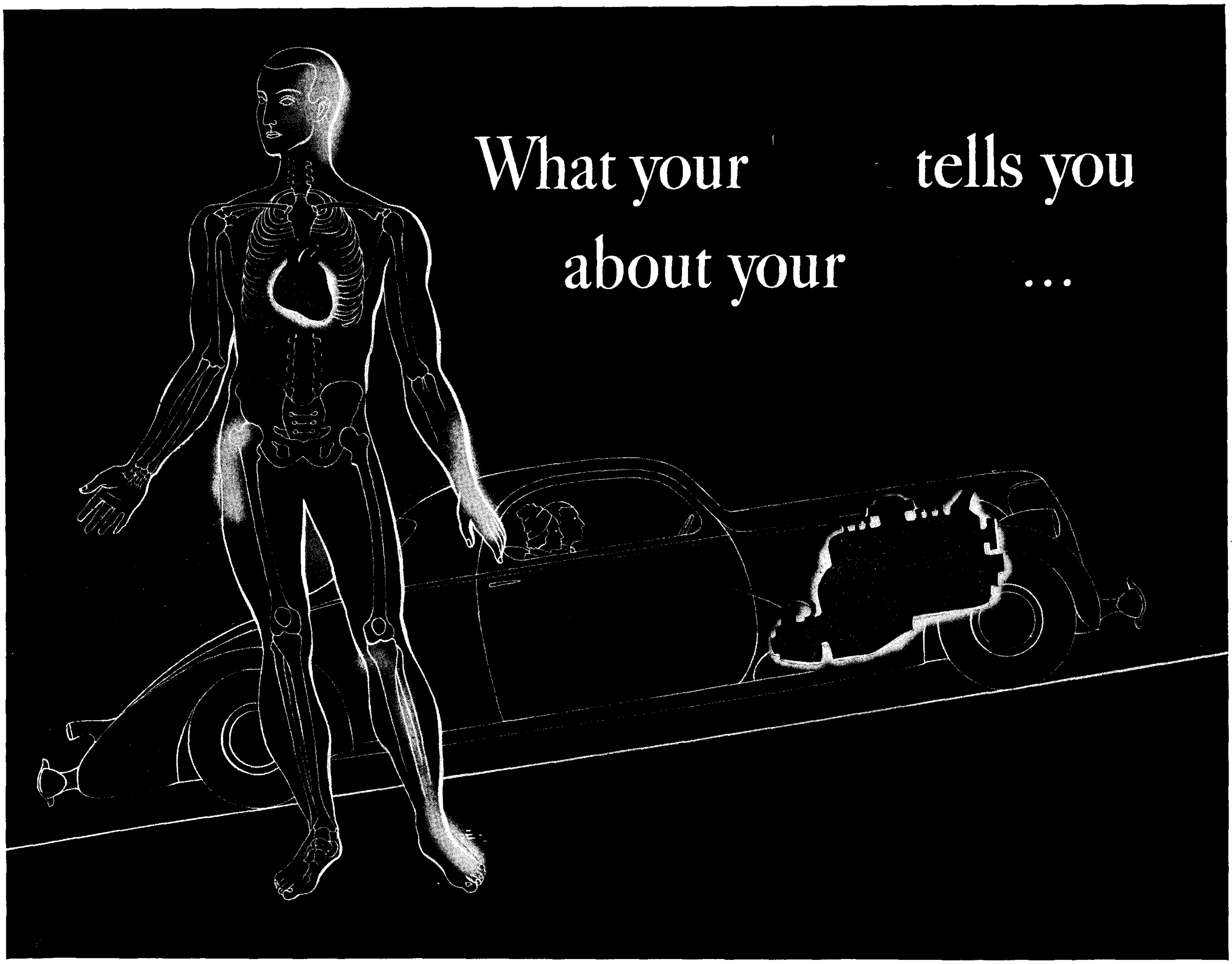
SHE chose her words carefully: "It will be very hard, Owen. What's left? You can't go to your ranch. Wherever you show yourself, in the hills or on the Piute or in town—there'll be Skull, waiting. Do you think they'll give you any chance? They won't. There won't ever be a day in your life that somebody won't be waiting to kill you."

He asked again: "What else?"

"You could leave the country," she said. "Isberg wants the Bunchgrass Hills, and he's the kind of a man who won't turn. He's small and soft, and people guess wrong about him. Remember, he's got a little man's vanity. He hates anything bigger than he is. He won't rest until he's biggest of all. If you went out of the Piute you'd be through with it. There's plenty of land left, Owen. Beyond East Desert, or down in Nevada."

The shadows came down and the thwarted roar of the lower falls strengthened. She moved away from him and split the remnant of buggy wood and made a fire. She filled the coffeepot and sliced the last of the venison into the frying pan. Her face by the firelight was, he thought, serene and untouched; as though nothing had ever happened. This was the way she kept herself away from a man. She made the most of whatever came along. She didn't ask for anything.

He said: "That's the way I figured it out once. I shot up the line cabin on Corral Flat and hit the timber—and that's what I meant to do, just run and shoot and run until I got pushed out of the country or until Isberg got tired. Then I changed my mind and came back to the house. Maybe it was a mistake but I guess I'll have to stick. Trouble with running is that it gets to be a habit.



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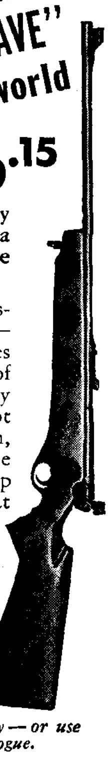

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She turned from the fire, looking up to him, straight and still. "No. I want you to stay."

He didn't get it. "Sometimes, Nan, you fool a man."

She turned back, moving the frying pan over the fire. He heard her say: "I had to know what you were thinking, Owen. Come and eat."

He stepped from the tunnel and stood within the fire's round cone of light; watching the black shine of her hair and the way her white arms moved. It pulled at him, it got under his skin and he said, very rough with his talk: "What's better than this? Maybe for a minute or an hour or a week a man gets something that makes the next thirty years look flat. Nobody ever gets very much. We take what comes—when it comes—and we make it do. There's a lot of riding and a lot of crying, but this is the thing that makes up for it."

Suddenly she dropped the frying pan and stood up, turning toward him with a swift gesture. "Owen," she said, "that's what I believe. I—"

A voice said then, level and smoothly amused, "Merritt, stay there."

Merritt threw his shoulders around hard enough to send a long sliver of pain along his bad leg and faced the mealy grayness of the canyon. A man's weight ground against gravel and disturbed the flow of the creek. Hugh Clagg, carefully stepping through the current, appeared before them, sliding into the firelight's area.

Adrip with water, he stood in the middle of the creek. Light yellowed his face and threw its brightness into the rounds of his eyes. It glittered on the dark metal of the raised gun; it hollowed out the emptiness of the muzzle. Clagg was smiling and this smile was fixed on them both impartially, as false and as bitter as anything a man's lips could contrive. Merritt, who knew the man well, had no illusions concerning that expression. Clagg had his own kind of madness and this was its signal.

The smell of scorched meat came to them, whereupon the girl slowly ducked and pulled the frying pan out of the fire. She held the pan by its handle, so alive to Clagg's presence that she scarcely realized what she had done. But Clagg kept his glance carefully on her. "I'd put nothing past you, Nan," he said. "Nothing. A man never knows what's in your head. You'd like to kill me now. If you got the chance I believe you would." The water kept boiling around his feet, bothering him. He said, "Move back," and watched them give ground, himself coming on until he stepped on the dry ledge. It brought him close to the fire and it brought him against the tunnel's nearest wall, and close to the horse. There was little room. He turned sidewise, feeling the heat of the fire on his legs. Merritt and Nan were six feet back in the tunnel, almost beyond the reach of the fire's light.

Clagg said: "Where's your gun, Owen?"

Merritt lifted and lowered a hand, carrying his cigarette down from his mouth. He said, "Under the blankets."

"You get it, Nan," ordered Clagg.

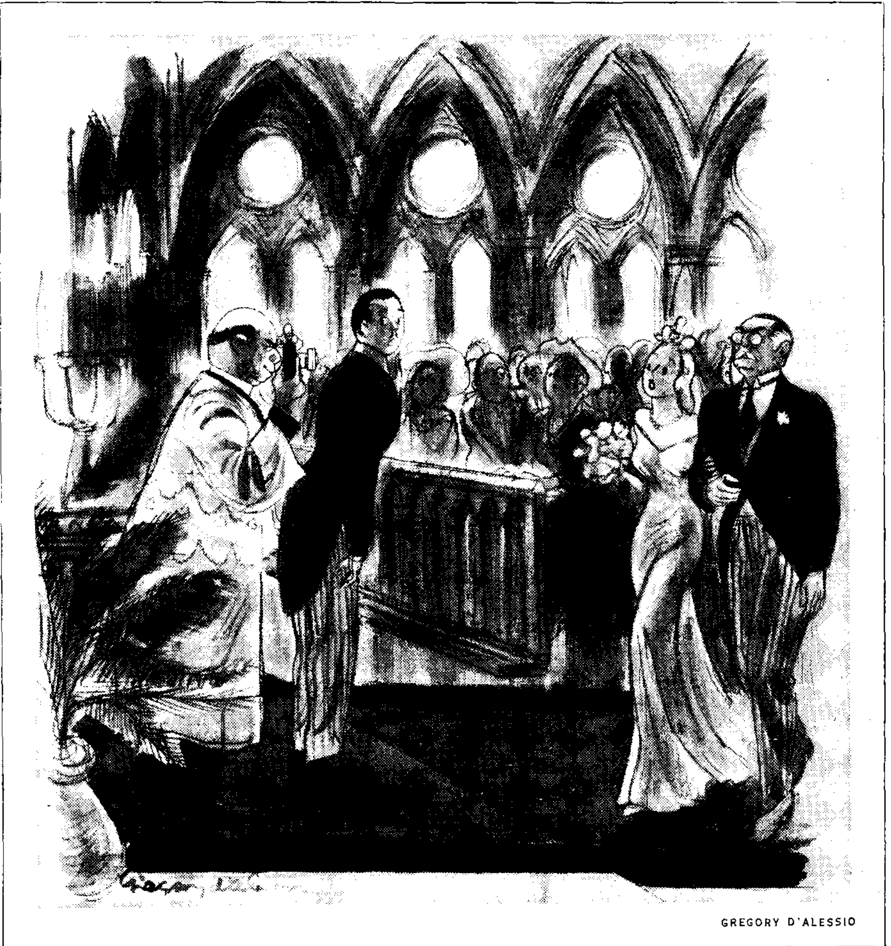
SHE turned behind Merritt at once. She had bent, almost lost to his sight, when Clagg said rapidly: "Never mind. Come back." Nan straightened, standing motionless behind Merritt. "Never mind the gun. Get out of there," warned Clagg. "I know what you're thinkin'. But you'll get friend Owen shot for it. Move out."

Merritt lifted his arm, replacing the cigarette in his mouth. He laid his talk against Clagg: "What the hell's eating you? Make up your mind. Don't move, Nan."

"Come on—come on," grunted Clagg. He waggled the point of the gun, up and down. Wind blew the fire's smoke into the tunnel, thickening its shadows. When Nan stepped forward, near enough for Clagg to touch her, she partially blocked his view of Merritt, who remained in the vague shadows, in the drifting smoke of the fire. Merritt swayed backward; and this brought its instant challenge from Clagg. "Cut that out. Get your foot off the blanket. You come this way, too."

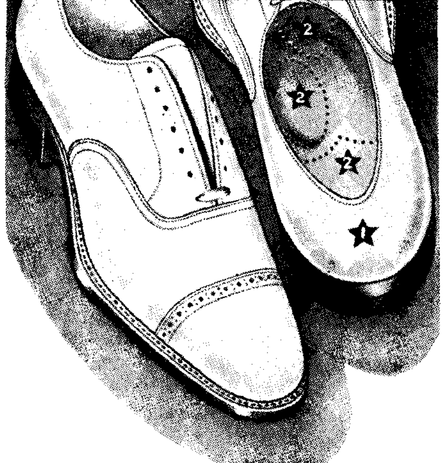
Merritt moved forward.

(To be continued next week)



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Uptown
FREEMOLD
Shoes



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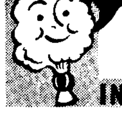

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EYEBATH

Running Dogs Bark

Continued from page 17

After the second strike the voice came out of the grandstand again, almost hysterical this time: "*You dirty yellow dog, keep running!*" If you had looked carefully you would have noted that the voice did nothing to Jake but make a maniac of him. He fanned Hartnett, Cavarretta and Hack on ten pitches, Hack getting a foul tip.

As he finished the inning, Jake tucked his glove in his hip pocket as if he were through for the day and walked steadily past the dugout to the gate that opened into the grandstand. He went through the gate, entered the box where the huge man and the girl had arisen to meet him and stood straight and quietly before them. They talked and he talked and their gesticulations became excited. The grandstand was on its feet watching the scene. It ended abruptly with Jake suddenly reaching out and pumping the man's hand and kissing the girl.

The next two innings were a massacre for the Cubs, the Yanks finally winning 7-1. The Cubs didn't get a man on first during the eighth and ninth. Jake ended by fanning the last two batters. . . .

THE story really begins with a man named Luke Emery, who was a scout for the Detroit Tigers. The papers had been talking about a pitcher named Harry Barton, who was striking out eighteen and nineteen a game for the team at the state penitentiary at Grasslands, but Emery paid no attention until the Grand Rapids Reds went up to play at the Pen. That was a different matter, for the Reds were a fast independent team that booked big-league competition on their off days and had beaten a couple of them. If Barton could do anything against them, it would mean something. He struck out seventeen that day and gave Grand Rapids three hits, even with a bad team behind him.

Emery went in to see the warden after the game.

"I know what you're going to ask me," said the warden, "and there's no chance."

"We'd offer him a bonus of ten thousand dollars for signing," said Emery, "and see what could be done with the state parole board."

"That's been tried and it didn't work," replied the warden. "The boy is in for life. He's a nice kid and I'm sorry for him, but that's how it stands."

"What was the case about?" asked Emery.

"Well, Barton and his girl, Grace Miller, were out at a roadhouse and had a quarrel over another boy named Jim Carney. They had been friends for a long time and had gone out to this place to dance, the three of them, and Barton thought she was being too sweet on Carney. It got worse after Carney went out to the bar and had a few drinks with a fellow named Little Joey Anderson. Little Joey was a tin-horn gambler who had been hanging around town and Barton was sore at the thought of his girl having anything to do with a man who would associate with Little Joey.

"When Carney came back from the bar the drinks were working on him; he became combative, and it was only the influence of the Miller girl that kept them from fighting. She was a nice girl of a nice family and I suppose realized that it had been a mistake to go to the place at all.

"She testified later that she didn't like the idea of Harry Barton telling her what she should do and told him so, but she also didn't want a fight in the roadhouse, so she coaxed them to take her home. On the way back Carney sat in the front seat with Barton, who was driving. She had that figured out too. She was angry and couldn't sit with Harry Barton, and if Carney sat back with her that would only make Barton madder.

"A few miles from the roadhouse, there was a sharp report that sounded like a blowout and Barton got out to investigate. He had barely time to get round to the back of the car when the Miller girl saw Carney crumple up and sag against the front seat, with blood flowing from a wound in his head. She screamed and fainted, and when she came to Carney was dead and Harry Barton was gone. She got out of the car and started stumbling down the road, and when she had gone about half a mile she saw Barton coming back. He was in a bad state, mumbling and crying and shouting. After that it was the police, the trial and here."

"So it was pretty obvious he had done it?" said Emery.

"Almost a perfect case," said the warden. "At the trial Barton had some cock-and-bull story about a car hiding by the side of the road and then getting away after the shooting. It was driven, he testified, by a man with a mask over his face. He said he had run after the car, which accounted for his running away, but nobody took it seriously. When the Miller girl got on the stand, she tried to help him by saying she had heard somebody yelling. The district attorney hopped on that because it was the crucial point in the trial. She heard somebody yelling—but what was he yelling, what was he saying, what were the words? Of course, she didn't know.

"That was bad and the district attorney didn't help Barton's testimony any by asking him sarcastically what he was running away from. The jury was only out about half an hour. The kid is really a fine boy and, talking with him now, it seems impossible that he could ever have killed anybody, but the case was hard and fast from first to last."

The Detroit papers carried the story about the ten-thousand-dollar bonus for signing Harry Barton and that made the news all the more exciting when he broke out of the pen about a week later. He got away one night by climbing the wall. Warden Kling gave out a statement exonerating the guards but the public got the impression that the authorities weren't too sorry about the escape. The excitement simmered down in a few days because there was no trace found of Barton and other news came along to take the public interest.

It turned out that the escape hadn't been as simple as was thought because Barton, in jumping from the wall, had landed in a pile of stones and had been badly bunged up. His face was cut, there was a gash on his forehead and his jaw was broken. He hid in a swamp near the prison, and next day he got five miles away to the town of Kudnerville, where a friend named Umhoefer took him in.

THE scene changes again to the mining town of Madrid, New Mexico, where a pitcher named George Herbert is mowing them down almost as fast as they come up. He's a tough-looking gentleman with scars on his cheeks looking as if he might have been either a gangster or a student at Heidelberg. But there are a lot of hard-looking characters around any good coal mine and nobody cared what Herbert looked like as long as he could pitch like that.

People started coming up from Albuquerque to see him pitch and they made him an offer to play in the Arizona-Texas league but he turned it down. It was true that he could make more work-

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ing in the mines at Madrid and pitching on Sundays; those little leagues don't pay much. The only trouble was that Madrid soon couldn't get games because Herbert was too good and there was the further fact that the Madrid people were so proud of him they wanted to see him go up to faster company. When a scout for Fort Worth came along, Herbert signed up with him and was all set to go down there next spring. He left Madrid but he never reached Fort Worth and it was felt that he had got drunk en route and was ashamed to report later.

Of course by this time nobody reading this is in the dark about this mysterious hurler. He was the original Harry Barton who had been in jail for killing Jim Carney, although he didn't look like Harry Barton at all any more. When they fixed him up from that fall, his face had been altered beyond recognition.

He next turned up with the House of David team in St. Petersburg, Florida, wearing a huge black beard and bearing the name of Jake Reese. When the House of David played the New York Yankees and Reese held the murderers to seven hits and struck out nine men, McCarthy himself did the scouting and signed Reese up.

"Mr. McCarthy," said Reese, "I'm mighty proud to be with the Yankees but I won't be able to report before July because my mother is dying in Ohio and I want to be with her."

"That's all right," said McCarthy. "But when you're gone, for heaven's sake get that alfalfa off your face."

"Yes, sir," said Reese.

What Reese did between April and July was to have his face treated by a plastic surgeon and when he got to the Yankee Stadium he had a face twice removed from the original Barton mug.

McCarthy had the idea of keeping him for a week or two with the Yanks and then shipping him to Newark or Binghamton for more seasoning, but the first time Reese got into a game along about the sixth inning he struck out five of the first six men that faced him and they forgot about Newark after that.

When it came up to the World Series, he was the star of the staff. He won the second game of the series (the first he pitched) by 3-2; lost the fifth game, 2-1; and was all McCarthy had for the seventh and deciding game because the Cubs had combed the Yank staff to a fare-thee-well in the sixth game, riding home on a score of 14-3, when five Yank pitchers couldn't stop them.

FROM now on comes the inside stuff, because without knowing that you have no idea of what happened to Jake Reese in that last series. The character that appears now is a very smart gentleman named Anderson, familiarly known as Little Joey. It will be recalled that Little Joey was the man Jim Carney drank with in the bar that day at the roadhouse. As a gambler Little Joey was not only a man who wagered real money on sporting events but in addition was given to figuring all the angles before doing such wagering.

Little Joey of course watched the Yanks during the last month of the pennant race. Jake Reese was the whole team and it was easy for Little Joey to see that the great Reese was Harry Barton of Grasslands penitentiary.

He knew Harry Barton's style of pitching from the old days, but to make sure he made a study of all available pictures of Jake Reese and noticed a suspicious something about the neck and temple of Mr. Reese. As one who had dubious friends who had availed themselves of the science of plastic surgery, Little Joey recognized that Jake Reese had been similarly treated.

That convinced him and he knew how to take advantage of the information. Before the series started he got up three thousand dollars on the Cubs to win the series. When it looked as if the Yanks might win in five or six games, Little Joey became frantic and sent Jake a letter—to scare him out of New York; but it seemed to do no good. Jake lost the fifth game, but it was close and there was no sign that Jake had been shaken. What Little Joey guessed, but couldn't know for sure, was true: the letter had never reached Jake because the Yankee management was seeing to it that none of the players were annoyed during the series.

Thereupon Little Joey wrote another letter just to be certain. This one went to Warden Kling of the Grasslands penitentiary and said if he would come to the Yankee Stadium and watch Jake Reese in action he would see the most famous graduate who ever climbed the walls of the institution. Little Joey then wagered an additional two grand on the Cubs.

HE LIVED through hell until the seventh inning because Jake was sailing along as if worried by nothing and the Cubs were getting nowhere. Either the warden had paid no attention to the letter or he was waiting till he was sure it was Harry Barton before taking any action. It was then that Little Joey, almost out of his mind at thoughts of the five grand going down the sink, began to yell. It had an almost magic effect. The first time he howled: "*You dirty yellow dog!*" Jake followed with a wild pitch.

Little Joey saw Warden Kling and Grace Miller almost at the same moment Jake Reese saw them, but the effect was entirely different. Little Joey had a premonition and his heart went down in his shoes; Jake saw them and became hard as cement. Little Joey figured that it was all up with him and Jake figured exactly the same way. But Jake responded differently. What he saw was Warden Kling, which meant that he was going back to Grasslands, but he also saw Grace Miller, and that made his heart bitter. It meant that she had come with the warden to make certain that he went back to Grasslands. It was the end of everything for him. Bitterly cold, he went back to the mound and struck out Hartnett, Cavarretta and Hack on ten pitched balls.

When that was done he stuck his glove in his pocket and went over to surrender to Warden Kling. What he said to the warden was this: "I didn't kill Jim Carney, but I *was* yellow. I *did* run down the road away from the car because the man who killed Jim had a gun and I was afraid. He kept yelling at me like that fellow in the grandstand has just been yelling: '*Keep running, you dirty yellow dog, keep running!*' Well, I'm through running. I'm not running any more. Here I am. Take me back."

He turned to Grace Miller.

"It was awful nice of you to come down and make sure that the warden would recognize me," he said bitterly.

The warden laughed out loud at this.

"You're not going back and Miss Miller is the reason you're not going back," he said. "She recognized that voice up there as well as you did. That's the man who killed Jim Carney."

Jake Reese looked as if everybody in the world had gone insane but the warden got him over it.

"If you'll look up there in the stand you'll see my plain-clothes man leading your loud-mouthed friend out," he said.

It was then that the handshaking and kissing took place.

"You go on out there and finish that," the warden said peremptorily. "I have ten bucks on the Yanks myself. When I got that letter telling me you were Harry Barton, I knew who was going to win this game. If you ever do get the notion to murder somebody, be sure to do it in Michigan. We haven't had a decent team since you left."

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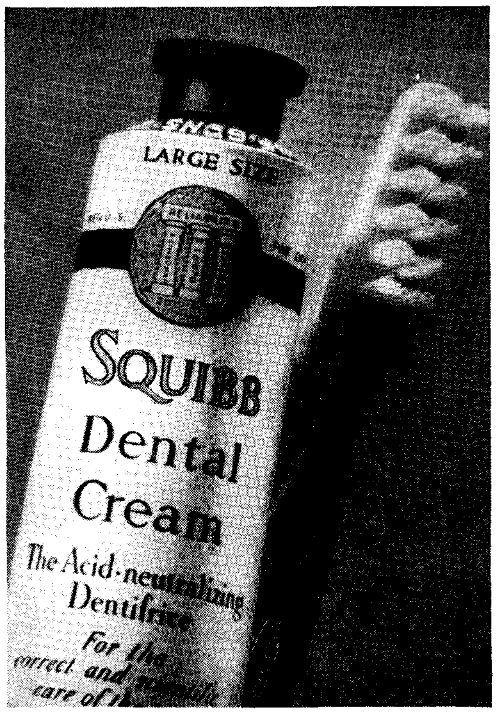

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JAMES ELWOOD

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WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITERS

A Man and a Horse

Continued from page 22

finished strong with Kurtsinger holding him in."

Kurtsinger walked him around the track and excited whispers passed from clocker to trainer, to exercise boy, to stableboy, and you knew that back of the grandstand the long green barns were echoing with "The Admiral did a one-forty mile . . . he had ten lengths up his sleeve . . . he breezed a one-forty mile . . . the little horse was laughing when he finished . . . he's a real good horse."

They walked slowly back to the stable, the triumvirate that had ruled the racing world this past year, War Admiral, Charley Kurtsinger and Trainer George Conway. The steam was coming from the Admiral's back in billowing clouds but the Admiral wasn't even breathing hard. A mile in one-forty was just a breeze for the little horse. He turned his head reproachfully at Kurtsinger as if to say, "Why wouldn't you let me run? I felt like going today."

Kurtsinger patted him on the neck and talked soothingly to him. They stopped the Admiral in front of the barn and they took off the blanket and they washed him. The cool water splashed on his back and ran down his legs and over his forehead. Then they dried him and put another blanket on him and walked him in a circle for an hour to cool him off. Most horses are rather dull-eyed—the Admiral has big quick eyes that seem full of inquiry. Three blackbirds perched in a palm tree started arguing loudly and the little horse lifted his head with mild interest. The morning plane from New York droned above, headed for the near-by Miami Airport, and the Admiral cocked one curious ear.

Partners in Success

War Admiral is a real good horse, and maybe someday he'll be as good as his old man. He and Charley Kurtsinger have been partners for a long while and both have prospered.

They led the Admiral into his stall and he raised his head to the feed rack and began to munch happily on fresh hay. A stableboy took his temperature and noted it on a chart. They take his temperature twice a day. If a horse feels sick he can't tell you. The thermometer and his appetite are the only guides you have. Today the Admiral's temperature was 100⅕ normal, after a workout. Last night it was an even 100.

Kurtsinger and I stood there and looked at the horse. He's the most beautiful horse I ever saw. Man O'War wasn't beautiful. Man O'War was magnificent-looking but he lacked the sharply etched, almost feminine beauty of the Admiral. We stood watching him, not saying much. He turned around, away from his feed, and faced us. He tried to stick his head under, then over the grating that kept him in. He looked reproachfully at Kurtsinger and stamped a left foreleg a bit petulantly. As he moved, his muscles under his glossy skin rippled rhythmically. Kurtsinger took a piece of sugar from a stableboy and held it out to him. He took it daintily.

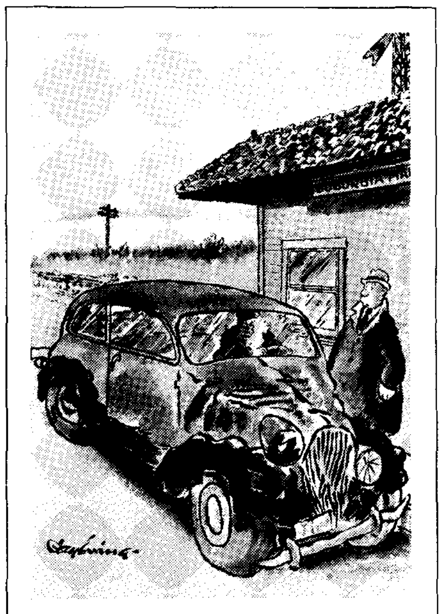
"He's the best-feeling horse I ever saw," Kurtsinger said, smiling.

A "good-feeling horse," in turf parlance, is a good-natured horse, a healthy, contented horse. War Admiral is all of that, though there are thousands who think he's a bad-acting horse. He acts up at the barrier just like his daddy used to do, but Kurtsinger explains that.

"He never acts bad at the barrier," Charley says, and there is disdain in his voice directed at those who have spread this base canard. "He likes to run, he's anxious to get going, and he isn't going to let some goat get the jump on him. That's all. The Admiral and I like to get away first and let them chase us."

The partnership between War Admiral and Charley Kurtsinger began when the Admiral was a two-year-old. Jockey Jackie Westrope was scheduled to ride the Admiral in the great American stakes at Aqueduct in the spring of 1936. By then everyone knew that War Admiral was a nice colt but as yet they weren't picking him as any Derby winner. Westrope became ill and Kurtsinger got the mount. Conway told him how to run his race. Conway is a trainer who must be obeyed. Charley ran according to Conway's orders and the Admiral was beaten. Fairy Hill finished ahead of him, but neither Conway nor the owner, Sam Riddle, gave up on Kurtsinger. He had obeyed orders and he fitted the colt.

They kept the Admiral out of the turf wars for several months after that. War Admiral wasn't quite right. Conway let him eat grass and let him do a lot of walking and the sheen came back to his coat, and then he let him gallop. Finally, he was ready again and they sent him to the barrier in the Eastern Shore event at Havre de Grace in the late fall. He won that and he's kept on winning.



"Oh, Edgar! I drove through traffic today, all by myself!"

JAY IRVING

Kurtsinger says he's never been pressed. Not even in that Pimlico Special, when he had to use his whip. He hit War Admiral twice in that race; it was the only time the horse has ever felt the whip. Once on the far stretch when War Minstrel and Masked General were in front of him. Once, coming into the stretch to tell him, "Put it out." The Admiral put it out all right and he waltzed home. He waltzed home in the Kentucky Derby, too.

That's probably the only horse race ever to save a man's life. Sam Riddle was ill, desperately ill, and he couldn't be there to see his horse run—he was at home fighting a tough opponent. War Admiral had to battle Pompoon and Sceneshifter and the rest of them, but Sam Riddle was battling that old man with the scythe. They told him finally that War Admiral had won. Sam Riddle smiled happily and laughed mockingly at that old guy with the scythe. If his little horse could beat those thoroughbreds over in Louisville, he could beat any sickness there ever was. He was fully recovered within a week and the doctors said that War Admiral's victory had given him the additional energy that he needed to lick the illness that had had such a stern grip on him.

Only tradition made the Derby a race. The Admiral opened up a lead at the start and never relinquished it. The Preakness went to him one week later. That was a close one on a muddy track but it was close because Kurtsinger took him the long way because he didn't like the heavy going near the rail.

"He loves to run," Kurtsinger says. "I can feel him under me wanting to run. He likes to get out in front and throw mud in the eyes of those other horses."

We've said a lot about the Admiral. Now let's consider the other half of the partnership—Charley Kurtsinger. He's an interesting little fellow and he's well thought of around the track. They call him the Dutchman, and when he's in a winning streak, they call him the Flying Dutchman. Kurtsinger was born to be a jockey. He first saw the light of day in Louisville, Kentucky, a hundred yards from the green fence that surrounds Churchill Downs, the mecca of the turf world.

There are purses richer than the purse that goes to the winner of the Kentucky Derby and there are English stakes that go back a long way before the Derby was born, but to the American horse world the Kentucky Derby is the blue-ribbon horse event of the year, and quaint Churchill Downs is the capital of turfdom. As a kid Charley would run from school to hang over the green fence and watch the horses. He'd get up early and sneak into the track at sunrise and sometimes he'd get a chance to exercise a horse. It was the ambition of every kid in Louisville to be a jockey.

Finally, Charley achieved his ambition. He signed a contract and became an apprentice rider for John S. Ward, whose trainer, Roscoe Goose, once won the Kentucky Derby with Donerail, the longest-price horse ever to win the stake. Goose made a rider out of the kid. It is easy to teach a youngster to ride a horse but you can't make a good jockey out of anyone who hasn't a talent for it. They used to say of Earl Sande, "He was born with a clock in his head." Sande could judge pace beautifully. Kurtsinger was born with that same happy faculty. If a trainer said, "Work this horse twelve seconds the first furlong, thirteen the second and finish with a twelve third furlong," he could do it.

Rail Rider

Kurtsinger hits the scales at 106 and he is one jock who never has to worry about increasing weight. His chief assets as a jockey are his ability to judge pace; his strength, which allows him to hold a horse back if it wants to run out too early; his willingness and ability to obey the orders of a trainer, and above all, his coolness.

Frank Ortell, one of the best-known turf authorities, says of Kurtsinger: "The bigger the stake the better Kurtsinger rides." In a jam he never gets excited. He keeps his head and he has plenty of courage. He isn't a rough rider, but he'll get through the smallest opening to reach the rail. . . . He's a fine rail rider and he's a good boy with the whip.

That's what most of the turf writers say of Kurtsinger. He has won two Derbies, one with Twenty Grand and one with the Admiral. His ambition is to win three of them. Only two jockeys, Isaac Murphy, the Negro wonder, and Earl Sande ever won three of them. He has a great chance this year with Menow, a big colt with a world of speed. At this writing Menow, which won the rich Futurity last year, looks like the Derby favorite. However, thoroughbreds are fragile animals. By the time this is printed Menow may have caught a cold, hurt a leg or fallen heir to one of a hundred ailments. A horse can be stricken with every disorder that a man can get, including mental and nervous ailments.

During his first year as an apprentice, Charley received twenty dollars a month; during his second year, thirty dollars, and finally in his third year, forty dollars. That seemed a lot then. Last year he made close to $60,000, but a lot of time elapsed in between.

He learned this from one trainer, that from another. He watched jockeys like the late Mack Garner. . . . Mack Garner became his hero and his model.

"Mack Garner was never beaten in a race," Kurtsinger says now. "Sometimes his horse was, but he never lost a race. He could ride old horses, young horses, good horses or bad horses and he could get more out of a horse than anyone I ever saw. He could ride sprints or long races. In his twenty-second year of riding he still had as much vigor and enthusiasm as any kid. He was the best all right and many a time he gave me a helping hand."

Number Sixteen

Finally, Kurtsinger got out of the apprentice class and became a real full-fledged jockey. He was good, too, but it wasn't until they gave him Twenty Grand to ride that they started ranking him with the best. He won everything in sight with Twenty Grand, reaching the climax with the Kentucky Derby crown on May 16, 1931. That number sixteen has been a happy one in Charley's life. He was born on November 16th; won the Derby on May 16th, was married on December 16th, and his wife's birthday is January 16th.

"Twenty Grand was a real good horse," Kurtsinger says, looking back. "Was he better than War Admiral? I don't know. They were both fine. I liked Twenty Grand and you know I like the Admiral. I don't know which was the better. I've ridden a lot of good horses, Sun Beau, Head Play, Captain Hal, Polydor, Larranagar and plenty of others, but Twenty Grand and War Admiral were the best."

Anyhow, it's Derby time again. The dandelions are dancing in the infield at Churchill Downs and the breeze is bringing the scent of bluegrass to the grandstand. The greatest three-year-olds in the country are ready to chase around that sun-baked white ribbon of sand and the best jocks in the game are waiting for the starter to ring the bell. If Menow is in shape, little Charley will be hunched over his neck, cool and calm, talking soothingly to the horse, getting everything possible out of him. If Menow is scratched (sometimes entrants in the Derby are scratched overnight) Charley will be on some other horse. He'll be hoping that he's astride another War Admiral.

But I doubt if he will be. War Admirals don't come along every year. Nice colts come along and good colts win stakes, but the Admiral is "a real good horse." This year he'll be in a fast league. He'll be carrying weight and he'll have to beat, not three-year-olds, but good handicap horses like Seabiscuit. War Admiral will have to answer the question later if he meets Seabiscuit in a match race at Belmont Park.

Perhaps even now, as the Admiral stands in his stall looking out over the wire grating, he's figuring out some way to establish the fact that he's as good as his old man. Once he establishes that, even the turf writers will admit that the Admiral is better than a real good horse. Even they will say with a trace of awe in their voices, "He's a great horse."

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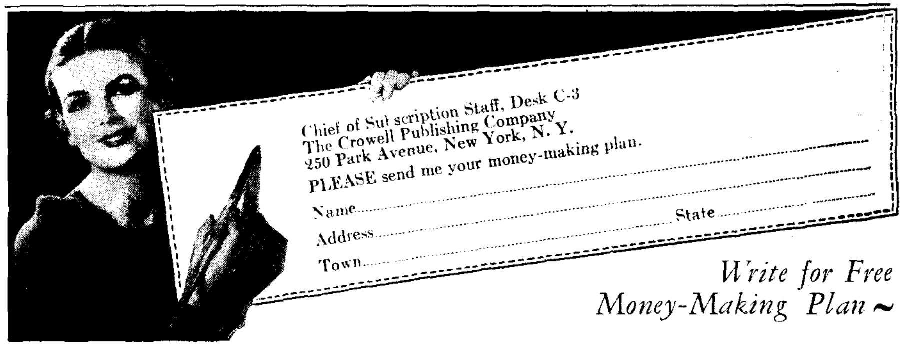

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MICHIGAN

Singing Star

Continued from page 18

she and the Connecticut Yankees, which, as everybody knows, is an orchestra and not a branch ball team, stayed together, and the ambitious kid from P. S. 84 was sublimely happy. She had started out a hoofer and here she was, a radio singer.

Then Vallee and his band went to Hollywood to appear in the picture version of the Scandals and, because they were to broadcast from there, everybody connected with the organization went along, including Alice Faye who was also to have one song in the picture. They promised her that she could get back to New York, which she still thought was the center of the universe, in six weeks at the outside. But all was not joy and harmony on the Hollywood lot. Lillian Harvey, European luminary, who was to co-star with Vallee, decided that her part was not sufficiently important and walked out on it at the last minute just as an executive in charge was about to take a plane for New York. He called for a bunch of tests to be run off in record time, got to the middle of the Alice Faye test, which had strayed in among them, shouted, "That's the girl! Put her in!" and dashed out to catch the plane.

So they gave her a long-term contract and she went home and wept on Mother's shoulder because New York wasn't going to be headquarters any more.

She took her older brother, William, out of the bank he'd been working in for fourteen years and made him her business manager. Then she started brother Charles at the bottom of the production end and he progressed by degrees to the job of assistant director. Ma Leppert had to stay out there to take care of the children so finally they all persuaded Pa Leppert to retire from business in New York and join the family on the Coast. Alice moved along through a series of B pictures up to what looked like her big chance in King of Burlesque, and the family, feeling very gay, decided to celebrate the finish of it by all going to New York for Thanksgiving. Her father went on ahead to prepare the way, while Alice waited for the last retakes to be shot.

A Bitter Dose

Suddenly, after several days, the telephone rang—New York calling Alice Faye. Then a strange voice said, "An unidentified man, who was picked up unconscious on the street, was brought into the public ward of this hospital. It's a grave case of flu. After listening to his delirium for a couple of days we think he may be related to you." They gave a description of her father. She told them to get the best specialists in town without delay and ordered him moved to a private room. "He's too ill to be moved," they told her. "It would be fatal." She started east immediately and her father died while she was on the way. In Chicago, she was met by reporters.

Then came the headlines:

MOVIE STAR IN MINK COAT GOES TO CLAIM FATHER WHO DIED IN PUBLIC WARD

The same headlines stared at her from New York papers. It was a bitter dose. "You'd have thought I was a beast," she muttered. She and her family returned to the Coast. She was quieter and a different quality had developed in her.

Darryl Zanuck, seeing this, began to cast her in parts that demanded more than the usual roles of a tap-dancing blues singer. He put her into Poor Little Rich Girl with Shirley Temple. By the time she got to Sing, Baby, Sing her sense of humor was back on the job and, after another picture with Miss Temple, Stowaway, and still another called On the Avenue, she went into Wake Up and Live. She was back on old ground again with old friends, Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie of her pre-Hollywood era.

"It was swell," she enthuses, "to see Walter getting all steamed up and nervous like the rest of the people he had kidded about it."

She does a nice keyhole portrait herself. During those first few days on a picture lot, Winchell was a nervous newcomer. He'd faced audiences before in his early days, but never a camera. Was his make-up right? How did his hair look? He straightened his tie, brushed an imaginary fleck from his coat, and had the almighty jitters.

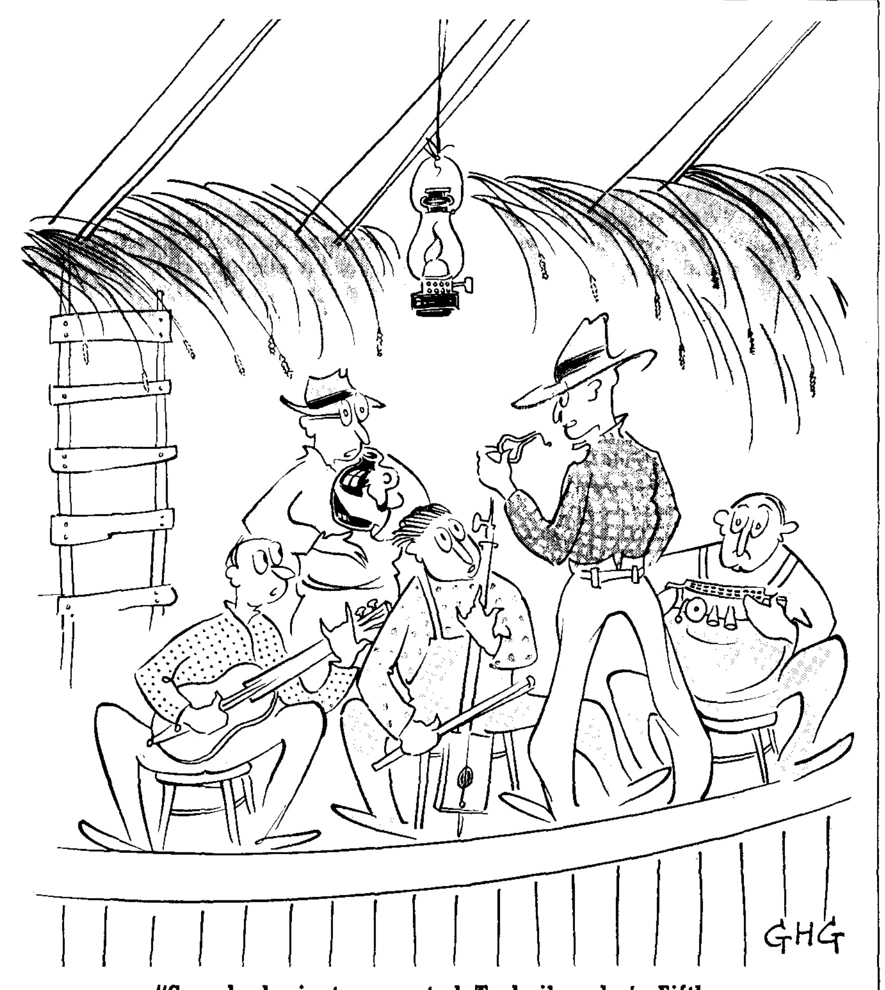
Her next was You Can't Have Everything. It was no news to her. Then she made In Old Chicago and her only disappointment was that she didn't have a scene with Mrs. O'Leary's cow. She followed it with You're a Sweetheart. By this time she had made seven A pictures in succession with practically no intermissions and she was so tired that she was going to pieces at the mere sight of a camera.

On Labor Day, in the midst of all this, she took a day off and flew to Yuma to marry Tony Martin, who had been doing his courting in a sort of catch-as-catch-can fashion. She didn't get a vacation till just before Sally, Irene and Mary, in which he sings opposite her. She had three weeks then, for "the purpose of regaining composure and a calmer outlook on life." The day after she finished the picture, she rushed to New York and points south for the opening of In Old Chicago. Then she went back to the home lot to make Alexander's Ragtime Band, to be released this summer.

Alice Faye started in films as a platinum-blond blues singer. Now she's an amber-blond singing actress — amber blond as differentiated from brownette and honey blond. If you can keep these gradations straight, you are one up on us. When she found that platinum blondes weren't so preferred any more, she changed and, just to make sure, took a vote by questionnaire of three hundred men on the company lot to see if she was right. The vote stood eleven against, seventeen uncertain till they'd seen the results on a screen, and two hundred and seventy-two in favor of the change. So—Alice Faye is an amber blonde. She is actually five feet two, though she looks taller because she always wears high heels—and she weighs about a hundred and eleven.

Number-One Song Plugger

For the most part she seems to be a cheerful sort of person, though realistic rather than Pollyanna, which may account for her habit of sending cash anonymously to people she thinks need it and at the same time going carefully ahead on her own annuity. On the occasions when she gets morose, her voice goes a couple of notches lower and takes on a sultry, husky quality and emotion seems to ooze out of her in a sort of purple fog that envelops the surrounding scenery and inhabitants. She's impulsive and that sometimes gets her into difficulties and she has to use all her ingenuity to climb out. The late George Gershwin, Cole Porter and Irving Berlin went formally on record, saying that they'd rather have her introduce their songs than any other girl singer, which probably makes her the nation's number-one song plugger. But the singing star still can't read a note of music. "I've tried," she states a bit wistfully, "but it just won't stick."



"Somebody just requested Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony. What'll we give 'em instead?"

GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

About Mr. Jones, who liked the idea of an electric shaver - but wanted a better one... and got it

WE MENTION Jones because he is like so many of you. Jones tells us that for a number of years he has believed that Man was lagging 'way behind in his methods of removing the beard. He says that when electric dry shavers came along he was one of the first to get one. Some time later he bought another — and, later on, another. He liked the *idea* of electric shaving, and before he got through Jones was somewhat of an authority on the subject.

But Jones continued to say: "Just as sure as the world, some one, some day, is going to make an electric shaver that gets down to business and gives you a quick, close shave right off the bat. And when they do — they've *got* something."

WE GET A NOTE FROM JONES

Jones, by the way, was one of the first men to get a Sunbeam Shavemaster, and recently he wrote us as follows:

"I just can't resist sitting down and writing the folks who made my new electric shaver. I'm pretty proud of it because it's exactly the one I prophesied would be coming along. Man, what a shave it gives — the fastest and closest I ever had in all my born days. Folks, let me say right now that you've GOT something there."

Now we won't quote all of Jones' long letter. Needless to say he, like so many thousands of other Americans, has become a Shavemaster enthusiast. Not only does he tell us what he thinks, but what his many friends think of Shavemaster. "To a man," writes Jones, "they call it the best friend to Man that's come down the pike in years." All Jones wanted us to tell him was *why* Shavemaster was so completely different.

JONES GETS HIS REASONS WHY

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If you are like Jones you, too, have a treat in store when you use Shavemaster. For no one can put it better than Jones when he says, "Shavemaster gets down to business and does a job right off the bat. It's great." Get Shavemaster from your dealer today and smile along with Jones.

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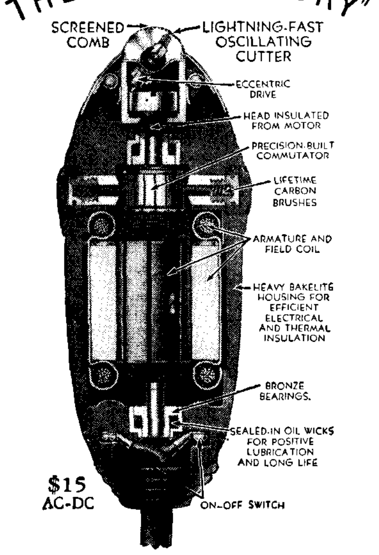
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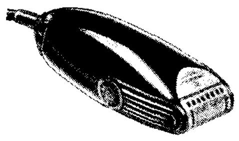

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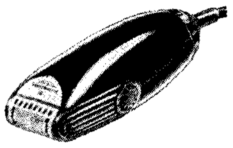

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A Big Bottle Costs So Little

Lucky Tiger for DANDRUFF

Seaside Spell

Continued from page 10

Except for the Colonel's it was the only evening dress to be seen in the Hotel de la Plage; and it attracted due attention. All twenty sketchers breathed audibly as Leonard passed, and the most attractive of them, by name Mary Blake, almost smiled. Leonard made a mental note of the fact while ordering a whole bottle of wine; Miss Blake had red hair and gray eyes, and did not seem so entirely devoted to art as were some of her fellows.

"I'll take her to the pictures," he thought as calmly, as arrogantly, as though he had been taking strange young women to the pictures every night of his life. "I'll take her tomorrow." He looked at Miss Blake again, quite sorry to have to postpone her treat; but his after-dinner plans were already cut and dried. He was going to the Casino, probably to break the bank. . . .

Leonard Purdey swaggered out of the hotel, swaggered along the front, and entered the Casino like a conquering king.

The few formalities were much simpler than he had expected, nor did he have any trouble in picking up the simple principles of the simple game of roulette; but otherwise he found the place disappointing. It was not, to begin with, particularly gay; in fact, if he hadn't known it to be a casino, he would probably have thought it extremely dull. The persons seated round the green tables all looked highly respectable and slightly anxious—like people waiting in the offices of the income tax bureau. Nor was anyone playing high: the most common coin in sight was the one-franc piece.

The white plaques representing five francs, the green plaques representing twenty, showed up conspicuously; and the only ones that really took Leonard's fancy, colored bright red, remained stacked in neat rolls under the croupier's hand. They were worth a hundred francs each, but Leonard was beyond prudence, and his first throw, on black, at once drew the admiring attention of the whole table.

"Good heavens!" murmured a voice behind him. "You *have* got nerve!"

Leonard flushed with pleasure, but did not take his eyes off the wheel. Black came up—as was only, he felt, his due—and with the two red counters in his hand he turned to see who had spoken. Just behind him stood a tall dark-haired girl in a green dress.

"Good heavens!" she said again. "I'd never have *dared!*"

Leonard laughed.

"I just like a little flutter now and again," he explained, "and one can't take an interest in anything less. Aren't you playing yourself?"

The girl shook her head.

"I'm cleaned out. If I lose any more, I shan't have enough for my holiday, so I've left all my money at home. But I love watching—especially anyone who plays like you."

LEONARD fingered the two red plaques—the one he had bought and the one he had won.

"I'll put these on for you," he said; and tossed them down on black. The girl gasped; Leonard himself felt suddenly short of breath; but the goddess of chance did not let him down. "There you are!" said Leonard. "Now you've got four hundred francs."

"Oh, but I couldn't!" cried the girl—who happened to be a schoolmistress on holiday, and a very nice, high-principled young woman. "Of course I can't take it!"

"Of course you can," argued Leonard. "It isn't my money."

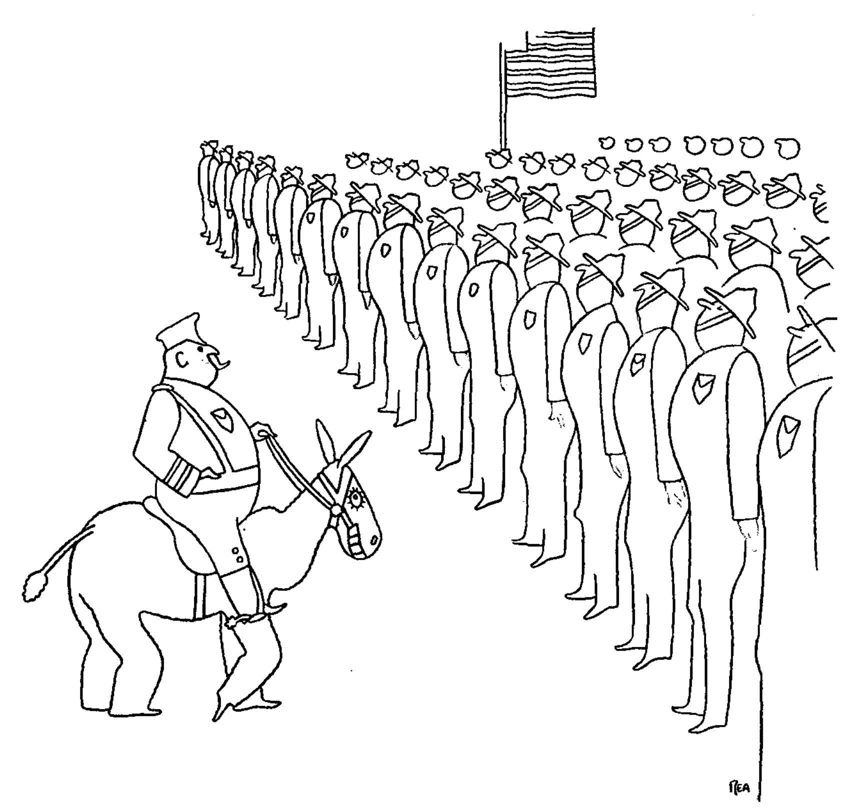
"But it is! It was yours to start with!"

"The extra two hundred isn't. That's what I won for you."

While they were arguing, black came up again.

"Take it off!" implored the girl. "There's eight hundred francs!"

Leonard achieved another off-hand laugh. The interest of the whole table was now passionately centered upon him; he saw, here and there, familiar faces from the Hotel de la Plage, all goggle-eyed with admiring wonder.



"I have reason to suspect, men, that there are spies in our midst!"

GARDNER REA

Hands were stretched out to follow his lead, five- and twenty-franc pieces pattered down upon the black. Even the croupier spared a glance for those eight red counters; then the ball was flicked in and the wheel spun once more.

When it came to rest, Leonard had won fifteen hundred francs.

This time the girl did not speak, but simply swept the plaques from the table and thrust them into his two hands. As she hustled him toward the *changeur* a long sigh rose from the table behind them: every stake had been changed onto the red, and black had come up again. But Leonard did not really care; the emotion of the last few minutes had been almost too much for him, and he was secretly grateful for his companion's strong-mindedness. He thought her a very nice girl indeed.

"You've brought me luck," he said. "You must at least let me stand you a drink."

Miss Grantham—such was her name—readily acquiesced. They went out into the fresh night, drank bocks outside a café and told each other the stories of their lives. Leonard suppressed a good deal in his, but added a good deal to make up, so that Miss Grantham was left with a vague impression that he had something to do with the Secret Service. Leonard then saw her home, having made an appointment for the following day, and returned, trailing clouds of glory, to the Hotel de la Plage. There was no one up save a sleepy boots; and Leonard himself was very tired. But before dropping into his bed he took another look out of the bathroom window.

The barricade was still there.

It had even been reinforced. To the chairs and the wire netting was now added a small clothesbasket.

Leonard laughed in an offhand manner.

By a great effort he kept himself awake just long enough to smoke a cigarette in bed—a thing his mother had never allowed him to do.

HE WENT down next morning to find himself something of a hero. News of his exploit had spread through the hotel; heads turned at his coming, and the Colonel actually crossed the terrace to ask whether Leonard had a system. Leonard replied that he had not, and added that the great thing was not to care whether one won or lost; in this the Colonel agreed, but did not on that account refrain from describing the various systems practiced by friends of his at Monte Carlo, and half an hour passed in agreeable conversation. Leonard then went out to meet Miss Grantham at a café in the town.

In a belated access of prudence she had brought a friend with her, another nice-looking girl, Miss Griggs, who was evidently prepared to regard Leonard with extreme admiration. In such congenial company he passed a thoroughly satisfactory morning; they all three went up to look at the castle, and then on to the beach to look at the bathers. Leonard was late for lunch, but he did not care; his spirit was so high that immediately afterward he plunged into the thick of the sketching party and invited Miss Blake to come for a walk.

It was a bold act, for her companions showed so much interest in the proposal that for a moment Leonard almost lost his nerve: he had acquired one young lady the night before, and another that morning; was it possible that he had now landed twenty at a single cast? But even as he quailed, the dragonlike Miss Wintringham, cicerone and instructress to the troupe, swept by with a cheerful call to work. Nineteen of her pupils followed; but Mary Blake was somehow left behind.

"Isn't it a nice hotel?" she said conversationally, as they waited on the curb for a brass band to go by. (Brass bands were just then frequent in Dieppe, for it was the week of their annual festival; but to Leonard, who did not know this, it seemed that they were pointedly following him about.) "Are you in front?"

"Yes," said Leonard. "Up there, where the balcony is. Though it's only under my bathroom."

Miss Blake followed his glance with interest. The barricade, even from below, was clearly visible.

"What's all that wire and stuff?"

Leonard smiled.

"There are two French ladies in the rooms next to mine, and the balcony, as you see, more or less communicates." He waited for this to sink in and was rewarded by a suddenly startled glance. "I think—it's quite absurd, of course—but I think they're a trifle nervous. . . ."

"*Oh!*" said Mary Blake. She actually blushed. She was a very nice girl indeed.

LEONARD now had his hands full. He went back to the Casino, of course, but only once; the visit, made in company with a large party from the hotel, was not a success. Afterward, indeed, Leonard wished he had gone alone, for when one is losing steadily sympathy merely irritates. The grunts of the Colonel, the anguished breathing of the entire sketching party, annoyed and distracted him; from the even chances of black and red he switched to the desperate odds of the numbers, and within a quarter of an hour was cleaned out.

He took the disaster well, having left plenty of money behind at the hotel, nor was his fame in any way diminished: he simply added to his reputation as a high player that of being a good loser as well. But he did not go again; indeed, he had no time, for Miss Blake, Miss Grantham and Miss Griggs among them took up every minute of his day. All three were good listeners, and Leonard spread himself. His style was lavish rather than precise; he hinted much, but affirmed nothing. Theaters, night clubs and west-end hotels figured largely in his conversation.

He hoped he was being taken for either a man about town or something in the Secret Service; but so long as his true identity remained unguessed, he didn't mind if they took him for a cat burglar.

His true identity! It was the only fly in his ointment. The thought of returning to England, to the virtuous occupations, all week, of a clerk in a highly respectable firm of cocoa makers, and to the no less virtuous society, at week ends, of a widowed mother, was anathema to him. He loathed it. He did not want to spend the rest of his life with Mrs. Purdey; he wanted to spend it with either Miss Blake, or Miss Grantham, or Miss Griggs.

It would have simplified matters could he have made up his mind which of the three he really preferred; but he could not. Mary Blake had red hair and a charming smile, Miss Grantham was remarkably sympathetic, and Miss Griggs had the best figure. Leonard squired them all assiduously and thought about them when not in their company, which wasn't often, and let the time slip by until at last he found himself with only two more days in Dieppe.

"I've got to make up my mind," Leonard told himself firmly.

In order to do so, he went for a long solitary walk over the cliffs behind the castle. It took him some time to get there, for on the way he met the Colonel, and stood him a drink in the Casino, and then he met the Colonel's wife and stood her tea in a cake shop. With both he raised, quite casually, of course, the subject of matrimony; the Colonel was all against it, his wife, more gently, but

FEEL LIVE AT 5

Here's the surest sign of an office using noiseless typewriters—the end of the day is serene. Nerve shattering last minute "rush" is happily unnecessary. For the typewriters in the office are **noiseless**—therefore efficient.

To you who have worked against the hammering clatter of noisy typewriters, late afternoon peak load has always been a torture—a time bristling with error. Naturally. Minds worn ragged by typewriter noise shun thinking, rebel against work that needs doing. That's the time people say "Let's get together on that first thing in the morning."

MAKE THE FIVE O'CLOCK TEST

To know what a quiet office can do to help you work a full day—make the 5 o'clock test in your office. Without obligation, try a Remington Noiseless. Everyone in your office will then be able to finish the day "in high" with vitality to spare for an evening of pleasure.

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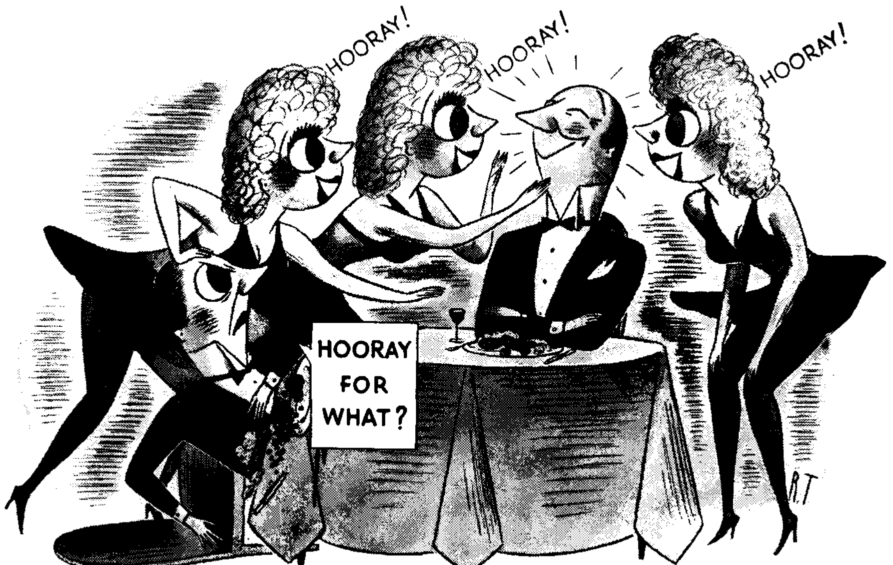
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HOORAY!
HOORAY!
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R.T

Hooray for Mennen Skin Bracer!
Its subtle odor wows the ladies every time
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P. S. Mennen Talcum for Men is the most popular man's powder—neutral tint—doesn't show

"Wrap up an extra quart," he says, "*I'll use it on my wheat cakes*"

No foolin', I never did a sellin' job as *complete . . .*

Mr. Phinney, he's got the build of a guy that don't miss the dinner gong, so when I told him his engine was starvin' for oil, he looked kinda sad and hungry himself.

I give him the works about Golden Shell—how it's made special for stop-and-go drivin'—how it gets up out of the crankcase in a flash when you step on the starter.

"And the oil in your car ain't doin' that, Mr. Phinney," I says, lookin' sad, too. "It's sludgy and slow movin'! Your engine parts grind together dry before it gets goin', and that's where about ¾ of the wear comes."

He wiped his eyes, so I poured a drop or two of Golden Shell on my fingers.

"Lookit, Mr. Phinney," says I, "there's an OIL. Only 25¢ a quart, but feel the BODY. See the COLOR. Looks good, don't it?"

"Looks *good?*" he says. "It looks *wonderful!* Get that other stuff out of my car and put in Golden Shell. Say—"

I could see he was hit by a big idea.

"I tell you," he says, "wrap up an extra quart to take with me. I'll use it on my wheat cakes!"

You know, for a minute I thought he was serious!

Sincerely,

Your Shell Dealer

quite as firmly, in favor; Leonard decided that she had much more sense than her husband, and continued his walk.

The evening was pleasant, the prospect striking, the walk, as a walk, was a great success; but dinnertime found him still undecided. Leonard returned to the castle and sat down on the low surrounding wall; he was determined not to go in till he knew which of his three loves he was about to propose to. There was no point in putting them in order, since the idea of being refused never entered his head: the spell worked by a roll of wire netting, by two chairs and a clothes-basket, was still in full force. . . .

He had been there almost an hour when a girl's figure, half walking, half running, appeared on the path below. It was the figure of Mary Blake, and as Leonard leaned down to call to her it struck him that her shape, if not quite as good as Miss Griggs', was decidedly better than Miss Grantham's.

"OH!" gasped Mary Blake. "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

Flattered, but not really surprised, Leonard reached out a hand to pull her up beside him. But the girl, after her first breathless greeting, seemed suddenly tongue-tied and ill at ease. Instead of taking his hand she moved a pace or two farther away, half turning so that Leonard could see only her profile as she stared out over the town.

"Fine view, isn't it?" he observed kindly. His proximity was evidently more disturbing to her than he had imagined; no doubt she needed a little time to get over the joy of finding him alone.

Miss Blake nodded. She was gazing at the prospect as though she were trying to memorize it; but her next words had nothing to do with the landscape.

"The Colonel," she stated baldly, "has just found out he's been robbed."

"The Colonel?" repeated Leonard, much interested. "How?"

Miss Blake shot him a curious glance.

"He's had his pocket picked of a wallet with ten pounds in it. He thinks it was done this afternoon, at the Casino."

"Well, I'm damned!" said Leonard. "Has he been to the police?"

"Not yet. He doesn't think much of the French police. And besides, he said . . . there was someone he wanted to have a word with first. He said. . . "

"Well?"

"He said he didn't like the idea of handing an Englishman over to the French authorities!"

"Well!" said Leonard again. "Why does he think it's an Englishman?"

The effect on Miss Blake, of this simple question, was surprising. Her eyes and mouth opened, she stared half in wonder, half in exasperation; and as Leonard stared back, a light suddenly dawned.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "You don't mean to say he suspects *me?*"

Miss Blake nodded dumbly.

"But it's preposterous! It's incredible!" cried Leonard. "It—it's inconceivable!"

"Then you . . . you really didn't—?"

"Of course not! How could anyone imagine such a thing?"

"Well, you see—" Miss Blake smiled faintly— "you *are* rather a desperate character, aren't you?"

Leonard clutched at the wall with hands that were suddenly damp. A desperate character! How eagerly, how gaily, only five minutes earlier, would he have welcomed the imputation! But now panic seized him: the consciousness of his perfect innocence was no help; even the rumor of a scandal—and particularly of a scandal in France, which to English ears always sounded so much worse—might be enough to lose him his job. If the money should never be found, how could he ever prove he had not taken it? And even if it were found, if everything were cleared up, there would remain his new, his desperate character that he had so lightheartedly established. The hotel was full of English—all, reflected Leonard bitterly, the greatest gossips on earth—and it would please no one in his firm to hear that their Mr. Purdey had been behaving desperately at Dieppe. . . .

Leonard groaned aloud as circumstance after circumstance, all unfavorable to him, flashed across his mind. He had been with the Colonel at the Casino; the Colonel had seen him there, losing heavily, only a few days earlier. To the Colonel he, Leonard Purdey, was simply an unknown young man with a mysterious and probably shady background; while as for Miss Blake, she had no doubt been seeing herself—thought Leonard, with sudden insight—as a gangster's moll. . . .

He perceived, amid the awful gloom, one single ray of light.

"And you," he said, "*you* came to warn me!"

"Yes," agreed Miss Blake simply. "It was stupid, of course, because I ought to have known you better. But I thought you might want to get away. . . ."

At that moment one point at least became crystal-clear in Leonard's mind. It wasn't Miss Grantham he wanted to marry, it wasn't Miss Griggs, it was Mary Blake. But the realization had come just too late, for his new-found confidence was already evaporated. That morning, that afternoon, he could have proposed to Miss Blake as soon as look at her; but now he was as tongue-tied, as diffident as ever he had been at Margate, at Eastbourne or at Clacton-on-Sea.

"Are you coming down to the hotel?" asked Miss Blake timidly.

"No," said Leonard. "But you go: I shan't be long. I—I've got an appointment to keep."

It was—as he afterward reflected—a cruel thing to say, since she would inevitably jump to the conclusion that he was waiting for either Miss Grantham or Miss Griggs; but nothing else could have been so efficacious in getting her to go. And he had to be alone: alone to think of some way in which he could at once prove his guiltlessness and recover his lost character—and alone, also, so that he could swear out loud. . . .

HIS stock of oaths, however, did not last very long; within a few seconds Leonard was repeating himself, and had the Colonel been at hand so very limited a vocabulary would have seemed strong proof of the young man's innocence; but the Colonel was down at the hotel, waiting, no doubt, like a raging lion, until his prey should appear.

Leonard got up from the wall and slowly followed the downward path. He had a wild idea of searching along the front for the lost property; the reasonable half of his brain, indeed, warned him that to reappear, wallet in hand, would be about the most suspicious thing he could do; but Leonard for the moment did not want to hear reason. All he wanted was an excuse for not going back, for a long time, to the Hotel de la Plage.

The excuse, unlike his vocabulary, lasted well: it was midnight before he finally admitted to himself not only the futility of the search, but also the futility of staying out any longer. Sooner or later the Colonel would have to be faced. Slowly, apprehensively, he dragged himself back. The façade of the hotel loomed dark and menacing, and as he crossed the terrace a sudden footfall, quickly approaching, made him jump almost out of his skin. He swung round, and saw his fear justified: he saw, in fact, a French policeman.

In one rush Leonard reached the lighted hall. Within, just as he expected, sat the Colonel—rampant and gardant, fierce as the heraldic beasts of old. But at least he was a fellow countryman, at least he understood the English language, and Leonard passionately desired that any explanations should be made in his own tongue. So he bounded into the hall, the policeman at his heels; and the Colonel rose up to meet them.

The Colonel had a very fine vocabulary indeed. Compared with Leonard's it was as the sunflower to the violet. And yet—such is the irony of circumstance!—he would have done better to hold his peace. For the sole result of five minutes' incomparable swearing was that he had to apologize to Leonard Purdey.

The story told by the *agent,* and translated by the porter, left him no other course. A stolen car, it seemed, had been recovered that evening: in the car was the thief, and in the pocket of the thief was the Colonel's wallet. It still contained ten pounds and a letter addressed to him at the Hotel de la Plage; and on the production of his passport it would be at once handed over.

To this simple yet miraculous tale Leonard had listened with both his ears; but he had no time for the Colonel's apologies. He made straight for the lift, shot himself up to the fourth floor and tore along the passage to a door he knew to be Miss Blake's.

"WHO'S there?" called the voice within.

"Me, Leonard Purdey," said Leonard. "Can I just speak to you a minute?"

There was a soft scrambling sound within, a hasty running to and fro of bare feet, then the door opened and Miss Blake appeared like a vision on the threshold. She had evidently run a comb through her hair, but the curls on her neck were thick and tangled, and her dressing gown was a blue silk. Leonard, who had never seen anyone but his mother in such a negligee before, gasped with admiration.

"What is it?" asked Miss Blake. "What's happened?"

"Everything," said Leonard, "and it's all right. The police have found the wallet!"

"*Oh!*" sighed Mary Blake thankfully. Her hand was at her side; she might have been clutching her dressing gown, but it looked as though she were clutching her heart. "I'm so glad, I can't tell you!"

"So am I," said Leonard.

He had by this time somehow got inside the room, and though he tried not to look around he could not help noticing several fascinating evidences of feminine occupation. He fixed his eyes on Miss Blake; but the sight of Miss Blake affected him even more than the sight of her empty stockings. She was sweet; she was adorable; he was head over heels in love with her; he longed to take her in his arms and at the same time longed to rush as fast as possible back to his own room. For under the stress of such emotions he had reverted completely to type: shyness once more had him in its grip, every conventional instinct cried out that the hour was late and a young lady's bedroom was forbidden territory. Against his will, Leonard listened to them; against his will he moved back toward the door.

"That's all," he said baldly. "I—I just thought you'd like to know."

"Thank you very much," said Miss Blake. "I'm *very* glad."

"Good night, then," said Leonard.

"Good night," said Mary Blake.

Then at that moment the door was opened again; but not by Leonard Purdey.

MAJESTIC in quilted satin, awful with righteous anger, Miss Wintringham stood and glared at them. Unlike Mr. Purdey and Miss Blake, she was at no loss for words: they came automatically to her lips—the classic, the inevitable words of every chaperon and policeman since law and the conventions began.

"What," demanded Miss Wintringham, "is the meaning of this?"

Miss Blake trembled—purely, as she afterward explained, with anger; but Leonard did not. His courage and his confidence alike returned; in an atmosphere of midnight romance he had lost his wits, but here was a situation he understood and could deal with. To Miss Wintringham's question there was only one thing to be said—and it was also the one thing in the world he most wanted to say.

"It means," announced Leonard firmly, "that Miss Blake and I are engaged to be married."

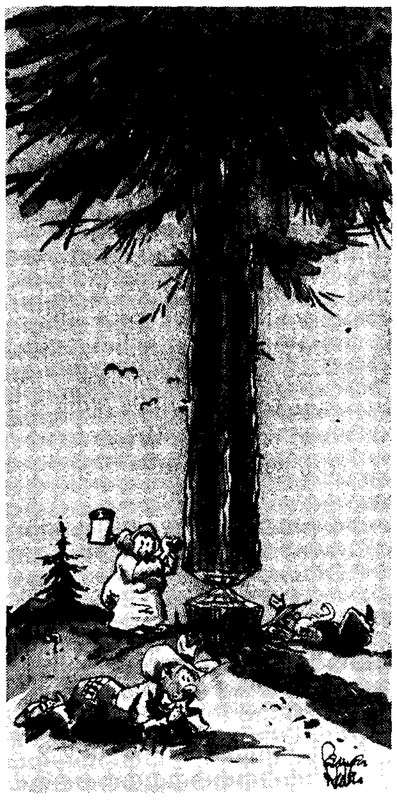
NEITHER then nor later, when he told her his whole true cocoa-manufacturing history, did Mary Blake raise any objection. She went with Leonard back to England and met his mother, and not even that made her change her mind. Of Mrs. Purdey, indeed, it may be said that she never quite recovered her old form; her son's marriage (she told her friends) had quite taken him away from her. In a way she was right, but she was also wrong: the real credit should have gone to two chairs and a roll of wire netting on a balcony at Dieppe.

They were still in position when the next occupant, a Miss Byrd, took over Leonard's room; and she looked at them curiously.

"What's all that nonsense for?" demanded Miss Byrd. "Are they afraid I'm a cat burglar?"

The porter laughed.

"Not at all, Madame. But the ladies next door, they have a little dog. We do not allow dogs as a rule, but these ladies are very old patrons, and Monsieur said yes, they might have it, but it must not be allowed to run along the balcony, barking or perhaps jumping into the other rooms. So the ladies arranged this little barrier, and nothing has happened at all. . . ."



"Which way is it goin' to fall, Bessie? No sense both of us movin'"

REAMER KELLER

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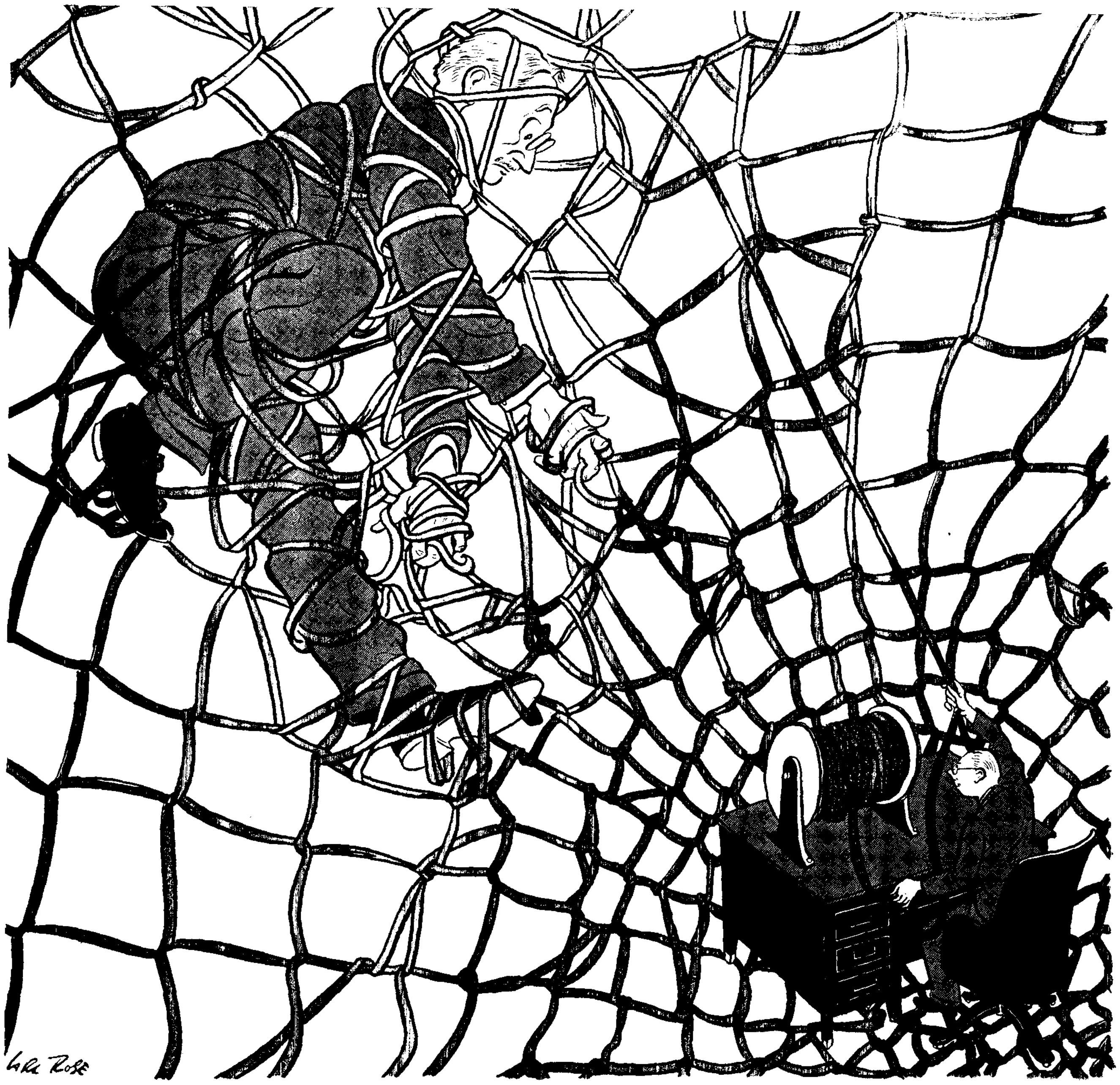


Stop Badgering Business

IF YOU listened to some of the little bureaucrats in Washington and elsewhere you might get the idea that a successful businessman was an undesirable alien who might be sent back to any old country whence he came. By some curious twist the governmental regulators are becoming business badgers. They think there is a perpetual open season on successful business and that abusing business is the sure road to political promotion.

The notion seems to be that business is something that belongs to a few rich reactionaries who would not be hurt by a little extra beating. Nobody at this particular moment likes rich reactionaries and so it is perfectly safe to make the conduct of business as difficult and disagreeable as possible.

Of course the public interest actually does now require a governmental regulation of business far greater than would have seemed probable or reasonable a few years ago. Government regulation in one form or another is destined to continue. Our machine civilization, with our national markets, assures this.

But governmental regulation does not need to be hostile, suspicious, petty, vacillating or predatory, as too often it now appears to be.

A few years ago business was too little regulated and abuses developed. Samuel Insull and his ilk still leave a bitter taste in the mouth. Honest business is still paying for their sins. But ruthless, reckless men are not limited to one trade, profession or social or economic class. Now business regulation is extreme and the abuses are political rather than economic.

American business, whatever its limitations, has produced a better living for more people than any other system of production. The American motorcar manufacturer does not have to apologize for his performance. Neither does the telephone man nor the fellow who provides the other services so much a part of our American standard of living. Moreover, as any scrutiny shows, American business belongs not to the few but to the many.

Businessmen are no better than the common run of humanity, and big businessmen are certainly no worse. The bureaucrat politicians have been so aggressive that too many businessmen have at times doubted the integrity of their own enterprises. We need more courageous and clear thinking than that.

Big business does not have to justify the sum of its achievements in the United States. Measure American big business by any other human enterprise. The business record does not suffer in any comparison.

Big business created the highest material standard of living in the United States ever attained anywhere by any people. Despite years of economic change and political controversy, the American standard of living is still the highest in the world. Because of big business more Americans live better than any other people.

This is an achievement that no politician or bureaucrat can deny or decry. The final test of any economic system is what it does for the public welfare.

The American big-business system has fed people better and more generously. It has provided better-looking and more comfortable clothes. It has provided more convenient and more wholesome shelter. It has distributed vastly more of the mechanical aids to civilized living.

There is a curious feeling among the bureaucrats and politicians, however, that, while all these things are true, it is still good politics to kick business around because nobody except security holders are hurt. More nonsense.

Who owns American big business? A few reactionary millionaires or malevolent plutocrats? Not on your life!

Actual ownership of corporate business is very widely distributed. In 1934 the Twentieth Century Fund estimated that at least ten million Americans, and perhaps more, were the owners of the stocks and bonds of incorporated business. Ownership must be at least as widely distributed now to judge by corporate reports.

Through the insurance companies, not less than 30 to 40 million Americans are the indirect owners of the securities of corporate business.

All the income an insurance company has comes from its investments in securities, chiefly the bonds of corporations. All of the income savings banks possess for their depositors is derived from this same source. Most of the income from the endowment funds of colleges, churches, hospitals, foundations and other institutions devoted to serving the public welfare comes from corporate securities.

The entire public is the beneficiary of these revenues. The entire public is beneficiary of the employment provided by business when business has the chance to employ workers.

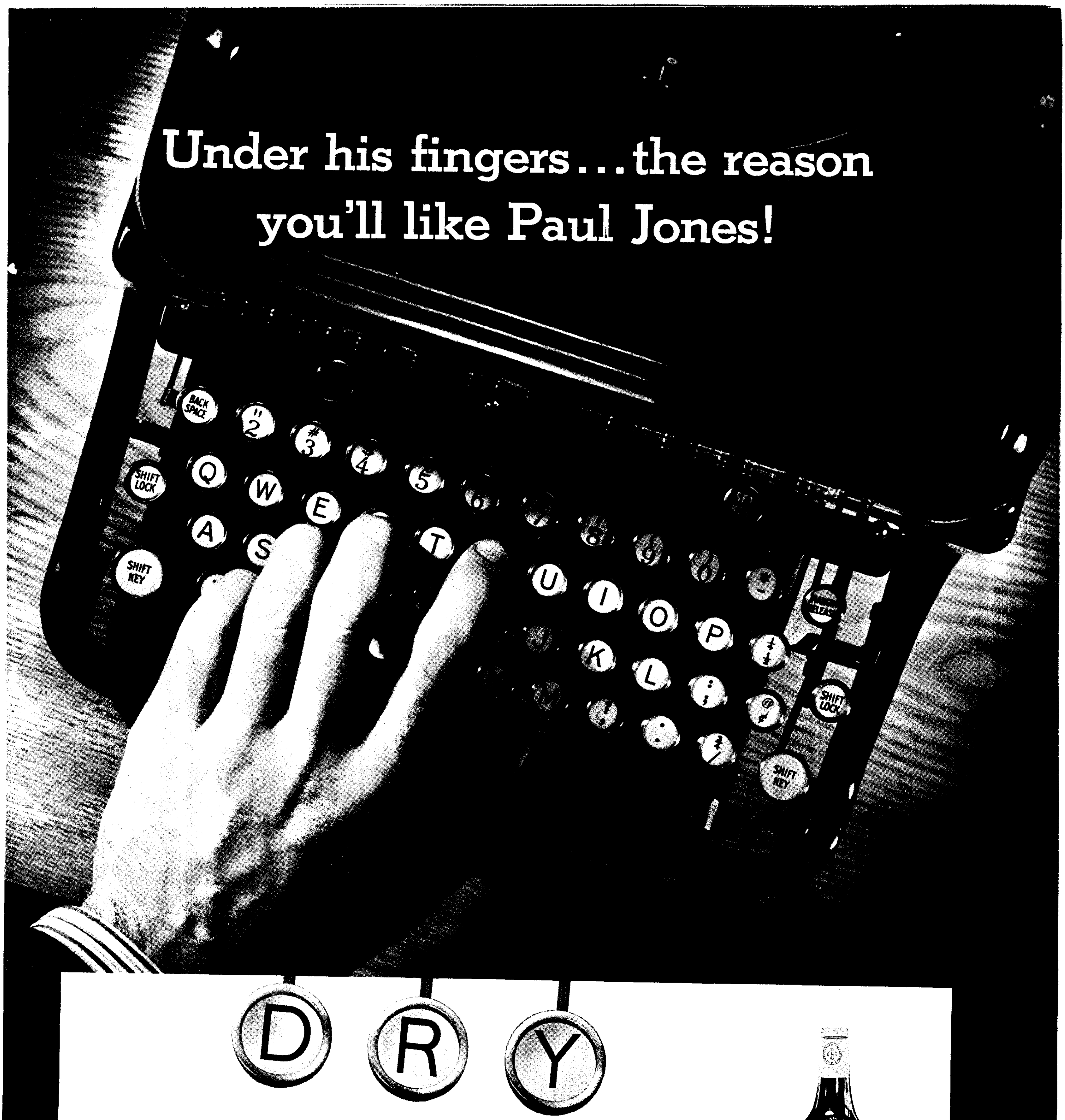
If we do not like private business we have, of course, the alternative of public business. We don't seem to like that very much. Certainly we are reluctant to turn the operation of the railroads over to the federal government. Railroad employees are definitely not eager to exchange private operation for public ownership. They fear their pay might be less.

If we don't want the public operation of business, that is to say, Communism or Fascism or one of the other varieties of Socialism, we ought, in all reason and decency, to give private business a chance to operate successfully.

Bureaucrats can badger business to death. Enterprise can be strangled in the red tape of pettifogging regulation and the mischievous interference of small and somewhat malicious minds. But nobody in this potentially rich land is truly benefited by such tactics.

We need a new co-operation between government and business if we are to get back swiftly to productive enterprise. Let the bureaucrats stop badgering business and relieved businessmen will, on their part, be only too willing to co-operate. Out of such a rational partnership prosperity will return with amazing rapidity.

Under his fingers . . . the reason you'll like Paul Jones!



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